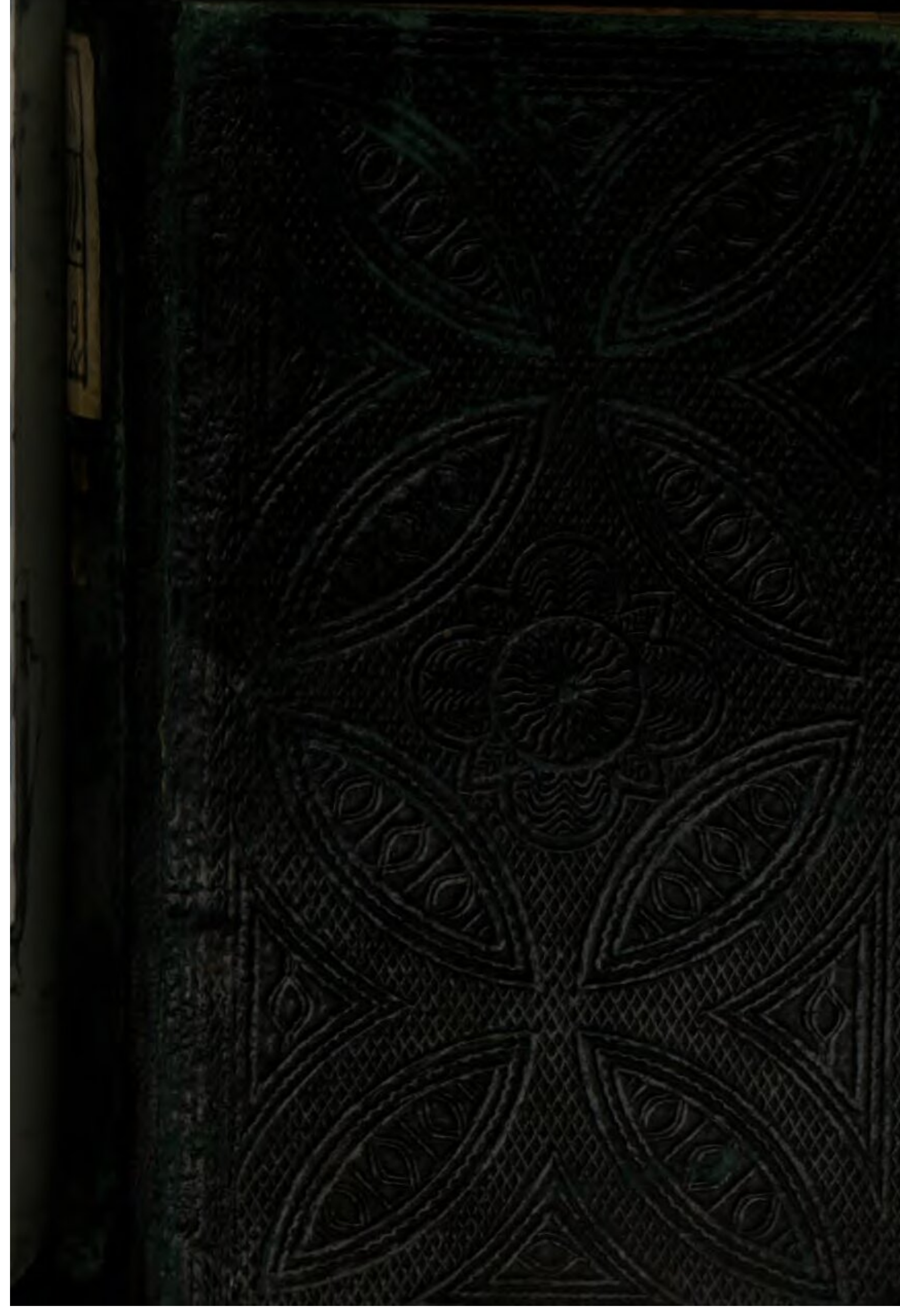








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CONGREGATIONAL
HYMN BOOK:

A SUPPLEMENT

TO

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.

COMPILED BY DIRECTION OF THE

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND
AND WALES.

Revised Edition.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION,
BY
JACKSON & WALFORD, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

G. n. 1259



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE sale of Ninety Thousand copies of the Congregational Hymn Book, in the course of seven years, affords to the Committee of the Union a gratifying proof that the volume has met with extensive approval among the Independent churches. This circumstance would, at the same time, render it highly inexpedient, by any material alterations, to create a discrepancy between the copies in circulation and future impressions. But, having resolved, in compliance with urgent recommendations, to print a cheaper edition than any in which the volume has yet appeared, the Committee have deemed this the best opportunity for revising the Hymn Book, with a view to meet the chief exceptions that seem to be sustained by any general concurrence of opinion. After much patient consideration, the Committee have adopted the following alterations.

Five hymns, viz., 161, 441, 489, 608, and 611, have been removed to make room for others deemed more appropriate for Congregational use, or peculiarly endeared to pious persons by sacred associations.

In seven other hymns, viz., 46, 170, 216, 347, 534, 540, and 568, the Committee, giving way to a wish very extensively expressed, have restored, more or less entirely, the original form of the composition.

In hymn 162, on the other hand, some alterations have been made, in order to remove an objection taken to the original, as seeming to countenance the unscriptural doctrine of baptismal regeneration.

With the exception of a word or two in a few other instances, the above thirteen are the only

hymns, in which variations will be found in the revised edition.

Objections have been expressed against the classification, by which hymns upon the same subject or occasion, but of different character, are found in separate divisions. Even if the reasons in favour of an arrangement adopted after much deliberation (with the sanction of the assembly, to whom the plan was submitted,) were not thought to preponderate, it would obviously be impossible to disturb the present order of the hymns without destroying the identity of the book. All the hymns suitable to a particular occasion will be found brought together in the INDEX OF OCCASIONS; and it is suggested, that, were this index consulted, it would obviate the difficulty; which, after all, is not complained of in the use of Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, although hymns on the same occasion and subject are scattered through four series of numbers without any arrangement. Familiarity with the contents of the selection can alone make any one sufficiently master of it, to turn with readiness to the very hymn best suited to his purpose. But, in order to facilitate the finding of appropriate hymns, the INDEX OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS has been very considerably enlarged. The INDEX OF SUBJECTS also, has been recomposed and greatly extended.

No pains have been spared to render the Hymn Book, in this revised form, acceptable to the churches; and the Committee feel warranted in expressing their confident hope, that it will gradually become, as a supplement to the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts, (not as a substitute for his invaluable compositions,) the Book of the Denomination,—a symbol of our congregational unity of fellowship, and a means of promoting it.

Congregational Library, March 1, 1844.

PREFACE.

THIS Selection of Hymns, designed as a Supplement to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, has been undertaken in pursuance of a Resolution passed at the annual meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, held in May, 1833. The preparation of the work was confided to a Sub-Committee, by whom the task of collecting and revising the materials was ultimately devolved upon a single Editor; but the whole work has been, in its progress through the press, submitted to the careful scrutiny of the Reverend Secretaries to the Union, and of other Ministers, who have devoted much time and pains to the minute examination of the Selection, and have thereby relieved the Editor from the very delicate responsibility which he would otherwise have felt pressing upon him.

The general directions by which the Editor had to guide himself, as agreed upon by the Sub-Committee, were, that the Selection should be framed

on the principle of special adaptation to Congregational worship; hymns for private and family devotion being reserved for a distinct part of the work; and that the preference should be given to hymns containing direct addresses to the Divine Being. It was the opinion of the Committee, that a great deficiency of hymns of praise and adoration characterizes most of our modern collections; and that our Psalmody is in some danger of being too much diverted from its primary purpose, by the introduction of so large a proportion of metrical compositions of a descriptive, sentimental, or didactic character, instructive and edifying in themselves, but not in the form or spirit of either prayer or praise.

The arrangement of the hymns, adopted after mature deliberation, was suggested by these views. It appeared to the Editor, that the general character of the hymns, as hymns of thanksgiving, of supplication, of confession, or of doctrine, afforded the proper basis of the classification; the occasions to which they are specially adapted being made the secondary principle of arrangement, while the Index will show what hymns bear upon a common subject. Agreeably to the views of the Committee, it was wished to make the first division (Hymns of Praise and Thanksgiving) not only a prominent feature of the work, but as perfect as possible, by including all the compositions of this

class that have any pretensions to devotional excellence. But the Editor was soon made to feel that the range of selection was extremely limited. Many of the Hymns which he had collected, relating to the Divine Perfections, as the best that our language affords, were rejected, on revision, by the Committee, as not sufficiently recommended by their intrinsic merit, though admitted into many Collections. The truth is, that for psalms and hymns of direct adoration and thanksgiving, the Christian Church is more indebted to Dr. Watts than to any other individual, not to say, than to all others. In one of the best Collections extant, that by the Rev. Dr. H. F. Burder, in which a selection from Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns is incorporated with those of other writers, of 110 hymns of praise, 80 are from Dr. Watts: and on the subject of Divine Perfections, all are from Dr. Watts, except four. In the present Selection, 112 Hymns, including Doxologies, are of this specific character.

As a general rule, it has been the study of the Editor to select hymns upon those subjects and occasions with regard to which the greatest deficiency has been felt. In his own peculiar walk, as THE POET OF THE SANCTUARY, Dr. Watts still stands almost alone. But in his day, the Missionary spirit had not been poured out upon our churches; nor had Protestants been roused to a sense of their highest duty, as the conservators of the true faith.

For hymns breathing the spirit which ought to animate the exertions of the disciples of Christ to propagate the Gospel, the Church stood in need of additional contributors; and in the elevated and thrilling strains of a living writer, one of the sweetest singers of Zion, we seem to hear the silver notes of the trumpet of jubilee. Between fifty and sixty hymns adapted to Missionary prayer-meetings and public services, will be found in the present volume.

One specific feature of the work, as a Denominational Hymn Book, has not been lost sight of; namely, its supplying hymns adapted to the special services of our Congregational discipline. Under the heads of Baptism, Funereal, Ordination, Founding or opening a Place of Worship, Admission of Members, Prayer Meetings, and Church Meetings, a sufficient variety, it is hoped, will be found to meet this want; many of them new to the religious public.

Another class of hymns in which Dr. Watts has been found deficient, is of an experimental cast. For these, we have to turn to the fervent compositions of Charles Wesley, to the pathetic complaints of Cowper, and to other writers, of inferior order, whose hymns owe their popularity to this character. But, keeping in view the adaptation of the Selection to Congregational worship, it has been deemed proper to place a large proportion of these effusions

of piety among those appropriate to the family and the closet; although some of them may, perhaps, be deemed suitable for occasional use at Sacramental and other services of a more private nature, under the guidance of a sounder discretion than is sometimes found to preside over the choice of hymns for public worship.

One of the most arduous and delicate points for the determination of the Editor, related to the license allowable in altering or abridging the productions of others. He confesses that he entered upon his task with a very strong impression against the justice and propriety of this proceeding; and if he shall be thought to have discovered no such feeling of restraint or compunction in the freedoms he has taken, he can only say, that he has found his intentions overruled by a stronger necessity. In many hymns that it was deemed proper to retain, endeared to pious persons by early associations, there occur improprieties of phraseology, and inaccuracies of rhyme and composition, which it was impossible to leave untouched. Indeed, amid the varying editions of the same hymn, it is often difficult to discover the genuine original. Both Toplady and Wesley, as well as subsequent Editors, carried to a great extent their adaptations and mutilations of the hymns they selected. Charles Wesley himself, one of the most beautiful

of our sacred poets, is often bold, careless, and unequal to an extreme, and requires a pruning hand to render his hymns fit for general use.

In compliance with the wishes of the Committee, the Editor has prefixed to every hymn an appropriate passage of Scripture,—furnishing, as it were, a key-note to the general strain, and making the volume “a sort of running metrical commentary on the Bible.” This feature of the work has cost him much profitable pains, which, he trusts, will enhance the acceptableness and utility of the Selection as an aid to devotion.

The pleasing duty remains, of rendering public acknowledgments for the permission so liberally and readily given to introduce the productions of living writers. To his much-honoured friend, James Montgomery, not only the Editor, but “the Churches of Christ give thanks.” The number of his hymns, several of them hitherto unpublished, will constitute one of the most attractive features of the Selection. To the Rev. W. H. Bathurst, Rector of Barwick-in-Elmet, and the Rev. H. F. Lyte, Minister of Brixham, the Editor begs also to return his most cordial thanks, for the leave given to introduce some of their truly evangelical compositions. To Mr. Tims, of Dublin, the proprietor of the copyright of Mr. Kelly’s Hymns, similar acknowledgments are due. To the Rev. John Bulmer,

the Rev. Henry March, and other friends, the Christian public are also indebted for some valuable contributions.

For the frequency with which the name of ONE Contributor occurs in the Index of first lines, the Editor feels as if some apology were due; but the Committee must share in the blame, if blame attaches to the circumstance. Many of the hymns referred to had, without the Author's permission, already found their way into other Collections, and come into general use. Others, composed on various occasions and at distant intervals, had been accumulating in his hands, before the present volume was contemplated; and a few have been written expressly for this work, during its passing through the press.

The Editor cannot close these Prefatory Remarks, without adverting to the pleasing demonstration which such a collection as this exhibits, of the essential and indestructible unity of the Church of Christ, and of the unison of sentiment which, notwithstanding our unhappy ecclesiastical differences, characterizes the *devotional creed* of all denominations "holding THE HEAD." It has been said, that Ridley and Hooper, who quarrelled about vestments, agreed at the stake. We live in happier times, when Protestant Christians, who differ about more important matters, can still agree in their hymns of prayer and songs of praise. The produc-

tions of Bishops Ken and Heber, of Wesley and Toplady, of Doddridge and Hart, Cowper and Newton, Fawcett and Beddome,—Episcopal clergymen, Moravians, Wesleyan Methodists, Independents, and Baptists,—all harmoniously combining in this metrical service,—prove, that “by one Spirit we are all baptized into one body,” and that there actually exists throughout that body, a “Communion of Saints.”

JOSIAH CONDER.

Watford Field House,

May 9, 1836.

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HYMNS
FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP.

ADORATION AND THANKSGIVING.

EXHORTATION TO PRAISE AND GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

1. *"Let the heaven and earth praise him."*
Psalm lxix. 34. 7's.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun;
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born.
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away:
Songs of praise shall crown that day.
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

2. "Stand up and bless the Lord your God."
Neh. ix. 5. S. M.

- 1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice:
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?
- 3 Oh for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear:
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.
- 5 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransom'd powers.
- 6 Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore:
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

3. "Let us exalt his name together." Psal. xxxiv. 3.
7. 6.

- 1 MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace.

Join we then with sweet accord;
 All in one thanksgiving join!
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
 Eternal praise be thine!

2 Vying with the heavenly choir,
 Who chant thy praise above,
 We on eagles' wings aspire,
 The wings of faith and love:
 Thee, *they* sing, with glory crown'd;
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb.
 Lower if our voices sound,
 Our subject is the same.

3 Father, God, thy love we praise,
 Which gave thy Son to die.
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify.
 Spirit, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth is changed for heaven.

4. "*Alleluia.*" Rev. xix. 6. Double 7's.

1 HARK! the song of Jubilee;
 Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore:
 Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign:
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies:

See Jehovah's banners furled,
 Sheathed his sword:—He speaks—'tis done;
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway:
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away.
 Then the end;—beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall:
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

5. *"And they sing the song of Moses and of the
 Lamb." Rev. xv. 3. S. M.*

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb!
 Wake, every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name!
- 2 Sing of his dying love;
 Sing of his rising power;
 Sing how he intercedes above,
 For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims on the road
 To Zion's city, sing!
 Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
 In Christ, the eternal King!
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come!"
 Soon will he call us hence away,
 And take his wanderers home.
- 5 There shall each raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim;
 And sing in sweeter notes the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

6. *"The ransomed shall come to Zion with songs."*
Isa. xxxv. 10. 7's.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways!

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Foes are round us, but we stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus, God's exalted Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

4 Onward, then, we gladly press
Through this earthly wilderness:
Only, Lord, our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

7. *"Hallowed be thy name."* Matt. vi. 9. 7's.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame;
Father, hallowed be thy name.

2 Though estranged from thee in heart,
Doubtless thou our Father art:
From thy hand our spirits came:
Father, hallowed be thy name.

3 Nor by nature's tie alone
Thou art as our Father known:
Nearer now, in Christ, our claim:
Father, hallowed be thy name.

- 4 Born anew, Oh, may we feel
Filial love, the Spirit's seal;
Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from shame:
Father, hallowed be thy name.
- 5 Whether, then, in want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same:
Father, hallowed be thy name.

8. *"It is He that hath made us."* Psalm c. 3. 7's.

- 1 OH, give thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.
- 2 Oh, give thanks to Nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing:
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame.
Oh, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!
- 3 Oh, give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are his workmanship;
And all creatures are His care.
Not a bird that cleaves the air,
Falls unnoticed; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man?
- 4 Oh, give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came for rebel man to die;
In the path himself hath trod,
Leading back his saints to God.

9. "*O bless our God, ye people.*" Psa. lxvi. 8. C. M.

- 1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fired!
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains
Our feeble frame, encompassed round
With death's unnumbered pains!
- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads ev'ry minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought!
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows;
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes!
- 5 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
That lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day!

10. "*All thy works praise thee.*" Psa. cxlv. 10. L. M

- 1 YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

3 Sing earth in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade.
View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns.

4 But Oh! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns Incarnate Love!
God's only Son in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made!

5 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
There in the land of praise adore:
This theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an undeclining day.

11. "*Thy saints bless thee.*" Psa. cxlv. 10. L.M.

1 WE praise, we worship thee, O God!
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad.
All nations bow before thy throne,
And thee the great Jehovah own.

2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim:
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to thee is given.

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thou God of Hosts, by all adored!
Earth and the heavens are full of thee,
Thy light, thy power, thy majesty!

4 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song,
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round,

5 Glory to thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise thy majesty!
The Son, the Spirit, we adore;
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

12. *"All things come of thee."* 1 Chron. xxix. 14.
L. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY King! whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land,
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart in vain shall sigh for more.
- 2 Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good:
My soul is nourished by thy word:
Let soul and body praise the Lord.
- 3 My streams of outward comfort came
From Him who built this earthly frame:
Whate'er I want, His bounty gives,
By whom my soul for ever lives.
- 4 Either his hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I suffer, heals again;
From Satan's malice shields my breast,
Or overrules it for the best.
- 5 Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe!
It means thy praise, however poor:
An angel's song can do no more.

13. *"Let such as love thy salvation say, The Lord
be magnified."* Psalm xl. 16. L. M.

- 1 GOD of salvation! we adore
Thy saving love, thy saving power;
And, to our utmost stretch of thought,
Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.
- 2 We love the stroke that breaks our chain,
The sword by which our sins are slain:
And while abased in dust we bow,
We sing the grace that lays us low.

3 Perish each thought of human pride:
 Let God alone be magnified.
 His glory let the heavens resound,
 Echoed from earth's remotest bound.

4 Saints, who his full salvation know,
 Saints, who but taste it here below,
 Join every angel's voice to raise
 Continued, never-ending praise.

14. *"Remember all the way which the Lord thy God
 led thee."* Deut. viii. 2. C. M.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Thy providence my life sustained,
 And all my wants redressed;
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

3 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.

4 When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.

5 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
 With health renewed my face;
 And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Revived my soul with grace.

6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

8 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For Oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

15. *"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."*
Rev. v. 12. 7's.

1 NOW with angels round the throne,
Cherubim and seraphim,
And the Church which still is one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn.
Glory to the great I AM!
Glory to the Victim-Lamb!

2 Blessing, honour, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word;
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore.

16. *"And hast made us unto our God, kings and
priests."* Rev. v. 10. P. M.

1 SING hallelujah! praise the Lord!
Sing with a cheerful voice.
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice.
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Until, in realms of endless light,
Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity
 Shall join the angelic lays;
 And sing in perfect harmony,
 To God our Saviour's praise:
 "He hath redeemed us by his blood,
 And made us kings and priests to God:
 For us, for us the Lamb was slain."
 Praise ye the Lord! Amen.

17. *"How excellent is thy name!"* Psa. viii. C.M.

- 1 O LORD, our King, how excellent
 Thy name on earth is known!
 Thy glory in the firmament,
 How wonderfully shown!
- 2 Yet are the humble dear to Thee!
 Thy praises are confest
 By infants lisping on the knee,
 And sucklings at the breast.
- 3 When I behold the heavens on high,
 The work of thy right hand,
 The moon and stars amid the sky,
 Thy lights in every land:
- 4 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst deign
 On him to set thy love,
 Give him on earth awhile to reign,
 Then fill a throne above?
- 5 O Lord, how excellent thy name!
 How manifold thy ways!
 Let time thy saving truth proclaim,
 Eternity, thy praise.

18. *"I will bless the Lord at all times."*

Psalm xxxiv. 1—9. C. M.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And soothe their griefs to rest.

3 Oh magnify the Lord with me :
With me exalt his name.
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 Oh make but trial of his love ;
Experience will decide,
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints ; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear.
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

19. *"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever."* Psalm lxxxix. 1—11. C. M.

1 THE mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue :
Oh happy they who, while they sing
Those mercies, share them too !

2 As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age thy word shall run,
And chance and change defy.

3 The covenant of the King of kings
 Shall stand for ever sure;
 And 'neath the shadow of thy wings
 Thy saints repose secure.

4 Thine is the earth, and thine the skies,
 Created at thy will:
 The waves at thy command arise,
 At thy command, are still.

5 In earth below, in heaven above,
 Who, who is Lord like thee?
 Oh spread the gospel of thy love
 Till all thy glories see.

20. *"Let us sing to the Lord."* Psa. xcv. 1—7. P. M.

1 OH come, let us sing to the Lord,
 In God our salvation rejoice;
 In psalms of thanksgiving record
 His praise, with one spirit, one voice:
 For Jehovah is King, and he reigns,
 The God of all gods, on his throne:
 The strength of the hills he maintains;
 The ends of the earth are his own.

2 The sea is Jehovah's—he made
 The tide its dominion to know:
 The land is Jehovah's—he laid
 Its solid foundation below.
 Oh come, let us worship, and kneel
 Before our Creator, our God—
 The people who serve him with zeal,
 The flock whom he guides with his rod.

21. *"Sing to the Lord a new song."* Psa. xcvi. 1—7.
S. M.

- 1 NOW let your songs arise,
In new exalted strains;
Let earth repeat it to the skies;
The Lord, the Saviour reigns!
- 2 Sing to the Lord our God,
And bless his sacred Name:
His great salvation, all abroad,
From day to day proclaim.
- 3 'Midst heathen nations place
The glories of his throne;
And let the wonders of his grace
Through all the earth be known.
- 4 Great is the eternal Lord,
And great must be his praise:
O'er all the gods, on earth adored,
His mighty arm he'll raise.
- 5 The gods the heathen boasts,
Nor hear, nor see, nor move:
Jehovah is the Lord of Hosts,
Who spread the heavens above!
- 6 Through earth, let every tribe,
Let every nation, sing:
Glory, and grace, and might, ascribe
To our eternal King!

22. *"He led them forth by the right way."* Psa. cvii.
1—8. 7's.

- 1 THANK and praise Jehovah's name,
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of his choice;
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,
Hither, thither, while they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:—

4 Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 To a pleasant land he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 Oh that men would praise the Lord
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

23. “*My heart is fixed.*” Psa. cviii. 1—5. L. M.

1 O GOD, my heart is fixed, is bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

2 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high!
 And as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth displayed,
 Till thou art here as there obeyed.

24.

"Praise the name of the Lord."

Psalm cxiii.

L. M.

- 1 SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
 Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise:
 His glorious name let all adore,
 From age to age, for evermore.
- 2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
 From the sun's rising to its rest.
 Above the heavens his power is known;
 Through all the earth his goodness shown.
- 3 Who is like God?—so great, so high,
 He bows himself to view the sky;
 And yet, with condescending grace,
 Looks down upon the human race.
- 4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
 Of those who sit and weep alone;
 He lifts the mourner from the dust,
 And saves the poor in Him that trust.
- 5 Servants of God, in joyful lays,
 Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise:
 His saving name let all adore,
 From age to age, for evermore.

25. *"He raiseth the poor out of the dust."*
 Psalm cxiii. 7's.

- 1 HALLELUJAH. Raise, Oh raise
 To our God the song of praise:
 All his servants, join to sing
 God our Saviour and our King.

- 2 Blessed be for evermore
That dread name which we adore!
Round the world his praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.
- 3 O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens his throne,
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty?
- 4 Yet to view the heavens he bends;
Yea, to earth he condescends;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.
- 5 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land;
Wealth upon the needy shower;
Set the meanest high in power.
- 6 He the broken spirit cheers;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears:
Such the wonders of his ways!
Praise his name;—for ever praise.

26. *"What shall I render to the Lord?"*
Psalm cxvi. 12, 13. C. M.

- 1 FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?
- 2 Alas! from such a heart as mine
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin;
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestowed;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best returns for one like me,
 So wretched and so poor,
 Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
 And ask him still for more.

5 I cannot serve him as I ought;
 No works have I to boast;
 Yet would I glory in the thought,
 That I shall owe him most.

27. *"Praise Him, all ye people."* Psalm cxvii.
 7's.

1 PRAISE the Lord with hallowed mirth,
 Every nation, tribe, and tongue!
 Christians militant on earth,
 Let your Saviour's praise be sung.

2 See his mercy o'er our land
 Spreads its ever-healing wing,
 And his truth through ages stand.
 Praise, Oh praise, th' Eternal King.

28. THE SAME. 7's.

1 ALL ye Gentiles, praise the Lord;
 All ye lands, your voices raise:
 Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
 Praise the Lord, for ever praise.

2 For his truth and mercy stand,
 Past, and present, and to be,
 Like the years of his right hand,
 Like his own eternity.

3 Praise him, ye who know his love:
 Praise him from the depths beneath:
 Praise him in the heights above:
 Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

29.

THE SAME. 148th.

JEHOVAH'S praise sublime
Through the wide earth be sung:
Ye realms of every clime,
Ye tribes of every tongue,
His infinite compassion bless,
His ever-during faithfulness.

30. "*His mercy endureth for ever.*" Psa. cxxxvi. 7's

- 1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He, with all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 All things living he doth feed:
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He his chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Look'd upon our misery:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

31.

THE SAME.

7's.

- 1 TO our God loud praises give,
Scurce of good to all who live.
Praise his name, whose mercy sure
Shall eternally endure.
- 2 To the Lord your homage bring,
God of gods, of kings the King.
For his mercy, free and sure,
Shall eternally endure.
- 3 Praise him for his deeds of might,
For his greatness infinite,
For his mercy free and sure,
Which doth evermore endure.
- 4 He by wisdom built the skies,
And bade earth from ocean rise:
Fill'd the sun with glorious light;
Gave the moon to rule the night.
- 5 He beheld us when brought low,
And redeemed us from the foe.
He doth every blessing give:
By his bounty all things live.
- 6 Oh, give thanks; your voices raise
To the God of heaven in praise;
For his mercy, free and sure,
Shall eternally endure.

32. "*Praise ye the Lord from the heavens.*"
Psalm cxlviii. P. M.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light;
- 2 Praise the Lord! for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed.
Laws that never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord! for he is glorious:
 Never shall his promise fail.
 God hath made his saints victorious:
 Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation.
 Hosts on high his power proclaim.
 Heaven and earth, and all creation
 Laud and magnify his name.

33. *"Let every thing that hath breath praise the
 Lord."* Psalm cl. 7. 6.

1 PRAISE the Lord who reigns above,
 And keeps his courts below;
 Praise him for his boundless love,
 And all his greatness show:
 Praise him for his noble deeds;
 Praise him for his matchless power.
 Him, from whom all good proceeds,
 Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around
 The great Immanuel's Name:
 Let the gospel-trumpet sound;
 Him Prince of Peace proclaim.
 Praise him, every tuneful string;
 All the reach of heavenly art,
 All the power of music bring,
 The music of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
 Let every creature sing;
 Glory to our Saviour give,
 And homage to our King.
 Hallowed be his name beneath,
 As in heaven, on earth adored.
 Praise the Lord in every breath:
 Let all things praise the Lord.

HYMNS OF PRAISE FOR THE LORDS DAY.

34. *"How amiable are thy tabernacles."*
Psalm lxxxiv. 104th.

1 HOW honoured, how dear,
That sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near
Their Father and God!
'Mid worldly commotion,
My wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion,
The home of thy saints.

2 The birds have their home;
They fix on their nest:
Wherever they roam,
They return to their rest:
From them fondly learning,
My soul would take wing;
To thee so returning,
My God and my King.

3 Oh happy the choirs
Who praise thee above!
What joy tunes their lyres!
Their worship is love.
Yet, safe in thy keeping,
And happy they be,
In this world of weeping,
Whose strength is in thee.

4 Though rugged their way,
They drink, as they go,
Of springs that convey
New life as they flow:

The God they rely on,
 Their strength shall renew,
 Till each, brought to Zion,
 His glory shall view.

5 Thou Hearer of prayer!
 Still grant me a place,
 Where Christians repair
 To the courts of thy grace.
 More blest beyond measure
 One day so employed,
 Than years of vain pleasure
 By worldlings enjoyed.

6 Me more would it please
 Keeping post at thy gate,
 Than lying at ease
 In chambers of state:
 The meanest condition
 Outshines, with thy smiles,
 The pomp of ambition,
 The world with its wiles.

7 The Lord is a sun!
 The Lord is a shield!
 What grace has begun,
 With glory is sealed.
 He hears the distressed;
 He succours the just;
 And they shall be blessed
 Who make him their trust.

35. "*Thou hast made me glad through thy work.*"
 Psalm xcii. 1—5. 7's.

1 THOU who art enthroned above!
 Thou by whom we live and move!
 Oh how sweet, with joyful tongue,
 To resound thy praise in song!

When the morning paints the skies,
 When the sparkling stars arise,
 All thy favours to rehearse,
 And give thanks in grateful verse.

2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
 When devotion fills the breast,
 When we dwell within thy house,
 Hear thy word, and pay our vows;
 Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,
 Fill its courts with joyful praise;
 With repeated hymns proclaim
 Great Jehovah's awful name.

3 From thy works our joys arise,
 O thou only good and wise!
 Who thy wonders can declare?
 How profound thy counsels are!
 Warm our hearts with sacred fire;
 Grateful fervours still inspire;
 All our powers, with all their might,
 Ever in thy praise unite.

36. "*I have loved the habitation of thy house.*"
 Psalm xxvi. 8. C. M.

1 BLEST is the work, O God and King,
 To praise thy glorious name.
 By day thy wondrous grace we sing;
 By night thy truth proclaim.

2 We hail thy day of rest, O Lord!
 And seek thy house of prayer,
 To meet thy saints, to hear thy word,
 And all thy works declare.

3 Though sensual hearts, unchanged by grace,
 Such heavenly joys despise,
 Teach us to love thy dwelling-place,
 Thy day of rest to prize:

- 4 Till, fixed within thy courts above,
Far nobler songs we raise;
Where every heart is filled with love,
And every mouth with praise.

37. "*Praise waiteth for thee in Zion.*" Psalm lxxv.
L. M.

- 1 PRAISE for thee, Lord, in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege thy temple-gates;
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.
- 2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.
O thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.
- 3 How blest thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept, how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in thee!
- 4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills;
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn thy praise,
And earth thy bounty wide displays.
- 5 The year is with thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her King.
- 6 Lord, on our souls thy influence pour;
The moral waste within restore.
Oh let thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

38.

THE SAME.

7's.

- 1 PRAISE on thee, in Zion-gates,
Daily, O Jehovah! waits.
Unto thee, who hearest prayer,
Shall the tribes of men repair.
- 2 Though with conscious guilt oppressed,
On thy mercy still we rest:
Thy forgiving love display!
Take, O Lord, our sins away.
- 3 Oh, how blessed their reward,
Chosen servants of the Lord,
Who within thy courts abide,
With thy goodness satisfied.
- 4 But how dire thy judgments fell,
Saviour of thine Israel,
When thy people's cry arose,
On their proud and impious foes!
- 5 By thy boundless might set fast,
Rise the mountains firm and vast:
Thou canst with a word assuage
Ocean's wild and deafening rage.
- 6 When thy signs in heaven appear,
Earth's remotest regions fear;
And the bounties of thy hand
Fill with gladness every land.

39. *"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye
lands."* Psalm c. 7's.

- 1 OH, be joyful in the Lord,
Every land beneath the sun:
In his praise, with glad accord,
Let all tongues and hearts be one:

For our God is God alone;
 Whose we are, and not our own;
 We his people are, the sheep
 He vouchsafes to rule and keep.

- 2 Come and join the joyous throng
 Who Jehovah's praise proclaim:
 In his courts, with grateful song,
 Speak the honours of his name.
 Rich his bounty to our race;
 Inexhaustible his grace;
 Ready to forgive and bless;
 Ever sure his faithfulness.

40. *"My house shall be called a house of prayer
 for all people."* Isa. lvi. 7. 148th.

- 1 GREAT Father of mankind,
 We bless that wondrous grace,
 Which could for Gentiles find
 Within thy courts a place.

How kind the care
 Our God displays,
 For us to raise
 A house of prayer!

- 2 Though once estranged far,
 We now approach the throne;
 For Jesus brings us near,
 And makes our cause his own:
 Strangers no more,
 To thee we come,
 And find our home,
 And rest secure.

- 3 To thee our souls we join,
 And love thy sacred name;
 No more our own, but thine,
 We triumph in thy claim:

Our Father-king!
 Thy covenant-grace
 Our souls embrace,
 Thy titles sing.

4 May all the nations throng
 To worship in thy house;
 And Thou attend the song,
 And smile upon their vows;
 Indulgent still,
 Till earth conspire
 To join the choir
 On Zion's hill.

41. "*The first day of the week.*" Mar. xvi. 9. L.M

- 1 HAIL! morning, known among the blest!
 Morning of hope, and joy, and love;
 Of heavenly peace, and holy rest;
 Pledge of the endless rest above!
- 2 Bless'd be the Father of our Lord,
 Who from the dead hath brought his Son!
 Hope to the lost was then restored,
 And everlasting glory won.
- 3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
 To chase the shades of night away,
 When Christ arose—unsetting Sun!
 The dawn of joy's eternal day!
- 4 Mercy looked down with smiling eye,
 When our Immanuel left the dead;
 Faith marked his bright ascent on high,
 And Hope with gladness raised her head.
- 5 God's goodness let us bear in mind,
 Who to his saints this day hath given,
 For rest and serious joy designed,
 To fit the soul for death and heaven.

6 Descend, O Spirit of the Lord!
 Thy fire to every bosom bring:
 Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
 And teach our lips God's praise to sing.

42. "*This is the day which the Lord hath made.*" Psalm cxviii. 24. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
 In concert with the blest;
 Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
 Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
 We blest and happy grow;
 By hymns of praise we learn to be
 Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
 Of glory was display'd,
 By God, the eternal Word, than when
 This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who his church hath bought
 With grief and pain extreme.
 'Twas great to speak the world from naught,
 'Twas greater to redeem!

43. "*O Lord, I will praise thee!*" Isa. xii. 7's.

- 1 I WILL praise thee every day,
 Now thine anger's turned away!
 Comfortable thoughts arise
 From the bleeding sacrifice.
- 2 Here, amid the gospel field,
 Wells of free salvation yield
 Streams of life, a plenteous store,
 And my soul shall thirst no more.

3 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

4 Praise ye, then, his glorious name;
Publish his exalted fame!
Still his worth your praise exceeds:
Excellent are all his deeds.

5 Raise again the joyful sound:
Let the nations roll it round.
Zion, shout, for this is He:
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

44. "*Call the Sabbath a delight.*" Isa. lviii. 13.
148th.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail this sacred day:
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come, bless the day that God hath bless'd,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes:
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All-hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannahs rings;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings;

Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Great King! gird on thy sword;
Ascend thy conquering car;
While justice, power, and love
Maintain the glorious war:
This day let sinners own thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

45.

"And rested the Sabbath Day."

Luke xxiii. 56.

L. M.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun.
Return, my soul, enjoy the rest:
Improve the day thy God hath blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away.
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

46. "*There remaineth a rest to the people of God.*"
 Heb. iv. 9. L. M.

1 LORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
 On this thy day, in this thy house:
 And own, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord! we love:
 But there's a nobler rest above.
 To that our labouring souls aspire,
 With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
 No guilt the conscience to oppress;
 No groans to mingle with the songs
 Resounding from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin!
 Dawn on these realms of wo and sin.
 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
 But wait the nobler rest above.

47. "*Let us exalt his name together.*"
 Psalm xxxiv. 3. 7's.

1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet!
 Christian fellowship, how sweet,
 When, their theme of praise the same,
 They exalt Jehovah's name!

2 Sing we then eternal love;
 Such as did the Father move.
 He beheld the world undone;
 Loved the world, and gave his Son.

- 3 Sing the Son's unbounded love;
How he left the realms above;
Took our nature and our place;
Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love:
With our stubborn hearts he strove;
Chased the mists of sin away;
Turned our night to glorious day.
- 5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they praise Jehovah's name.

48. "The Lord hath done great things for us."
Psalm cxxvi. 3. C. M.

- 1 YE servants of the living God,
Let praise your hearts employ;
And as you tread the heavenly road,
Lift up the voice of joy.
- 2 Have they not reason to rejoice,
Whose sins have been forgiven;
Called by a gracious Father's voice
To be the heirs of heaven?
- 3 How do the captive's transports flow,
When rescued from his chains!
And how must sinners joy to know
Their great Deliverer reigns!
- 4 Oh grant us, Lord, to feel and own
The power of love divine;
The blood which doth for sin atone,
The grace which makes us thine.

5 The spirit of adoption give:
 Teach us, with every breath,
 To sing thy praises while we live,
 And bless thy name in death.

49. "The rest of the holy Sabbath."
 Exod. xvi. 23. 7's.

1 WELCOME, sacred day of rest!
 Sweet repose from worldly care;
 Day above all days the best,
 When our souls for heaven prepare;
 Day when our Redeemer rose,
 Victor o'er the hosts of hell.
 Thus he vanquished all our foes:
 Let our lips his glory tell.

2 Gracious Lord, we love this day,
 When we hear thy holy word;
 When we sing thy praise and pray:
 Earth can no such joys afford.
 But a better rest remains,
 Heavenly sabbaths, happier days;
 Rest from sin, and rest from pains;
 Endless joys, and endless praise.

50. "Ye that stand in the house of the Lord...
 praise the Lord." Ps. cxxxv. 2,3—148th

WITHIN the house of God,
 Praise ye his holy name;
 And o'er the earth abroad,
 His mighty acts proclaim.
 Let all that breathe, and live, and move,
 Sing praise to God, for God is love.

THANKSGIVING ON PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

On Commencing a New Year.

51. "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."
Psalm lxxv. 11. L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 While, as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land:
The summer-rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes:
Still will we make thy mercies known,
Around thy board, and round our own.

7 Oh, may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown renew their songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

52. *Having obtained help of God."* Acts xxvi. 22.
L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand.
The opening year thy mercy shows:
That mercy crowns it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own:
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
Content with what thou deemest fit.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest.
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored throughout our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs.
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls, and guard our dust.

53. *"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."*
1 Sam. vii. 12. L. M.

- 1 OUR helper, God, we bless his name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amidst ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make his mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

54. *"He appointed the moon for seasons."*
Psalm civ. 19. L. M.

1 GREAT God! let all our tuneful powers
Awake and sing thy mighty name.
Thy hand revolves our circling hours;
Thy hand, from which our being came.

2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honours raise.

3 To thee we raise the annual song;
To thee the grateful tribute give.
Our God doth still our days prolong,
And, midst unnumbered deaths, we live.

4 Our life, our health, our friends, we owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hopes of nobler joys above.

5 Thus will we sing, till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more;
And, after death, thy boundless grace
Through everlasting years adore.

55. "*Let it alone this year also.*" Luke xiii. 6—9
148th.

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise;
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year!

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground:
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found:
Yet mercy stayed our doom severe:
"Oh, spare them yet another year."

3 Jesus! thy speaking blood
For us obtained the grace.
Oh, since there is bestowed
On us this longer space,
Let our spared lives thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear!

56. "*He left not himself without witness, in that
he gave us..fruitful seasons.*" Acts
xiv. 17. C. M.

1 O THOU, who givest all their food,
Causing thy sun to shine
Upon the evil and the good,
Earth's teeming stores are thine.

2 Thy covenant to man secures
The harvest of his toil:
Thy faithful word, while earth endures,
With plenty clothes the soil.

3 The wintry frost, the flowery prime,
 Alike thy laws obey.
 Each herb and blossom knows its time,
 And feels the quickening ray.

4 Revolving seasons still proclaim
 Thy all-sustaining word.
 Seed-time and harvest speak thy name—
 The promise-keeping Lord.

57 *"Seed-time and harvest shall not cease."*
 Genesis viii. 22. C. M.

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love!
 How rich thy bounties are!
 The changing seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
 The plants in beauty grew:
 Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
 And soft refreshing dew.

4 These varied mercies from above
 Matured the swelling grain:
 A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway.
 Thy hand, all nature hails.
 Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
 Summer nor winter, fails.

58. *"The joy in harvest."* Isa. ix. 3. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year
Thy favour still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate thy praise,
- 2 The harvest-song would we repeat:
Thou givest us the finest wheat.
The joys of harvest we have known:
The praise, O Lord, is all thine own.
- 3 Our tables spread, our garner stored,
Oh, give us hearts to bless thee, Lord!
Forbid it, source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.
- 4 Another harvest comes apace:
Ripen our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.
- 5 That so, when angel-reapers come
To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To thy safe garner in the sky.

59. *"He hath not dealt so with any nation."*
Psalm cxlvii. 20. L. M.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer;
And, though deliverance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.
- 2 Lord! let thy goodness lead our land,
Preserved by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

3 So shall each public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And every peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.

4 Still be it our supreme delight,
To walk as in thine awful sight;
And in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

60. "*God is known in her palaces for a refuge.*"
Psalm xlviii. 3. C. M.

1 GREAT is the Lord; his praise be great!
Ye lands, your tributes bring:
And, Britain, thou his chosen seat,
Be first to praise thy King.

2 God in thy borders well is known,
A strong and faithful Friend.
Ye fearful, rest on him alone,
And he will still defend.

3 Here in thy courts again we stand,
Thy grace, O Lord, to see:
Soon let it shine on every land,
And win all hearts to thee.

4 But, Lord, be Britain still thy choice;
Still walk around her towers.
Still let her sons in thee rejoice,
And cry "the Lord is ours!"

61. "*He maketh wars to cease.*" Psalm xlvi. 9.
L. M.

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies!
A word of thine Almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
Thy smile is life; thy frown is death!

- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain;
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Thou great, and wise, and righteous Lord!
All move subservient to thy will.
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 5 To thee we raise our grateful songs;
Thy kind protection still implore.
Oh may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
Confess thy goodness, and adore!

62. "He sent his word and healed them."
Psalm cvii. 20. L. M.

- 1 GREAT source of life, our souls confess,
That thou hast heard us in distress:
We cried to thee with trembling voice,
And now within thy courts rejoice.
- 2 Thy tender hand preserved our breath,
When threatened with the shafts of death:
Thy voice has silenced all our fears,
And made us hope for future years.
- 3 These lives are sacred to the Lord,
Kindled by him, by him restored:
And while our days renew their race,
Still would we lean upon his grace.
- 4 So, when by him our souls are led
Through the dark regions of the dead,
With calm assurance may they move
To seats of nobler life above.

ADORATION OF THE DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

63. *Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts.*
Isaiah vi. 3. 7's double.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at thy word,
Issued into glorious birth;
All thy works around thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
- 2 Holy, holy, holy!—Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit!—We,
Dust and ashes, would adore.
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
- 3 Holy, holy, holy!—All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

64. *"Who is wonderful in counsel and excellent
in working."* Isa. xxviii. 29. 7. 6.

- 1 THOU, the great, eternal God,
Art high above our thought;
Worthy to be feared, adored,
By all thy hands have wrought.

None can with thyself compare :
 Thy glory fills both earth and sky :
 We, and all thy creatures, are
 As nothing in thine eye.

2 Of thy great unbounded power,
 To thee the praise we give ;—
 Infinitely good, and more
 Than heart can e'er conceive.
 When thou wilt to work proceed,
 Thy purpose firm can none withstand,
 Frustrate the determined deed,
 Or stay the Almighty hand !

3 Thou, O God, art wise alone ;
 Thy counsel doth excel ;
 Wonderful thy works we own,
 Thy ways unsearchable.
 Who can pierce the mystery ?
 Who thy secret counsels scan ?
 Thine, whose eyes in darkness see,
 And search the heart of man !

65. “ *Canst thou by searching find out God ?* ”—
 Job xi. 7. C. M. double.

1 SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man
 Beyond archangels go,
 The great Almighty God explain,
 Or to perfection know ?
 His attributes divinely soar
 Above the creature's sight ;
 And prostrate seraphim adore
 The glorious Infinite.

2 Jehovah's everlasting days,
 They cannot numbered be ;
 Incomprehensible the space
 Of thine immensity :

Thy wisdom's depths by reason's line
 In vain we strive to sound,
 Or stretch our labouring thought to assign
 Omnipotence a bound.

- 3 The brightness of thy glories leaves
 Description far below:
 Nor man, nor angel's heart conceives
 How deep thy mercies flow.
 Thy love is most unsearchable,
 And dazzles all above:
 They gaze, but cannot count or tell
 The treasures of thy love!

66. "*The heavens are thine; the earth also is thine.*"
 Psalm lxxxix. 11. L. M. double.

- 1 FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
 Called forth this universal frame!
 Whose mercies over all rejoice,
 Through endless ages still the same!
 Wisdom, and might, and love are thine.
 Prostrate before thy feet we fall,
 Confess thine attributes divine,
 And hail thee, sovereign Lord of all.
- 2 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess,
 That move in earth, or air, or sky;
 Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
 Tremble before thy piercing eye.
 All ye who owe to him your birth,
 In praise your every hour employ.
 Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth,
 And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.
- 3 Blessing and honour, praise and love,
 Co-equal, co-eternal Three!
 In earth below, and heaven above,
 By all thy works be paid to thee.

Thrice holy! thine the kingdom is;
 The power omnipotent is thine;
 And when created nature dies,
 Thy glories shall for ever shine.

67. *"The voice of the Lord is full of majesty."*
 Psalm xxix. 4. L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL God, eternal King!
 Ruler of heaven and earth beneath!
 From thee our hopes, our comforts spring:
 In thee we live, and move, and breathe.
- 2 Thy word brought forth the flaming sun,
 The changeful moon, the starry host:
 In thine appointed course they run,
 Till in the final ruin lost.
- 3 At thy command the storm is dumb;
 And to the sea thy power hath said,
 "No further shalt thou dare to come,
 And here shall thy proud waves be stayed."
- 4 Thy sway is known below, above,
 And full of majesty thy voice!
 And, as it speaks in wrath or love,
 The nations tremble or rejoice.
- 5 The final, awful hour is near,
 Time paces on with ceaseless tread,
 When opening graves that voice shall hear,
 And render up the sleeping dead.
- 6 Oh, in that great decisive day,
 May we be found in Christ, and stand,
 While flaming worlds shall melt away,
 Accepted, owned at thy right hand.

68. "*Thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.*" Psalm cii. 27. L. M.

- 1 GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name,
And bow and tremble while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Before thine infinite survey,
Creation rose as yesterday;
And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond the highest angel's sight,
Thou dwellest in eternal light,
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and systems waste away.
- 4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And while to lengthened years we trust,
Before the moth we sink to dust.
- 5 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies:—
- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see;
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God.

69. "*Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity?*" Micah vii. 18. 112th.

- 1 GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways
Are worthy of thyself,—divine:
But the bright glories of thy grace,
Beyond thine other wonders shine.

Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare,—
This is thy grand prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share.
Is there a pardoning God like thee?
Or is there grace so rich and free?

3 Pardon—from an offended God!
Pardon—for sins of deepest die!
Pardon—bestowed through Jesus' blood;
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh.
Where is the pardoning God like thee?
Or where the grace so rich and free?

4 Oh, may this glorious, matchless love,
This godlike miracle of grace,
Teach mortal tongues, like those above,
To raise this song of lofty praise:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

70. "*The God of Abraham.*" Gen. xxxi. 42.
 6. 8. 4.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days:
And God of love!
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed:
We bow and own the sacred name,
For ever blessed.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth we rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand.

70 *Adoration of the Divine Perfections.*

We all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him our only portion make,
Our shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide us through the wilderness,
To see his face.
He is our faithful Friend;
He is our gracious God;
And he will save us to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
We on his oath depend,
We shall, on eagle-wing upborne,
To heaven ascend:
We shall behold his face,
We shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and ours!
We join the heavenly lays,
And celebrate with all our powers
His endless praise.

HYMNS OF PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

71. *"The Brightness of his Glory and the express Image of his person."* Heb. i. 3. P. M.

- 1 THOU art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's Only Son;
God manifestly seen and heard,
And Heaven's Beloved One.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,
That every knee to thee should bow.
- 2 In thee most perfectly expressed,
The Father's glories shine:
Of the full Deity possessed,
Eternally Divine.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,
That every knee to thee should bow.
- 3 True Image of the Infinite,
Whose Essence is concealed;
Brightness of Uncreated Light;
The heart of God revealed.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,
That every knee to thee should bow.
- 4 But the high mysteries of thy name
An angel's grasp transcend:
The Father only—glorious claim!
The Son can comprehend.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,
That every knee to thee should bow.
- 5 Yet, loving thee, on whom His love
Ineffable doth rest,
Thy glorious worshippers above,
As One with thee, are blest.

Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,
That every knee to thee should bow.

- 6 Throughout the universe of bliss,
The centre thou, and sun.
The eternal theme of praise is this,
To Heaven's Beloved One:—
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,
That every knee to thee should bow.

72. *"And every creature...heard I saying, Blessing,
honour, glory, and power be...unto the Lamb."*
Rev. v. 13. C. M.

- 1 WE sing to thee, thou Son of God,
Fountain of life and grace!
We praise thee, Son of Man, whose blood
Redeemed our fallen race.
- 2 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
The Lamb for sinners slain;
Who art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign!
- 3 To thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts;
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord
Of glory and of hosts!
- 4 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments drest,
Praise thee, thou Son of God! and reap
The fulness of thy rest.
- 5 The apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim:
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting name.

6 Throughout the world, thy churches join
 To call on thee their Head,
 Brightness of majesty Divine,
 Who every power hast made.

7 Among their number, Lord, we love
 To sing thy precious blood.
 Reign here, and in the worlds above,
 Thou holy Lamb of God!

73. *"Hosanna."* John xii. 13. L. M.

1 HOSANNA to the Living Lord!
 Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.

2 Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
 Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply:
 Above, beneath us, all around,
 The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour! with protecting care,
 Return to this thy house of prayer.
 Assembled in thy sacred name,
 Here we thy parting promise claim!

4 But chief, in every cleansed breast,
 Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest;
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy thee!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.

74. *"That at the name of Jesus, every knee should
 bow."* Phil. ii. 10. 7's.

1 BRETHREN, let us join to bless
 Christ, our Peace and Righteousness:

- Let our praise to him be given,
High at God's right-hand in heaven!
- 2 Son of God, to thee we bow:
Thou art Lord, and only thou.
Thou, the woman's promised seed,
Thou, who didst for sinners bleed!
- 3 Thee, the angels ceaseless sing:
Thee we praise, our Priest and King.
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace!
- 4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought,
Of salvation by thee wrought;
Wrought to set thy people free,
Wrought to bring our souls to thee.
- 5 Thee, our Lord, whom we adore,
May we follow more and more.
Guide and bless us with thy love,
Till we join thy saints above.

75. *"He is Lord of all."* Acts x. 36. C. M.

- 1 ALL-hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call:
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall.
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

76 *"Heir of all things . . . upholding all things
by the word of his power."* Heb. i. 2, 3. 7—6.

1 LORD of the vast creation,
Support of worlds unknown,
Desire of every nation,
Behold us at thy throne.
We come for mercy crying,
Through thine atoning blood;
And, on thy grace relying,
We seek each promised good.

2 We bless that condescension
Which brought thee down to earth,
Of which the seers made mention,
Who prophesied thy birth.
We celebrate the glory
That marked thy wondrous way,
And own the joyful story
Which claims this hallowed day.

3 Oh, when shall thy salvation
Be known through every land,
And men in every station
Obey thy great command?
In God's own Son believing,
From sin may they be free;
And gospel-grace receiving,
Find life and peace in thee!

77. "*The Desire of all nations.*" Hag. ii. 7.
C. M.

- 1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Almighty King of Grace!
Thy uncreated glories shine
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and songs ascend;
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store:
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.
- 4 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee.
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

78. "*Who, being in the form of God, made himself
of no reputation.*" Phil. ii. 6, 7. L. M.

- 1 THOU Son of God and Son of man,
Beloved, adored Immanuel,
Who didst, before all time began,
In glory with thy Father dwell.
- 2 We sing thy love, who didst in time
For us humanity assume;
To answer for the sinner's crime,
To suffer in the sinner's room.
- 3 The ransomed church thy glory sings;
The hosts of heaven thy will obey;
And, Lord of lords, and King of kings
We celebrate thy blessed sway.

4 A servant's form didst thou sustain,
And with delight the law obey;
And then endure amazing pain,
While all our sorrows on thee lay.

5 Blest Saviour! we are wholly thine,
So freely loved, so dearly bought;
Our souls to thee would we resign,
To thee subject our every thought.

79. "*The consolation of Israel.*" Luke ii. 25.
P. M. 8—7.

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free!
From our fears and sins release us:
Let us find our rest in thee!
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art!
Blest desire of every nation,
Joy of every faithful heart!

2 Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne!

80. "*And the life was the light of men.*"
John i. 4. 8—7.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Come, and, sin's deep gloom dispelling,
Shine upon the realms beneath.

The new heaven and earth's Creator,
 On our deepest darkness rise;
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing:
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
 Every poor, benighted heart.
 Come, and manifest the favour
 God hath to our ransomed race.
 Come, thou Advocate and Saviour!
 Manifest thy wondrous grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
 O thou Prince of Peace and love!
 Give the knowledge of salvation;
 Raise our hearts to things above.
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Every burdened soul release:
 By the shining of thy Spirit,
 Guide us into perfect peace.

81. *"The love of Christ which passeth know-
 ledge." Eph. iii. 19. 8—7.*

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus! thou art all compassion;
 Pure, unbounded love thou art!
 Visit us with thy salvation;
 Enter every longing heart.

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing;
 Glory in thy precious love.

- 3 Finish, then, thy new creation;
 Pure, unspotted may we be:
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by thee:
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

82. *"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for
 us."* 1 Cor. v. 7. 8—7.

- 1 PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed!
 All our sins on thee were laid:
 By Almighty Love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 All thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood:
 Opened is the gate of heaven:
 Peace is made for man with God.
- 2 Jesus, hail! abashed before thee,
 Seraphs bright their faces hide:
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side:
 There for sinners thou art pleading;
 There thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
- 3 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive:
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.

Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays:
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

83. *"Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself."* Heb. xii. 3.
 8—7.

1 WHEN I read the contradiction,
 Christ endured my soul to gain,—
 Gaze upon the crucifixion,
 Shall I of the cross complain?
 Let not, Lord, thy sore affliction
 Have been borne for me in vain!

2 Lo! upon the tree extended,
 Jesus bows his dying head;
 Bears the wrath of God offended,
 Suffers in the sinner's stead.
 Now thy days of wo are ended:
 'Twas for thee, my soul, he bled!

3 After earth's deceitful pleasure
 Never more my heart shall rove.
 Farewell, every worldly treasure!
 Now my treasure is above.
 I shall drink in plenteous measure
 From the fountain-head of love!

4 Praise, henceforth, and adoration
 To the throne of grace I'll bring.
 Hail, O Israel's consolation!
 (Let each ransomed sinner sing.)
 Hail, thou God of our salvation!
 Hail, O Prophet, Priest, and King!

84. *"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."*
2 Tim. ii. 12. P. M.

- 1 HEAD of the church triumphant!
We joyfully adore thee.
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those before thee.
We lift our hands and voices
In blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
Or passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, that knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher:
We lift our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favour:
The love Divine which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us;
And earth despise for that high prize
Which thou hast set before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

85. "Unto him that loved us." Rev. i. 5. 7's.

- 1 NOW begin the heavenly theme:
Sing aloud the Saviour's name!
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Sing of his redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, refrain your tears.
Trembling hearts, dismiss your fears.
See the guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye who long, alas! have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove;
Listen to redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin oppressed:
He alone can give you rest,
Who descended from above,
Prompted by redeeming love.
- 6 Hither, then, your tribute bring:
Strike aloud each joyful string.
Saints below, and saints above,
Join to praise redeeming love.
- 7 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

86. "And washed us from our sins in his own
blood." Rev. i. 5. P. M.

- 1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder;
Let us praise the Saviour's name!

He has hushed the law's loud thunder;
He has quenched mount Sinai's flame.

He has washed us with his blood:
He has brought us nigh to God.

- 2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Dying for our rebel-race;
Called us by his word, and taught us
By the Spirit of his grace.

He has washed us with his blood:
He presents our souls to God.

- 3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down;
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown.

He who washed us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

- 4 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of his saints enthroned on high.
Here, they trusted him before us;
Now their praises fill the sky:—

“Thou hast washed us with thy blood;
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!”

87. “*He is the King of Glory.*” Psalm xxiv. 10.
148th.

- 1 GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise:
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys.
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing:
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

- 2 God seen in flesh below,
For us he reigns above:
Let all the nations know
The Saviour's conquering love.
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing:
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given:
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing:
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

4 High on his holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway:
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink and die away!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing:
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

5 His foes and ours are one,
Satan, the world, and sin;
But he shall tread them down,
And bring his kingdom in!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing:
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

6 Till all the earth renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join,
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing:
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

88. *"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."* Psalm cxlix. 2. 148th.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King:
Your Lord and King adore.
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice.
Rejoice; he bids his saints rejoice.

2 The mighty Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love.
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; he bids his saints rejoice.

3 His kingdom must prevail:
He rules o'er earth and heaven.
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; he bids his saints rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; he bids his saints rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; he bids his saints rejoice.

89.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

Rev. v. 12. 6.4.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let earth to heaven reply,
Praise ye his name.
While angels fall before
Him who our sorrows bore,
Let saints cry evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 All who surround the throne,
Him Lord and Saviour own.
Praising his name.

Ye ransomed souls, rejoice,
And glory in your choice,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

- 3 What though we change the place,
Our songs before his face
Shall be the same.
There we to Christ our King
Worthier praise shall bring;
And through all ages sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

90. " *And the Spirit and the Bride say, come.*"
Rev. xxii. 17. 7's.

- 1 SEE the ransomed millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand;—
This before the throne their strain:
Hell is vanquished: Death is slain.
Blessing, honour, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right:
Thrones and Powers before Him fall,
Lamb of God, and Lord of all.

- 2 Hasten, Lord, the promised hour!
Come, in glory and in power!
Still thy foes are unsubdued:
Nature sighs to be renewed.
Time has nearly reached its sum,
All things, with Thy bride, say, Come!
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
Come, and reign for evermore.

HYMNS TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

91. "*The Eternal Spirit.*" Heb. ix. 14.
8's.

- 1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 2 Thou Strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command
Thrice Holy Fount! Thrice Holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire.
Come, and thy sacred Unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy.
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee:
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.
- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name.
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died!
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee!

92. *"Behold, I make all things new!"*
Rev. xxi. 5. C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed!
Creator Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.
- 2 Give thou the word:—that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife;
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.
- 3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When thou shalt all renew!
- 4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!
- 5 Lo, every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

93. *"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."* Acts ii. 1—4. S. M. double.

- 1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord
The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe;
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day!
Spirit of truth, be thou,
In life and death, our guide!
O Spirit of adoption, *now*
May we be sanctified!

94. "*Even the Spirit of Truth.*" John xv. 26.
C. M.

1 SPIRIT of Truth! on this thy day,
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality!

2 We ask not, Lord! the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more:
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control;
But thou, in dark temptation's hour,
Shalt chase them from the soul.

- 5 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
 No mystic dreams we share;
 Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
 And bless thee in our prayer.
- 6 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
 And knowledge empty prove,
 Do thou thy trembling servants stay
 With faith, with hope, with love.

95. "*The promise of the Father.*" Acts i. 4.
 C. M.

- 1 ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
 The Holy Ghost send down!
 Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
 And all thy mercies crown.
- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
 Their wondrous powers impart,
 Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
 Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
 Thy heavenly influence give!
 Quicken our souls, born from above,
 In Christ, that we may live.
- 4 To our benighted minds reveal
 The glories of his grace;
 And bring us where no clouds conceal
 The brightness of his face.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad,
 Life's ever-springing well!
 Till God in us, and we in God,
 In love eternal dwell.

96. *"He hath shed forth this which ye now see
and hear."* Acts ii. 33. C. M.

1 LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within:
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals;
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

4 Come, Holy Spirit! from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

97. *"He will guide you into all truth."*
John xvi. 13. L. M.

1 SPIRIT of life, thine influence shed,
To wake the careless and the dead;
Light, strength, and comfort to bestow
On every child of sin and wo.

2 Behold our frail and feeble state;
Our foes are strong, our dangers great:
The force of hostile rage withstand,
And guard us with thy mighty hand.

3 Give us an understanding mind;
The chains of ignorance unbind;
Instruct, enlighten, and prepare
Our hearts the joys of heaven to share.

4 Christ's precious truths to us proclaim ;
Expound his word, exalt his name;
Make known his power, his love reveal,
And with his blood our conscience heal.

5 Lord, in our hearts vouchsafe to dwell ;
There every sinful motion quell;
Complete thy blessed work of grace,
And fit us for a happier place.

98. *"Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear."* Rom. viii. 15. C.M.

1 SPIRIT of holiness, look down,
Our fainting hearts to cheer ;
And when we tremble at thy frown,
Oh, bring thy comforts near.

2 The terror thy convictions wrought,
Oh, let thy grace remove ;
And may the souls which thou hast taught
To weep, now learn to love.

3 Now let thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before :
Now on our hearts impress thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.

4 Complete the work thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light ;
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.

5 Then, as our wondering eyes discern
The Lord's unclouded face,
In fitter language we shall learn
To sing triumphant grace.

99. *"He will reprove the world of sin."*

John xvi. 8. C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, by whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
On our cold hearts thy blessings shower;
Revive them with thy breath.
- 2 'Tis thine to point the heavenly way,
Each rising fear control,
And with a warm, enlivening ray
To melt the icy soul.
- 3 'Tis thine to cheer us when distressed,
To raise us when we fall;
To calm the doubting, troubled breast,
And aid when sinners call.
- 4 'Tis thine to bring God's sacred word,
And write it on our heart;
There its reviving truths record,
And there its peace impart.
- 5 Almighty Spirit, visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways:
Pour down thy quickening grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise.

100. *"The Spirit of wisdom and revelation."*

Eph. i. 17. S. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise.
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

- 8 Revive our drooping faith ;
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life through every part,
And new-create the whole.

101. "*Ye are the temple of God.*" 1 Cor. iii. 16.
8—7.

- 1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of Nature's night.
Come, thou source of joy and gladness!
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

- 2 Author of our new creation,
Bid us all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

102. "As they were moved by the Holy Ghost."
2 Peter i. 21. C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire!
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

- 2 Open the hearts of all who hear,
To make the Saviour room:
Now let us find redemption near:
Let faith by hearing come.

103. *"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."* Matt. xxviii. 19. S. M.

- 1 WHILE all the angel-throng
Give thanks to God on high;
Let earth repeat the joyful song,
And echo to the sky.
- 2 Father, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move!
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thine eternal love.
- 3 Incarnate Deity!
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.
- 4 Spirit of holiness!
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.
- 5 Eternal, glorious Lord!
Let all the saints above,
Let all the sons of men record,
And celebrate thy love.

104. ————— C. M.

- 1 MAKER, Upholder, Ruler! Thee
Let all that live adore,
Who art, and wast, and art to be,
God blessed evermore.
- 2 Redeemer, Prophet, Priest, and King!
Appointed Judge of all!
Let ransomed souls thy triumphs sing,
Thy foes before thee fall.
- 3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy glorious gifts impart:
From heaven descending like a dove,
Dwell thou in every heart.

- 4 Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit! Thee
 Let heaven and earth adore.
 Thou art, Thou wast, and Thou shalt be
 God blessed evermore.

105.

8.7.

- 1 TO the Source of every blessing
 Grateful anthems let us raise.
 Holy joy, our souls possessing,
 Swells the tribute of our praise.
- 2 Glory to the almighty Father,
 Fountain of eternal love,
 Who, his wandering sheep to gather,
 Sent a Saviour from above.
- 3 To the Son all praise be given,
 Who, with love unknown before,
 Left the bright abode of heaven,
 And our sins and sorrows bore.
- 4 Equal strains of warm devotion
 Let the Spirit's praise employ;
 Author of each holy motion;
 Source of wisdom, peace, and joy.
- 5 Thus while our glad hearts ascending
 Glorify Jehovah's name,
 Heavenly songs with ours are blending;
 There the theme is still the same.

106.

L. M. double.

ETERNAL Father! throned above,
 Thou fountain of redeeming love!—
 Eternal Word! who left thy throne,
 For man's rebellion to atone!—
 Eternal Spirit! who dost give
 That grace by which our spirits live!—
 Thou God of our salvation! be
 Eternal praises paid to thee!

107.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

108.

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

109.

C. M.

IN hope to join the angelic host
And all the ransomed throng,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We raise the grateful song.

110.

8's.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
And suffering saints on earth adore:
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.

111.

8's.

TO God Almighty, Father, Son,
And Comforter the Holy Ghost,
Be honour, worship, homage done,
By saints and angels, joyful host;
As 'twas in ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

112.

7's.

PRAISE the name of God Most High:
Praise Him, all below the sky:
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

SUPPLICATION AND INTERCESSION.

FOR THE COMMENCEMENT OF PUBLIC WORSHIP

113. *"Arise, O Lord, into thy rest."*
 Psalm cxxxii. 8. L. M.

1 GOD in His temple let us meet;
 Low on our knees before Him bend;
 Here hath He fixed His mercy-seat;
 Here on His Sabbath we attend.

2 Arise into thy resting-place,
 Thou, and thine ark of strength, O Lord
 Shine through the veil, we seek Thy face
 Speak, for we hearken to Thy word.

3 With righteousness thy priests array;
 Joyful thy chosen people be;
 Let those who teach and those who pray
 Let all—be holiness to Thee.

114. *"There will I meet with thee, and I will
 commune with thee."* Exod. xxv. 22. 7

1 IN thy presence we appear:
 Lord, we love to worship here,
 When, within the veil, we meet
 Thee upon thy mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious Name is sung,
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue:
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord, our Righteousness.

3 While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend.
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads:
Hear! for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
And we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon through thy Name,
In their voices let us own
Jesus speaking from the throne.

6 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That, at evening, we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

115. *"The same day at evening came Jesus and stood in the midst."* John xx. 19. C. M.

1 ON the first Christian Sabbath eve,
When his disciples met,
O'er his lost fellowship to grieve,
Nor knew the Scriptures yet;—

2 Lo, in their midst, his form was seen,
The form in which he died,—
Their Master's marred and wounded mien,
His hands, his feet, his side.

3 Then were they glad their Lord to know,
And worshipped, yet with fear.
—Jesus, again thy presence show;
Meet thy disciples here!

4 Be in our midst;—let faith rejoice
Our risen Lord to view:
And make our spirits hear thy voice
Say—“Peace be unto *you*.”

5 Then, while we hearken, Oh, unfold
The Scriptures to our mind:
Their mysteries let us now behold,
Their hidden treasures find.

6 Thee it behoved to suffer thus,
And to thy glory rise:
Instruct, confirm, and strengthen us,
And make thy servants wise:—

7 Wise to win souls, may we reveal
Thy love to all around,
And in ourselves its influence feel
Yet more and more abound.

8 And while with thee in social hours,
We commune through thy word,
May our hearts burn, and all our powers
Confess—“It is the Lord.”

116. “*Then will I command my blessing upon
you.*” Levit. xxv. 21. L. M.

1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here:
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

- 2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we thy true disciples be.
Speak to each heart the mighty word:
Say to the weakest, follow me.
- 3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth! and fill the place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.
- 4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confessed!
Whom thou hast joined, may none divide;
None dare to curse whom thou hast blessed.
- 5 With thee and these for ever found,
May all the souls who here unite,
With harps and songs thy throne surround,
Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

117. "*The Lord's Day.*" Rev. i. 10. L. M.

- 1 THIS day the Lord hath called his own;
Oh, let us then his praise declare;
Fix our desires on him alone,
And seek his face with fervent prayer.
- 2 Lord! in thy love we would rejoice,
Which bids the burdened soul be free;
And, with united heart and voice,
Devote these sacred hours to thee.
- 3 Now let the world's delusive things
No more our grovelling thoughts employ;
But faith be taught to stretch her wings,
In search of heaven's unfailing joy.

4 Oh, let these earthly sabbaths, Lord,
 Be to our lasting welfare blest;
 The purest comfort now afford,
 And fit us for eternal rest.

118. "*Accepted in the beloved.*" Eph. i. 6. C. M.

1 FATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
 Those who through Christ draw near,
 To pay their living sacrifice,
 And worship in thy fear.

2 Well-pleased, in him, thyself declare;
 Thy pardoning love reveal:
 The peaceful answer of our prayer,
 To every conscience seal.

3 On each, on all, some gift bestow;
 Some blessing now impart.
 The seed of life eternal sow
 In every waiting heart.

4 O Father, glorify thy Son,
 And grant what we require:
 For Jesus' sake, the gift send down,
 And answer us by fire:

5 Kindle the flame of love within,
 Which may to heaven ascend;
 And now the work of grace begin,
 Which shall in glory end.

119. "*According to the foreknowledge of God
 the Father, through sanctification of the
 Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of
 the blood of Christ.*" 1 Pet. i. 2. L. M.

1 FATHER of heaven! whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found.
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 To us thy pardoning love extend.

- 2 Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend:
To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death!
Before thy throne we sinners bend:
To us thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life to us extend!

120. *"Yet a little while, and he that shall come
will come."* Heb. x. 37. L. M.

- 1 O SAVIOUR! is thy promise fled?
Nor longer may thy grace endure,
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach thy gospel to the poor?
- 2 Come, Jesus! come, return again;
With brighter beams thy servants bless,
Who long to hail thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness.
- 3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam;
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.
- 4 Come, Jesus, come! and as, of yore,
Thy Prophet went to clear the way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day;—

- 5 So, ere again we see thy face,
 Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
 Sow in our souls the seed of grace,
 Then come, and reap thy harvest there.

121. *"And ye shall seek me and find me."*
 Jer. xxix. 13. 7's.

- 1 LORD, we come before Thee now :
 At thy feet we humbly bow.
 Oh! do not our suit disdain :
 Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain!
- 2 Lord! on Thee our souls depend :
 In compassion now descend.
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace :
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
 Now we seek thee : here we stay.
 Lord, from hence we would not go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
 That may joy and peace afford.
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn :
 Let the time of joy return.
 Those that are cast down lift up :
 Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant that all may seek and find
 Thee a God supremely kind.
 Heal the sick ; the captive free :
 Let us all rejoice in Thee!

122. *"All things were made by Him."*

John i. 3. S. M.

- 1 O THOU who art the Light
Of all thy saints below,
That we may worship thee aright,
Thy sovereign grace bestow.
- 2 Our rising world obeyed
Thy Godhead's high command:
And all the heavenly host are swayed
By thy creating hand.
- 3 Yet all things made anew
To wondering mortals seem,
When the Eternal Word we view,
Descending to redeem.
- 4 Oh, be thou present now,
And make thy mercy known.
Lord, at thy footstool we would bow,
And our Deliverer own!
- 5 Then shall we live to thee,
And honour this thy day;
Thine own devoted servants be,
And never from thee stray.

123. *"Followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."* Heb. vi. 12.

S. M.

- 1 TO Thee, in ages past,
Our pious fathers came:
On thee, O Lord, their cares they cast,
Nor were they put to shame.
- 2 Thy holy day they loved;
They loved the means of grace:
And oft thy faithfulness they proved,
When they had sought thy face.

- 3 Their faith in thee was strong;
 Their godliness was pure;
 And while thou wast their strength and song,
 They all things could endure.
- 4 Their steps may we pursue,
 As they obeyed their Lord:
 So may our hearts and lives be new,
 And with thy will accord!
- 5 Oh, be thou with us here,
 And thy rich grace display.
 For our salvation Lord, appear,
 On this thy hallowed day.

124. *"There am I in the midst of them."*
 Matt. xviii. 20. 7's.

- 1 MET again in Jesus' name,
 At his throne we humbly bow.
 He is evermore the same:
 Lo! he waits to meet us now.
- 2 In his name, if two or three
 Meet, and for his mercy call,
 There, the Saviour saith, I'll be
 In the midst, to bless you all.
- 3 You shall never ask in vain,
 Though your number be but few:
 Firm the promise doth remain:
 Lo! I always am with you.
- 4 Saviour, we believe the word;
 Calmly wait the promised grace.
 Spirit of our risen Lord,
 Holy Spirit, fill the place

125. *"Our Father who art in heaven."*
Matt. vi. 9—13 S. M.

- 1 OUR Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow!
- 2 Thy kingdom come! Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above!
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live.
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine:
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.
- 6 —Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy Beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee and say
All for his sake be done!

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

126 "*Speak, for thy servant heareth.*" 1 Sam. iii. 10.
8.7.4.

1 IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We thy people now draw near.
Teach us to rejoice with trembling.
Speak, and let thy servants hear:
Hear with meekness;
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be;
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before:
Full enjoyment;
Full, unmixed, for evermore.

127. "*Therefore are we all here present before
God.*" Acts x. 33. 8's.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford.
Prepare us to receive thy word.
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.
[Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless
And crown thy Gospel with success.]

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above:
 With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfied with living bread.
 [Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown thy Gospel with success.]

3 To each thy sacred word apply,
 With sovereign power and energy:
 And may we, in thy faith and fear,
 Reduce to practice what we hear.
 [Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown thy Gospel with success.]

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal.
 Teach us to know and do thy will.
 Thy saving power and love display,
 And guide us to the realms of day.
 [Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown thy Gospel with success.]

128. *"Not in word only, but also in power."*
 1 Thess. i. 5. L. M.

1 NOW may the gospel's conquering power
 Be felt by all assembled here!
 So shall this prove a joyful hour,
 And God's own arm of strength appear.

2 Lord! let thy mighty voice be heard:
 Speak in thy word, and speak with power:
 So shall thy glorious name be feared,
 By those who never feared before.

3 Oh! pity those who live in sin,
 And save them from the sinner's doom.
 Open the ark, and take them in,
 And save them from the wrath to come!

- 4 So shall thy people joyful be;
The angels, too, with joy will sing:
And all ascribe the praise to thee;
To thee, the Everlasting King.

129. *"In demonstration of the Spirit and of power."* 1 Cor. ii. 4. C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God! Eternal Lord!
Thy gracious power make known.
Touch, by the virtue of thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.

2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 Let us receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear:
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

130. *"The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing."* Rom. xv. 13.
C. M.

1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
Thy waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love!

- 2 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim thy word;
And bid us all devoutly keep
Attention to the Lord.

131. "*God that giveth the increase.*" 1 Cor. iii. 7:
8. 7. 4.

- 1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit!
Bless the sower and the seed.
Let each heart thy grace inherit:
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
From the gospel—
Now supply thy people's need.

- 2 Help us all to seek the blessing
Which thou waitest now to give:
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever—
To thy praise and glory live.

132. "*I will satisfy her poor with bread.*"
Psal. cxxxii. 15. L M.

- 1 CONFIRM the hope thy word allows.
Behold us waiting to be fed.
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And satisfy thy poor with bread.

- 2 Drawn by thine invitation, Lord,
Thirsty and hungry we are come.
Now, from the fulness of thy word
Replenished, send us thankful home.

133. "*Lo, this hath touched thy lips.*" Isa. vi 7
7's.

1 SOURCE of light and power divine!
Deign upon thy truth to shine!
Lord, behold thy servant stands:
Lo! to thee we lift our hands.

2 Satisfy our souls' desire;
Touch his lips with holy fire.
Source of light and power divine!
Deign upon thy truth to shine!

HYMNS AFTER SERMON.

134. "*And blessed them.*" Luke xxiv. 50.
8.7.4.

1 LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing:
Fill our hearts with joy and peace.
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace!
Oh refresh us—
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound.
Let the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
May thy presence—
With us evermore be found.

3 [So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever—
Reign with Christ in endless day!]

135. "*Go in peace.*" 1 Sam. i. 17. L. M.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word.
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good:
Sprinkle our works with Jesus' blood.
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

136. "*Such as hear the word, and bring forth
fruit.*" Mark iv. 20. C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground:
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

137. "*All things come of thee, and of thine own
have we given thee.*" 1 Chron. xxix. 14.
148th.

TO thee our wants are known:
From thee are all our powers.
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours.
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive;
And to thy word a blessing give.

138. "*The God of peace.*" Heb. xiii. 20-21.
C. M.

- 1 NOW may the God of peace and love,
Who, from the imprisoning grave,
Restored the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save;
- 2 Through the rich merits of that blood,
Which he on Calvary spilt,
To make the eternal covenant sure,
On which our hopes are built;
- 3 Perfect our souls in every grace,
To accomplish all his will;
And all that's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil!
- 4 For Christ the Mediator's sake,
We every blessing pray.
With glory let his name be crowned
Through heaven's eternal day!

139. "*That great Shepherd of the sheep.*"
Heb. xiii. 20-21 7's.

- 1 NOW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfil
 What is pleasing in his sight:
 Perfect us in all his will,
 And preserve us day and night!

3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
 Who the covenant sealed with blood,
 Let our hearts and voices raise
 Loud thanksgivings to our God.

140. "*The peace of God which passeth all understanding.*" Phil. iv. 7. L. M.

1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
 And by his word of grace imparts,
 Which only the believer feels,
 Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

2 And may the holy Three in One,
 The Father, Word, and Comforter,
 Pour an abundant blessing down
 On every soul assembled here!

141. "*The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit.*" 2 Cor. xiii. 14. 8—7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above!
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMNS FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

142. "*This do in remembrance of me.*"
Luke xxii. 19. C. M.

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord;
I *will* remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be :
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee.

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come.
Then, Lord, remember me.

143. "*Is it not the communion of the body of Christ?*" 1 Cor. x. 16. L. M.

1 COMMUNION of my Saviour's blood,
In him to have my lot and part;
To prove the virtue of that flood
Which burst on Calvary from his heart;—

2 To feed by faith on Christ my bread,
—His body broken on the tree;—
To live in him my living head,
Who died and rose again for me;—

3 This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine.
Jesus, in spirit now appear,
And break the bread, and pour the wine.

4 From thy dear hand may I receive
The tokens of thy dying love;
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with thee above.

5 Ah! there, though in the lowest place,
Thee at thy table could I meet,
And see thee, know thee, face to face,
For such a moment death were sweet.

6 What then will their fruition be,
Who meet in heaven with blest accord?
A moment?—No; eternity!
They are for ever with the Lord.

144. "*Jesus took bread and blessed it.*"
Matt. xxvi 26. 7.6.

1 JESUS, Master of the feast!
The feast itself thou art.
Now receive thy meanest guest,
And comfort every heart!

Give us living bread to eat,
Manna that from heaven comes down.
See us waiting at thy feet,
And make thy favour known!

2 In this barren wilderness
Thou hast a table spread;
Richly filled with every grace
Our fainting souls can need:
Still sustain us by thy love;
Still thy servants' strength repair,
Till we reach thy courts above,
And feast for ever there.

145. "*Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread.*" 1 Cor. xi. 28. S. M.

1 O THOU Divine High Priest!
To thee I lift mine eyes.
Admit me to the blessed feast
Of thine own sacrifice.

2 Break thou to me the bread,
Type of thy bruised frame.
Give me to hope that thou hast bled,
To save my soul from shame.

3 Lord, while this cup goes round,
My inmost spirit try!
Can there be here one traitor found?
Oh say, Lord, is it I?

4 Horror is in that thought.
Lord of all grace and might,
Who with thy blood my soul hast bought,
Assert, secure thy right.

5 Save me, for I am thine:
Forgive, accept me now:
And let this sacred bread and wine
Seal and insure my vow.

146. "*I am the living bread which came down from heaven.*" John vi. 51. 7's.

1 BREAD of heaven! on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed.
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread:
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died.

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice.
'Tis thy wounds my healing give:
To thy cross I look, and live.
Thou my life! Oh let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

147. "*The bread of God is he which giveth life unto the world.*" John vi. 33. P. M.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken!
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead.
Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token,
That by thy grace our souls are fed!

148. "*He was known of them in breaking of bread.*" Luke xxiv. 35. L. M.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, depart.
Make not the house of prayer thy mart.
Lord of the temple and the day,
Drive the intrusive crowd away.

2 Fain would I find a calm retreat
From vain distractions near thy feet,

And, borne above all earthly care,
Be joyful in thy house of prayer.

3 Lord! in this blest and hallowed hour,
Reveal thy presence and thy power.
Shew to my faith thy hands and side,
My Lord and God, the Crucified!

4 Or let me, through the opening skies,
Catch one bright glimpse of Paradise;
And realize, with raptured awe,
The vision dying Stephen saw.

5 But, if unworthy of such joy,
Still shall thy love my heart employ:
For, of thy favoured children's fare,
'Twere bliss the very crumbs to share.

6 Yet never can my soul be fed
With less than Thee, the Living Bread.
Thyself unto my soul impart,
And with thy presence fill my heart.

149. "*A fountain shall come forth of the house
of the Lord.*" Joel iii. 18. L. M.

1 JESUS, how heavenly is the place,
Where thine own servants wait for thee!
Where the rich fountain of thy grace
Stands ever open, full, and free.

2 Hungry, and poor, and lame, and blind,
Hither thy ransomed people fly;
In thy deep wounds a balsam find,
And live, while they behold thee die.

3 Here they forget their doubts and fears,
While thy sharp sorrows meet their eyes;
And bless the hand which dries their tears,
And each returning want supplies.

4 How vast the mysteries of thy love!
 How high, how wide, how deep it rolls!
 Its fountain springs in heaven above;
 Its streams revive our drooping souls.

150. "*The glory as of the only-begotten of the
 Father.*" John i. 14. 7's.

- 1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
 God descend in majesty,
 To proclaim his holy law,
 All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When, in extacy sublime,
 Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
 At the too transporting light,
 Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
 God, in flesh made manifest,
 Shines in my Redeemer's face,
 Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,
 Weep and gaze my soul away.
 Thou art heaven on earth to me,
 Lovely, mournful Calvary!

151. "*A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.*" Zech. xiii. 1. C. M.

- 1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin!
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
 Wash me, and mine thou art:
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

152. " *This do in remembrance of me.*"
 Luke xxii. 19. C. M.

1 IF human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie;
 If tender thoughts within us burn,
 To feel a friend is nigh;

2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To him who died, our fears to quell,
 Our more than orphan's wo?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
 Those pangs he would not flee;
 What love his latest words displayed,
 "Meet, and remember me!"

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
 Our sinful hearts to share!
 O memory! leave no other name
 Than his recorded there.

153. " *Peace be unto you.*" John xx. 21.
 7.6.

1 LAMB of God! whose bleeding love
 We now recall to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find.

Think on us, who think on thee,
 And every burdened soul release.
 Oh, remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain
 And bloody sweat, we pray;
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away:
 Burst our bonds, and set us free;
 From all iniquity release.
 Oh, remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal.
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal.
 By thy passion on the tree,
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease.
 Oh, remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

154. *"I will not leave you comfortless."*
 John xiv. 18. S. M. double.

LEAVE us not comfortless,
 O thou our risen Lord;
 But send thy Spirit down, to bless
 And guide us with thy word!
 By him thy gifts impart,
 Light, peace and joy, and love;
 Seal of adoption in our heart,
 Earnest of heaven above!

155. "*It is the Spirit that beareth witness.*"
1 John v. 6. 8—7.

1 COME, thou everlasting Spirit!
Bring to every thankful mind,
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his sufferings for mankind.
True recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart:
Now reveal his great salvation;
Preach his gospel to our heart.

2 Come, thou witness of his dying!
Come, remembrancer divine!
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul, and mine.
Plead in us with inward groaning:
While for him we pierced, we grieve,
May we each the grace atoning
Of the sprinkled blood receive.

156. "*An offering and a sacrifice to God for a
sweet-smelling savour.*" Eph. v. 2. 8's.

1 VICTIM Divine, thy grace we claim,
While thus thy precious death we shew.
Once offered up a spotless Lamb,
In thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone;
And standest now before the Throne.

2 Thou standest in the holiest place,
As now for guilty sinners slain.
The blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays,
All prevalent for helpless man.
Thy blood is still our ransom found,
And speaks salvation all around.

- 3 The smoke of thine atonement here,
Darkened the sun, and rent the veil,
Made the new way to heaven appear,
And shewed the great Invisible:
Well pleased in thee, our God looked down,
And calls his rebels to a crown.
- 4 He still respects thy sacrifice;
Its savour sweet doth always please;
The offering smokes through earth and skies,
Diffusing life, and joy, and peace:
To these thy lower courts it comes,
And fills them with divine perfumes.
- 5 We need not now go up to heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour down:
Thou art to all already given;
Thou dost even now thy banquet crown:
To every faithful soul appear,
And shew thy real presence here.

157. "*Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to
keep thee in the way.*" Exod. xxiii. 20.
S. M. double.

- 1 THOU very paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came;
Thy ransom'd people lead.
Angel of gospel-grace,
Fulfil thy character:
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.
- 2 Throughout the desert-way
Conduct us by thy light:
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.
Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

158. "*The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.*" Eph. iii. 19. C. M.

- 1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
Oh may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth, to bleed and die"
Was ever love like this!
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee;
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.
- 5 Oh may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers learn thy glorious name,
And join the sacred song.

159. "*By whose stripes ye were healed.*"
1 Pet. ii. 24. 8—7.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here we sit, with transport viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood:
Precious drops! our souls bedewing,
Plead and claim our peace with God.

3 Love and grief each heart dividing,
 With our tears his feet we'll bathe;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.

4 May we still enjoy this feeling;
 In all need to Jesus go;
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And Himself more fully know.

160. *"He is not here; he is risen. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."* Matt. xxviii. 9—6.

1 OH shew me not my Saviour dying,
 As on the cross he bled;
 Nor in the tomb, a captive lying,
 For he has left the dead.
 Then bid me not that form extended
 For my Redeemer own,
 Who, to the highest heavens ascended,
 In glory fills the throne.

2 Weep not for him at Calvary's station;
 Weep only for thy sins.
 View where he lay with exultation;
 'Tis there our hope begins.
 Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding,
 Amid the scenes he trod:
 Look up and see him interceding
 At the right hand of God.

3 Still in the shameful cross I glory,
 Where his dear blood was spilt;
 For there the Great Propitiatory
 Abolished all my guilt.
 Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,
 Shall strength and succour give?
 He lives, the Captain of Salvation;
 Therefore his servants live.

- 4 By death, he death's dark king defeated,
 And overcame the grave :
 Rising, the triumph he completed ;
 He lives, he reigns to save.
 Heaven's happy myriads bow before him :
 He comes, the Judge of men !
 These eyes shall see him and adore him ;
 Lord Jesus ! own me then.

161. *"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."* Rev. v. 12. C. M.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise ;
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease :
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
 He sets the prisoner free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;
 His blood availed for me.
- 5 Look unto Him, ye nations ; own
 Your God, ye fallen race ;
 Look, and be saved by faith alone,
 Be justified by grace.

BAPTISM.

162. *"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."* Matt. xxviii. 19. L. M.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means ordained by Thee:
Of no mysterious power we boast,
But of the Spirit's ministry.

2 Sent to baptize into thy name,
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Thy servants still thy presence claim,
May we that promised presence find.

3 Father! in these reveal thy Son,
In these for whom we seek thy face:
Adopt and seal them as thine own,
By thy regenerating grace.

4 Jesus! with us thou always art:
Now ratify the sacred sign:
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless thine ordinance divine.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits Thou!
The purifying grace apply,
And witness with the water now.

6 Pour forth thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal each child, a child of God.

163. "*Baptized into his death.*" Rom. vi. 3.
C. M.

- 1 JESUS, we lift our souls to thee:
Thy powerful Spirit breathe;
And let this little infant be
Baptized into thy death.
- 2 Oh let thine unction on [him] rest;
Thy grace [his] soul renew;
And write within [his] tender breast,
Thy name and nature too.
- 3 If thou shouldst quickly end [his] days,
[His] place with thee prepare;
Or, if thou lengthen out [his] race,
Continue still thy care.
- 4 Thy faithful servant may [he] prove,
Girded with truth divine;
A sharer in thy dying love,
A follower of thine.
- 5 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove;
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

164. "*By the washing of regeneration.*"
Tit. iii. 5. P. M.

- 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost!
In solemn power come down.
Save this child, by Nature lost,
And take [him] for thine own:
Hear us, sinful worms of earth,
While on [his] behalf we pray:
Grant [him] that celestial birth,
No water can convey.

2 Vain is every outward rite,
 Unless thy grace be given:
 Nothing but thy life and light
 Can form a soul for heaven.
 Jesus, thou wast once a child:
 Bid this infant come to Thee.
 Thine alone may [he] be sealed,
 To all eternity.

3 Let thy promised inward grace
 Accompany the sign:
 On [his] new-born soul impress
 The glorious name divine.
 Father, now thy love reveal:
 Jesus, now thy mind impart:
 Holy Ghost, renew, and dwell
 For ever in [his] heart.

165. "*His righteousness is unto children's
 children, to such as keep his covenant.*"
 Psal. ciii. 17, 18. C. M. double.

1 O THOU whose covenant is sure
 To all who fear thy name;
 Whose mercies age on age endure,
 Eternally the same:
 Thou art our fathers' God; we plead
 That title: we are thine.
 Pour down thy Spirit on our seed,
 And sanctify our line.

2 In Thee our fathers put their trust;
 Thy ways they humbly trod:
 Honoured and sacred is their dust,
 And still they live to God.
 Heirs to their faith, their hope, their prayers,
 We the same path pursue.
 Entail the blessing to *our* heirs.
 Lord! shew thy promise true.

166. *"We will go with our young, with our sons,
and with our daughters."* Exod. x. 9. 7's.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, our children see!
By thy mercy we are free:
But shall these, alas! remain
Subjects still of Satan's reign?
Israel's young ones, when of old
Pharaoh threatened to withhold;
Then thy messenger said, "No;
Let the children also go."

2 When the angel of the Lord,
Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
Slew, with an avenging hand,
All the first-born of the land;
Then thy people's doors he passed,
Where the bloody sign was placed.
Hear us, now upon our knees,
Plead the blood of Christ for these!

167. *"I have no greater joy than to hear that
my children walk in truth."* 3 John 4.

S. M.

1 GREAT God! now condescend
To bless our rising race:
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 Oh, what a vast delight,
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine:
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children* thine.

* Or, this infant.

168. *"The children which God hath graciously
given thy servant."* Gen. xxxiii. 5. L. M.

- 1 UNITED prayers ascend to thee,
Eternal Parent of mankind.
Smile on this waiting family:
Thy blessing let thy servants find.
- 2 Let the dear pledges of their love,
Like tender plants around them grow.
Thy present grace, and joys above,
Upon their little ones bestow.
- 3 Receive at their believing hand,
The charge which they devote as Thine,
Obedient to their Lord's command;
And seal with power the rite divine.
- 4 To every member of their house,
Thy grace impart, thy love extend.
Grant every good that time allows,
With heavenly joys that never end.

169. *"The angel which redeemed me from all evil
bless the lads."* Gen. xlviii. 16. C. M.

- 1 THE great redeeming Angel, thee,
O Jesus, we confess.
Do thou our great Deliverer be,
And all our offspring bless.
- 2 Early discipled to the Lord,
May they be taught of thee:
And, made to know and trust thy word,
Wise to salvation be.

3 Thou, who hast borne our sins away,
 Our children's sins remove;
 And bring them through their evil day,
 To sing thy praise above.

4 Partakers of our nature, make
 Partakers of thy grace;
 And then the heirs of glory take
 To dwell before thy face.

170. *"Suffer the little children to come unto me."* Mark x. 14. C. M.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
 Nor scorn their humble name;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came.

3 Invited by the voice divine,
 We bring them, Lord, to Thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

4 If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust;
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
 If weeping o'er their dust.

FUNEREAL.

171. "*Whose faith follow.*" Heb. xiii. 7. 8.8.6.

1 O GOD, to whom the happy dead
Still live united to their Head,
Their Lord and ours the same:
For all thy saints, to memory dear,
Departed in thy faith and fear,
We bless thy holy name.

2 By the same grace upheld, may we
So follow those who followed thee,
As with them to partake
The free reward of heavenly bliss.
Merciful Father! grant us this,
For our Redeemer's sake.

172. "*Your fathers, where are they?*" Zech. i 5.
S. M.

1 OUR fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs have passed away,
Their wealth and honour gone.

2 There, where the fathers sleep,
Must all their children dwell;
Nor other heritage can keep
Than such a narrow cell.

3 God of our fathers, be
Our everlasting Friend!
Lord of the dead and living, we
Our souls to thee commend.

- 4 Of all the pious dead,
 May we the footsteps trace,
 Till, gathered round our glorious Head,
 We dwell before thy face.

173. "*They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.*" Rev. xiv. 13. S.M.

(*On the death of a Pastor.*)

- 1 [REST from thy labour, rest,
 Soul of the just, set free!
 Blest be thy memory, and blest
 Thy bright example be.
- 2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,
 Language of light and power,
 Love, prompt to act and quick to feel,
 Marked thee till life's last hour.
- 3 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
 Go, take with saints thy place:
 But go as each hath gone before,
 A sinner saved by grace.]
- 4 Lord Christ! into thy hands
 Our pastor we resign.
 And now we wait thy own commands,
 We were not *his*, but *thine*.
- 5 Thou art thy Church's Head,
 And when the members die,
 Thou raisest others in their stead:
 To thee we lift our eye;
- 6 On thee our hopes depend;
 We gather round our Rock:
 Send whom thou wilt; but condescend
 Thyself to feed thy flock.

ORDINATION.

174. "*And I will give you pastors according to my heart.*" Jer. iii. 15. L. M.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep
With constant care thy humble sheep :
By thee inferior pastors rise,
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,
Pastors according to thy heart ;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Here hast thou listened to our vows,
And scattered blessings on thy house ;
Thy saints are succoured, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 4 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock :
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

175. "*Being ensamples to the flock.*" 1 Pet. v. 3.
C. M.

- 1 CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May every under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on Thee!
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,
To execute thy will ;
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness and skill.

- 3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal,
 Their flocks to feed and teach;
 And let them live, and let them feel,
 The sacred truths they preach.

176. *"Who is for you a faithful minister of Christ."* Col. i. 7. L. M.

- 1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
 Him whom we now to Thee commend;
 Thy faithful messenger secure,
 And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
 Direct his feet in paths of peace;
 Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
 And arm him to obey thy will.

177. *"And he gave some apostles and some pastors and teachers."* Eph. iv. 11. L. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house,
 Smile on our homage and our vows;
 While with a grateful heart we share
 These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
 In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
 Scattered his gifts on men below;
 And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprang the Apostles' honoured name,
 Sacred beyond heroic fame:
 In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
 Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
 And, fed by Christ, their graces live:
 While, guarded by his potent hand,
 'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

- 5 So shall the bright succession run,
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.
- 6 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow:
Pastors and people shout his praise
Through the long round of endless days.

178. "As they that must give account."
Heb. xiii. 17. L. M.

- 1 POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord! thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within thy temple where we stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by thee,
Saviour! like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be.
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love;—
- 4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
- 5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign.
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be thine!

ON FOUNDING OR OPENING A PLACE OF
WORSHIP.

179. "*Will God in very deed dwell with men
on the earth?*" 2 Chron. vi. 18. L. M.

- 1 THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay:
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee!
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live;
Hear Thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And, when Thou hearest, oh forgive!
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great Name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna! to their Heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
- 6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

180. "*My house shall be called the house of prayer.*" Isa. lvi. 7. 7's.

- 1 LORD of Hosts, to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land:
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

181. "*The place where thine honour dwelleth.*"
Psal. xxvi. 8. 148th.

- 1 O KING of Glory! come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thine own:
Deign, Lord, beneath this roof to shew
How God can dwell with men below.
- 2 Here, may thine ear attend
Our interceding cries;
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And pour its joys on ail around!

3 Here may the listening throng
 Receive thy truth with love,
 And converts join the song
 Of ransomed ones above;
 While willing crowds surround thy board,
 With sacred joy and sweet accord.

182. "*Lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy
 stakes.*" Isa. liv. 2. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat.
 Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind.
 Such ever bring thee where they come,
 And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew.
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
 We stretch the curtain and the cord:
 Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
 And bless us with a large increase.
- 6 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear:
 Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts thine own.

183. "*And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born there.*" Psalm lxxxvii. 5.
L. M.

- 1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode!
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temples for his own!
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us, sinful mortals, near.
- 3 These walls we to thine honour raise:
Long may they echo with thy praise!
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born to glory here!

184. "*Peace be within thy walls.*" Psalm
cxxii. 7. C. M.

- 1 DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display.
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease;
The wounded spirit heal.

3 Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above.
That we may render praise.

4 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

185. *"And his train filled the temple."* Isa. vi. 1.
L. M.

1 O THOU, who didst the temple fill
With thy resplendent, awful train,
The glory of thine Israel still,
Appear in those bright robes again.

2 In us, and round about us, shine:
Here cause us to behold thy face.
Oh, make this tabernacle thine!
Oh, sanctify this lowly place!

3 Now send the promised unction down,
And all our waiting hearts inspire:
Lord Jesus, make thy goings known,
Thy ministers a flame of fire.

4 Work with them, and confirm thy word
To all who worship in this place.
Oh! pour upon us, holy Lord,
Unceasing showers of saving grace.

5 So shall thy servants' hopes be crowned,
And glory to thy name be given;
While this Bethesda shall be found
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

186. "*Behold I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone.*"
1 Pet. ii. 6. P. M.

1 THOU who hast in Zion laid
The true Foundation-stone,
And with those a covenant made,
Who build on that alone:
Hear us, Architect divine!
Great Builder of thy church below!
Now upon thy servants shine,
Who seek thy praise to shew.

2 Earth is thine; her thousand hills
Thy mighty hand sustains;
Heaven thy awful presence fills;
O'er all, thy glory reigns.
Yet the place of old prepared
By regal David's favoured son,
Thy peculiar blessing shared,
And stood thy chosen throne.

3 We, like Jesse's son, would raise
A temple to the Lord;
Sound throughout its courts His praise,
His saving name record;
Dedicate a house to Him,
Who once, in mortal weakness shrined,
Sorrowed, suffered, to redeem,
To rescue all mankind.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit! send
The consecrating flame;
Now in majesty descend;
Inscribe the living name.
That great name by which we live,
Now write on this accepted stone.
Us into thy hands receive;
Our temple make thy throne.

FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

187. *"To seek of him a right way for us."*
Ezra viii. 21. L. M.

(Seeking direction in the choice of a Pastor.)

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear:
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear.
Perplexed, distressed, to Thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Thy comprehensive view surveys
Our wandering paths, our trackless ways:
Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.
- 3 With longing eyes, behold, we wait
In suppliant crowds at Mercy's gate;
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain.
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?
- 4 O Lord, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn.
May our blest eyes a shepherd see
Dear to our souls, and dear to Thee!
- 5 Fed by his care, our tongues shall raise
A cheerful tribute to thy praise:
Our children learn the grateful song,
And theirs the cheerful notes prolong.

188. *"For indeed he was sick nigh unto death."*
Phil. ii. 27. L. M.

(Prayer for a sick Pastor.)

- 1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down;
Avert thy swift-descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

- 2 Restore him, sinking to the grave;
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.
- 3 Bound to his soul by tenderest ties,
We suffer in his agonies:
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each trembling heart.
- 4 Yet, if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail;
Be Thou his strength, be Thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

189. "*One body and one spirit.*" Eph. iv. 4.
L. M. double.

- 1 LORD! cause thy face on us to shine:
Give us thy peace, and seal us thine.
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love thy earthly dwelling-place.
May we in truth our sins confess,
Worship the Lord in holiness;
And all thy power and glory see
Within thy hallowed sanctuary.
- 2 O King of Salem, Prince of Peace
Bid strife among thy subjects cease.
One is our faith, and one our Lord;
One body, spirit, hope, reward;
One God and Father of us all,
On whom thy Church and people call:
Oh, may we one communion be,
One with each other, one in thee!

3 Bless all whose voice salvation brings,
 Who minister in holy things.
 Our Bishops and our Deacons bless :
 Clothe them with zeal and righteousness.
 Let many, in the judgment-day,
 Turned from the error of their way,
 Their hope, their joy, their crown appear.
 Save those who preach, and those who hear.

190. *"They shall prosper that love thee."*
 Psalm cxxii. 6. L. M.

NOT for a favourite form or name,
 But for immortal souls we care.
 Bless, Saviour, our Jerusalem,
 That millions may her blessings share.
 Prosper our church; our souls renew;
 Our languid, fainting spirits raise.
 Revive surrounding churches too,
 And spread throughout the earth thy praise.

191. *"The Head from which all the body having
 nourishment ministered, increaseth with the
 increase of God."* Col. ii. 19. L. M.

1 HEAD of the church, our risen Lord,
 Who by thy Spirit dost preside
 O'er the whole body; by whose word
 They all are ruled and sanctified :

2 Our prayers and intercessions hear
 For all thy family at large,
 That each, in his appointed sphere,
 His proper service may discharge.

3 So, through the grace derived from thee,
 In whom all fulness dwells above,
 May thy whole church united be,
 And edify itself in love.

192. "The head of all principality and power." Col. ii. 10. 7's.

GRANT, O Saviour, to our prayers,
That this changeful world's affairs,
Ordered by thy governance,
May so peaceably advance,
That thy church, with ardour due,
May her proper work pursue,
In all godly quietness,
Through the Name we ever bless.

193. "Let them use the office of a deacon, being found blameless." 1 Tim. iii. 10. L. M.

- 1 GREAT King of saints, enthroned on high,
Under thy care thy churches live:
Thou dost their various wants supply,
And well-appointed elders give.
- 2 For pastors may thy name be blessed,
Who teach the doctrines of the Lord.
On deacons may thy favour rest,
Chosen according to thy word.
- 3 While they their works assigned fulfil,
Oh, may their souls with grace be crowned;
And patience, sympathy, and zeal,
With meekness, in their lives abound.
- 4 Sound in the faith, in conscience clear,
Ever may they themselves approve,
Sober and just, devout, sincere,
Guided by wisdom from above.

- 5 And when their service here is done,
 Their labours and their conflicts o'er,
 Then may they wait before thy throne,
 In heaven to praise thee evermore.

194. *"By the word of truth, by the power of
 God."* 2 Cor. vi. 7. L. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
 Attentive to our earnest prayer.
 We plead for those who plead for thee:
 Successful pleaders may they be!
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
 Do thou their anxious souls enlarge.
 Their best acquirements are our gain:
 We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
 Their words, and let those words be thine.
 To them thy sacred truth reveal;
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
 Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
 Teach them immortal souls to gain,
 A blest reward for all their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
 In humble strains thy grace implore,
 Thy new-creating power adore.
- 6 Let sinners break their heavy chains;
 Distressed souls forget their pains;
 Let light through distant realms be spread,
 And Zion rear her drooping head.

195. *"The ways of Zion do mourn."*
 Lam. i. 4. L. M.

- 1 O GOD of Zion! from thy throne,
 Look with an eye of pity down.
 Thy church now humbly makes her prayer;
 Thy church, the object of thy care.
- 2 We call to mind the happier days
 Of life and love, of prayer and praise,
 When holy services gave birth
 To joys resembling heaven on earth.
- 3 But now the ways of Zion mourn,
 Her gates neglected and forlorn:
 Our life and energy are fled,
 And many numbered with the dead.
- 4 We need defence from all our foes;
 We need relief from all our woes:
 If earth and hell should yet assail,
 Let neither earth nor hell prevail.
- 5 Near to each other and to thee,
 Lord, bring us all in unity.
 Oh, pour thy Spirit from on high,
 And all our numerous wants supply.

196. *"There shall be showers of blessing."*
 Ezek. xxxiv. 26. P. M.

WE are, Lord, a vineyard planted
 By thy sovereign power and love.
 Let thy people's prayer be granted,—
 Showers of blessing from above:
 Hear, Oh hear us when we pray:
 Keep thy vineyard night and day.

2 Drooping plants revive and nourish;
Let them thrive beneath thy hand:
Let the weak grow strong and flourish,
Blooming fair at thy command:
Let the fruitful yield thee more,
Laden with a richer store.

3 Further, Lord, be thou entreated;
Plant the barren waste around;
Let thy work be thus completed,
And no fruitless spot be found:
Let the earth a vineyard be,
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

197. *"And the Lord added to the church daily
such as should be saved." Acts ii. 47.*
L. M.

(On the admission of members.)

1 JESUS, thy sovereign grace we bless,
That crowns thy gospel with success:
Subjecting rebels to thy throne,
And gathering to thy fold thine own.

2 Those who have now thy truth confessed,
As their own faith, and hope, and rest,
We, in thy name, with joy embrace,
As fellow-heirs of heavenly grace.

3 As living members, may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear;
And active in their stations prove,
In all the offices of love.

4 From all temptations them defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end;
Ever abiding in thy love,
Until they join the church above.

198. *"Leave there thy gift before the altar."*
Matt. v. 24. C. M.

1 IN vain with angry hearts we dare
Nigh to thine altar move,
Since neither sacrifice nor prayer
Atones for want of love.

2 Oh, may we each with each agree,
Through thy uniting grace:
Our gift shall then accepted be,
Our life be love and praise.

199. *"Grant you to be like-minded one towards
another."* Rom. xv. 5. 7's.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee:
Let us in thy name agree.
Shew thyself the Prince of peace:
Bid all strife for ever cease.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care,
Each another's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

4 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
And with faith and comfort high,
Prove how true believers die.

200. "Wherefore come out from among them and
be ye separate, saith the Lord." 2 Cor.
vi. 17. 7's.

- 1 LORD, behold us few and weak :
Humbly at thy feet we fall.
See, we come thy face to seek :
Deign, oh deign to hear our call.
- 2 When we lay in sin and death,
Thou didst pass and bid us live.
Thou didst give thy people faith ;
Thou didst all our sin forgive.
- 3 Jesus, thou didst shed thy blood :
On this rock our hope we raise.
Thou hast brought us near to God :
Thine the work, and thine the praise.
- 4 'Tis thy will that we should be
Separate from all around.
Let our will with thine agree :
Let thy people thus be found.
- 5 Teach us, Lord, to walk with thee :
Teach us to adorn thy cause.
Let us live in unity,
Hating pride and self-applause.
- 6 Let us bear each other's load ;
Faithful to each other prove ;
Till we gain the saints' abode ;
Till we take our place above :
- 7 There to see without a cloud ;
There with zeal untired to sing ;
Mix with heaven's triumphant crowd,
And for ever praise our King.

201. "*Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.*" Jer. xxxi. 3. L. M.

1 THE God of truth his church has blessed,
And loved with an eternal love:
Hence we are drawn to Christ, our rest,
And from his grace shall ne'er remove.

2 This love, in every trying hour,
Saviour, shall cheer the trembling saint.
Oh, draw us with increasing power,
That we may run, and never faint.

3 Here would we dwell while others rove;
Here we are safe from all alarms.
Our hope is everlasting love;
Our rest the everlasting arms.

202. "*I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter.*" John xiv. 16.
7.6.

1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good.
Oh, fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood.
Give us that for which he prays;
Father, glorify thy Son!
Shew his truth, and power, and grace,
And send the promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness, thou,
O Christ, the Spirit give!
Hast thou not received him now,
That we might him receive?
Art thou not our living Head?
To thy members life impart!
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,
In every waiting heart!

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
 The gift of Jesus, come!
 Grant us now to find thee near,
 And make our hearts thy home.
 Let us thy blest influence feel.
 Come, oh come, and in us be!
 With us, in us, live and dwell
 To all eternity.

203. *"No man can say that Jesus is the Lord,
 but by the Holy Ghost."* 1 Cor. xii. 3.
 S. M. double.

1 SPIRIT of truth, come down!
 Reveal the things of God;
 And make to us the Saviour known:
 Apply his precious blood.
 His merits glorify,
 That each may clearly see,
 Jesus, who did for sinners die,
 Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say,
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word:
 Then, only then, we feel
 Our interest in his blood,
 And cry with joy unspeakable,
 Thou art my Lord, my God.

204. *"He shall baptize you with the Holy
 Ghost, and with fire."* Matt. iii. 11.
 L. M.

1 JESUS, our best-beloved friend,
 Draw out our souls in pure desire!
 Jesus, in love to us descend:
 Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

- 2 On thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be:
Pardon and sanctify us all:
Let each thy full salvation see.
- 3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands.
Oh, take our hearts—our hearts are thine:
Accept the service of our hands.
- 4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we thy blessed will obey;
Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.
- 5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

205. *"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace."* Heb. iv. 16. S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls us near:
There Jesus shews a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich, atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round we see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 Beyond our utmost wants,
His love and power can bless:
To those who seek his face, he grants
More than they can express.

- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love:
We ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 5 Abiding in thy faith,
Our will conformed to thine,
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.
- 6 If thou thy blessing give,
And wilt our portion be,
Cheerful the world's poor toys we leave
To them who know not thee.

206. "*What is thy petition; and it shall be granted thee.*" Esth. vii. 2. 7's.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare:
Jesus loves to answer prayer.
He himself has bid thee pray;
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin.
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord! I come to thee for rest:
Take possession of my breast.
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Shew me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew.
Let me live a life of faith:
Let me die thy people's death.

207. "*The preparations of the heart in man,
and the answer of the tongue, is from the
Lord.*" Prov. xvi. 1. C. M.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear.
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer.
Oh, grant us power to pray:
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

3 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and wo,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

4 God of all grace! we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts.
Give, what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

5 Give deep humility;—the sense
Of godly sorrow give;—
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live

- 6 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone;—
- 7 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;—
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.
- 8 Give these,—and then thy will be done.
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit, through thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

208. *“They that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.”* John iv.24.
C. M. double.

- 1 LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
Our broken spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
Then let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.
- 2 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign:
Let not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly thine.
Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies:
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it or denies.

209. "There am I in the midst of them."
Matt. xviii. 20. L. M.

1 WHERE two or three with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise:

2 There, says the Saviour, will I be
Amid that little company;
To them unveil my smiling face;
And shed my glories round the place.

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

210. "Wise as serpents, harmless as doves."
Matt. x. 16. 8's.

1 WATCHED by the world's malignant eye,
That loads us with reproach and shame:
As servants of the Lord Most High,
As zealous for his glorious Name,—
How ought we in his paths to move,
With holy fear and humble love!

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart;
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And shew them how the Christians live.

211. *"That with well doing ye may put to silence
the ignorance of foolish men."* 1 Pet. ii. 15.
C. M.

1 SINCE we must here with sinners dwell,
Who dare thy truth oppose,
Help us, O God, by doing well,
To silence all our foes.

2 Within our minds inscribe thy law:
Direct us in thy way:
Our souls to swift obedience draw,
And guard us lest we stray.

3 Let prudence, tenderness, and love,
Through all our actions shine:
Thus shall our conversation prove
Our faith and hope divine.

4 And thus shall they be put to shame
Who dare reproach thy cause:
Sinners shall learn to fear thy name,
And love thy holy laws.

212. *"No good thing will he withhold from them
that walk uprightly."* Psalm lxxxiv. 11.
C. M.

1 ETERNAL God! we look to thee;
To thee for help we fly:
Thine eye alone our wants can see;
Thy hand alone supply.

2 Lord! let thy fear within us dwell;
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel;
That fear, all fear beside.

3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Oh! let thy grace supply.
 The good, unasked, in mercy grant:
 The ill, though asked, deny.

213. *"Thou leddest thy people like a flock, by
 the hand of Moses and Aaron."* Psal.
 lxxvii. 20. 8's.

1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and guide
 Of all who seek the land above;
 Beneath thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of thy protecting love;
 Our strength, thy grace; our rule, thy word;
 Our end, the glory of the Lord.

2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray;
 Our table by thy bounty spread,
 Our wants supplied from day to day;
 As far from danger as from fear,
 While love, almighty love, is near.

214. *"And confessed that they were strangers
 and pilgrims on the earth."* Heb. xi. 13.
 8's.

1 THUS far on life's perplexing path,
 Thus far, thou, Lord, our steps hast led:
 Snatched from the world's pursuing wrath,
 Unharmed, though floods hung o'er our head:
 Like ransomed Israel on the shore,
 Here then we pause, look back, adore.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 Like all our fathers in their day,
 We to the land of promise go,
 Lord, by thine own appointed way:

Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.

- 3 Safety thy presence is, and rest;
While,—as the eagle, o'er her brood,
Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,
Covers, defends, provides them food,
Bears on her wings, instructs to fly,—
Thy love prepares us for the sky.
- 4 Protect us through the wilderness,
From fiery serpent, plague, and foe;
With bread from heaven thy people bless,
And living streams where'er we go;
Nor let our rebel-hearts repine,
Or follow any voice but thine.
- 5 Thy holy law to us proclaim,
But not from Sinai's top alone:
Hid in the rock-cleft, be thy name,
Thy power, and all thy goodness shown;
And may we never bow the knee
To worship any God but thee.
- 6 When we have numbered all our years,
And stand, at length, on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,
Oh, let not then the spirit sink;
But, strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream to rise above!

215. *For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."* Heb. xiii. 14. 8's.

- 1 LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all who travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely:

On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through this vale of wo,
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight:
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light;
Jerusalem, the saint's abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find;
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven:
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We tread the way the saints have trod:
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

216. "But now they desire a better country."
 Heb. xi. 16. 8. 7. 4.

1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow:
 Let the cloudy fiery pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

217. "Our Father which art in heaven."
 Matt. vi. 9—13. L. M.

1 FATHER, adored in worlds above!
 Thy glorious name be hallowed still.
 Thy kingdom come with power and love,
 And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2 Lord! make our daily wants thy care.
 Forgive the sins that we forsake.
 Oh, let us in thy kindness share,
 As fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour:

Thy kind protection we implore,
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power:
Be thine the glory evermore.

218.

"So run, that ye may obtain."

1 Cor. ix. 24.

C. M. double.

O GOD, who dost thy sovereign might
And high prerogative
Most chiefly shew in thy delight
To pity and forgive:
Vouchsafe the aid thy grace supplies,
So in thy ways to run,
That we may win the heavenly prize,
Through Jesus Christ, thy Son.

219.

*"While we look not at the things which are
seen."* 2 Cor. iv. 18. 7's and 6's.

O GOD, Protector of the lowly,
Of all that trust in thee;
Without whom nothing strong or holy,
And nothing good can be:
Guide thou our steps to heavenly glory,
And teach us so to choose,
As not for pleasures transitory
Eternal bliss to lose.

220.

*"Being justified by faith, we have peace
with God."* Rom. v. 1. P. M.

TO all thy faithful people, Lord,
Pardon and peace impart;
And by thy Spirit shed abroad
Thy love in every heart;
That they, from conscious guilt made clean,
May serve thee with a mind serene.

221. *"To see thy power and thy glory."*
 Psalm lxiii. 2. C. M.

(On commencing a new year.)

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known:
Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone!

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
 And plead our Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own,
 Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
 May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
 Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never loved before.

5 And when before thee we appear
 In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room.

222. *"The Lord that made heaven and earth, bless
 thee out of Zion."* Psalm cxxxiv. 3. 7's.

1 BLESS, O Lord, the opening year
 To the souls assembled here:
Clothe thy word with power divine.
 Make us willing to be thine.

2 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears;
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

3 Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue.
Let our whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love.

223. *"We spend our years as a tale that is told.*
 Psalm xc. 9. C. M.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year:
How swift the weeks complete their rounds,
How short the months appear.

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet, like an idle tale we spend
The swift-advancing year,
And study artful ways to mend
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see;
That I may act a faithful part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my happy soul
To joy that never dies.

224. "Thou carriest them away as with a flood."
Psalm xc. 5. 7's.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below.
We a little longer wait;
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream.
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise.
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive.
Pardon of our sins renew.
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old.
Fill us with a Saviour's love.
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

225. "God be merciful unto us and bless us."
Psalm lxxvii. L. M.

- 1 BE merciful, O God of grace!
Shew us the brightness of thy face;
That thy redeemed church may shine,
In this dark world, with light divine.
- 2 That light divine, oh, let it spread,
Till all the darkness shall have fled;
And the false crescent's fading ray
Be lost in the full noon of day.
- 3 Reveal, O Lord, thy saving plan
To all the families of man:
Let distant nations hear thy word:
Let all the nations praise the Lord.
- 4 Let them with joy thy praises sing,
Earth's righteous Judge and sovereign King:
Illumined by thy holy word,
Let all the nations praise the Lord.
- 5 Then shall this barren world assume
New beauty, and the desert bloom:
Our God shall richly bless us then,
And all men fear his name. Amen.

226. *"Cause his face to shine upon us."*
Psalm lxxvii. 148 th.

1 RISE, gracious God! and shine
In all thy saving might;
And prosper each design
To spread thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.

2 Oh, bring the nations near,
That they may sing thy praise:
Let all the people hear,
And learn thy holy ways.
Reign, mighty God! assert thy cause,
And govern by thy righteous laws.

3 Put forth thy glorious power:
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born of thee:
God, our own God, his church will bless,
And earth shall teem with fruitfulness.

227. *"That thy way may be known on earth."*
Psalm lxxvii. S. M.

1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own

- 3 Let differing nations join,
Their Saviour to proclaim;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.
- 5 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless power.

228. *"Let all the people praise thee."*
 Psalm lxxvii. C. M.

- 1 BE merciful to us, O God!
Upon thy people shine;
And spread thy saving truth abroad,
Till all that live are thine.
 - 2 Give light and comfort to thine own,
And let that light extend,
Till thy prevailing name is known
To earth's remotest end.
 - 3 Let all the people praise thee, Lord;
Let all their homage bring.
From sea to sea be thou adored,
Redeemer, Judge, and King.
- Let all the people praise thee, Lord;
Then earth her fruits shall give:
Thy blessing shall on all be poured
And all to thee shall live

229. *"God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him."* Ps. lxxvii. 7's.

1 GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Shew the brightness of thy face.
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;
Fill thy church with light divine;
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Be by all that live adored.
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King;
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man his blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

230. *"He shall have dominion unto the ends of the earth."* Psalm lxxii. 8. L. M.

1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control:

2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come;
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall at its brightness flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.

- 3 Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law,
And antichrists on every shore
Fall from their thrones to rise no more.
- 4 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
In pure devotion at thy feet;
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,
Her fulness and her glory too.
- 5 Oh, that from Britain now might shine
This heavenly light, this truth divine!
Till the whole universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for thee.

231. *"I beheld the transgressors, and was
grieved."* Psalm cxix. 158. L. M.

- 1 **ARISE**, my tenderest thoughts, arise;
Dissolve in grief, my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abused; the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night;
In flames that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
And my heart bleeds for dying men;
While fain my pity would reclaim
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves.
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

232. *"Their sound went into all the earth."*
Rom. x. 18. L. M.

- 1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Here, in thy presence, Lord, we stand.
The voice that marshalled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunders of thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist: accept our praise:
Our hopes revive: our courage raise:
Our counsels aid: to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.
- 4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious world around.

233. *"Where there is no vision the people perish."*
Prov. xxix. 18. L. M.

- 1 THE heathen perish; day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away!
O Christians! to their rescue fly:
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live.
What hath your Saviour done for you?
And what for Him will ye not do?

3 Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth;
Call in the south, wake up the north;
Of every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

234. "*An ensign of the people; to it shall the
gentiles seek.*" Isa. xi. 10. L. M.

1 CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
Display thy glorious banner high;
The summons send from coast to coast,
And call a numerous army nigh.

2 A solemn jubilee proclaim;
Proclaim the great sabbatic day;
Assert the glories of thy name;
Spoil Satan of his wished-for prey.

3 Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud
The peaceful blessings of thy reign:
And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
The mystery to the heart explain.

235. "*Awake, awake; put on strength, O arm
of the Lord.*" Isa. li. 9. L. M.

1 ARM of the Lord! awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake:
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
 "I am Jehovah, God alone!"
 Thy voice their idols shall confound,
 And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
 Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
 But to each conscience be applied
 The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Arm of the Lord, thy power extend:
 Let Mahomet's imposture end:
 Break Superstition's papal chain,
 And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.

5 Let Zion's time of favour come:
 Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home:
 And let our wondering eyes behold
 Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold!

6 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
 In every clime of every name!
 Let adverse powers before thee fall,
 And crown the Saviour, Lord of all.

236. *"Awake, as in the ancient days."*
 Isa. li. 9. L. M.

1 NOW may the Mighty Arm awake,
 Which wonders wrought in ancient days!
 That Babylon's proud walls may shake,
 And God his own fair temple raise.

2 Art thou not still the same, O God!
 The same to hear, the same to save,
 As when thy servant moved his rod
 At thy command, and cleft the wave?

3 Thy power still sets the prisoner free;
 Still wipes the mourner's tears away:
 Thy power still makes the blind to see,
 And turns the darkest night to day.

4 Shine, Lord, upon the world around:
 To sinners let thy grace be given.
 So shall thy people's songs abound,
 And angels feel new joy in heaven.

237. *"Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep
 not silence."* Isa. lxii. 6. L. M.

1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
 And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
 While feeble mortals raise their cries,
 Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
 Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise;
 Till thy own power shall stand confessed,
 And make Jerusalem a praise?

3 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
 And view the desolation round:
 Where still wide realms in darkness lie,
 And hurl their idols to the ground.

4 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
 Till every tribe of man shall hear:
 Let all the isles their Saviour know,
 And earth's remotest ends draw near.

238. *"Shall a nation be born at once?"*
 Isa. lxvi. 8. L. M.

1 WHY, O almighty Saviour, why
 Do wretched souls in millions die;
 While wide the Infernal Tyrant reigns
 O'er spacious realms in ponderous chains!

- 2 And shall he still go on to boast,
Thy cross its energy hath lost?
And shall thy servants still complain,
Their labours and their tears are vain?
- 3 Awake, all-conquering Arm, awake,
And hell's extensive empire shake:
Assert the honours of thy throne,
And call this ruined world thy own.
- 4 Thine all-successful power display;
Produce a nation in a day:
For, at thy word, this barren earth
Shall travail with a general birth.
- 5 Swift let thy quickening Spirit breathe
On these abodes of sin and death;
That breath shall bow ten thousand minds,
Like waving corn before the winds.

239.

"Can these bones live?"

Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

L. M.

- 1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye:
See Adam's race in ruin lie.
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perished bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known.
That wondrous work is all thy own!
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain:
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.

- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death.
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice—
They move—they waken—they rejoice!
- 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

240: *"Thy kingdom come."* Matt. vi. 10.
 S. M. double.

- 1 FATHER of boundless grace!
Thou hast in part fulfilled
Thy promise made to Adam's race,
In God incarnate sealed.
A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame.
- 2 Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord;
The full accomplishment attend
Of thy prophetic word.
Thy promise deeper lies,
In unexhausted grace;
And new-discovered worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.
- 3 Beloved for Jesus' sake,
By him redeemed of old,
All nations must come in, and make
One undivided fold:
While gathered in by thee,
And perfected in one,
They all at once thy glory see,
In thine eternal Son.

241. "*Thy will be done.*" Matt. vi. 10. 7's.

- 1 FATHER of eternal grace!
Thou hast loved our rebel-race:
Let thy will, through Christ thy Son,
As in heaven, on earth be done.
- 2 Here in vain thy will is known,
Heard in thunder, graved on stone.
By thy grace thy will impart:
Write thy law on every heart.
- 3 Let thy reconciling word
By all tribes of man be heard.
Give the new creation birth:
Let thy will be done on earth.

242. "*I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven.*" Luke x. 18. 8's.

- 1 OH, 'tis a sound should fill the world,
That sound of mercy through the Lamb!
Lo, Satan from his seat is hurled,
Unable to withstand His name!
From heaven, like lightning, see him fall,
Struck by that Arm which conquers all!
- 2 Lord, give the word, and, waked by thee,
Let many tongues thy victory tell;
That hopeless sinners now may see
That thou hast vanquished Death and Hell.
Sound, sound the joyful truth abroad:
Let sinners now draw nigh to God.

243. "*Send forth labourers.*" Matt. ix. 38. 8's

- LORD of the gospel harvest! send
More labourers forth into thy field;
More pastors teach thy flock to tend;
More workmen raise, thy house to build:
His work and place to each assign,
And clothe their word with power divine.

244. "*He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine.*" John xvi. 14. L. M.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word:
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet.
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record:
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.
- 6 God from eternity hath willed,
All flesh shall his salvation see:
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned, through thee.

245. "*Surely I come quickly.*" Rev. xxii. 20.
L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thy church with longing eyes
For thine expected coming waits:
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 Even now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky;
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress;
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown thy gospel with success.

4 Oh come, and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled;
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

5 Yes; thou wilt speedily appear:
The smitten earth already reels,
And not far off we seem to hear
The thunder of thy chariot-wheels.

6 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us by thy grace to share
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

246. “*Say among the heathen, that the Lord
reigneth.*” Psalm xcvi. 10. C. M.

1 GREAT God! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, from nature's birth,
Thy power and glory shine.

2 But, Lord! thy greater love hath sent
Thy gospel to our race;
Unveiling thy divine intent
Of rich redeeming grace.

3 Soon may these gracious tidings roll
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound!

4 When, to her sable sons conveyed,
Shall Afric learn thy word,
And vassals, long enslaved, be made
The freemen of the Lord?

5 When shall the scattered wanderers meet,
That now in darkness rove,
And, gathered round Immanuel's feet,
Sing of his saving love?

6 O Lord! each faithful effort own,
To spread the gospel-rays;
And rear on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

247. *"The time to favour her; yea, the set time
is come."* Psal. cii. 13. L. M.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power:
Be this thy Zion's favoured hour:
Bid the bright Morning-Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown;
And make the universe thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice:
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice.
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

- 4 Go, messengers of Christ, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name:
To India's clime the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

248. "*Remember from whence thou art fallen.*"
Rev. ii. 5. L. M.

(For the revival of the Eastern Churches.)

- 1 O LORD, thine ancient churches spare,
Which still thy name, though fallen, bear;
Where once thy bold apostles stood,
And sealed thy truth with martyrs' blood.
- 2 Where now the Turk his power extends,
And vainly to his prophet bends,
There let again thy gospel shine,
With beams all bright and power divine.
- 3 Where Jesus rose and left the grave,
There let the cross its banner wave;
While Syria sees her churches rise,
And hymns to Christ ascend the skies.
- 4 Let Nubia's desert hear once more
The Saviour's voice, his love implore;
Egypt thy sacred word unroll,
And find that grace which saves the soul.

249. "*Wilt thou be angry for ever?*"
Psa. lxxix. 5. L. M.

(For the Conversion of the Jews.)

- 1 ARISE, great God! and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race.
Restore the long-lost, scattered band;
Recall them to their native land.

2 Their misery let thy mercy heal;
 Their trespass hide, their pardon seal:
 O God of Israel! hear our prayer,
 And grant them still thy love to share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
 The sad suspension of thy love?
 Say, shall thy wrath for ever burn?
 And wilt thou ne'er, appeased, return?

4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
 And wake to joy each grateful heart;
 While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
 Their bliss and full salvation see.

250. *"God is able to graff them in again"*
 Rom. xi. 23. L. M.

1 OH, why should Israel's sons, once blest,
 Still roam the scorning world around,
 Disowned of heaven, by man oppressed,
 Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground?

2 O God of Israel, view their race!
 Back to thy fold the wanderers bring:
 Teach them to seek thy slighted grace;
 To hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
 Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light.
 The severed olive-branch again
 Back to its parent stock unite.

4 While Judah views his birthright gone,
 With contrite shame his bosom move,
 The Saviour he denied—to own,
 The Lord he crucified—to love.

- 5 Haste, glorious day, expected long,
 When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,
 With eager feet one temple throng,
 One God with grateful rapture praise.

251. *"O that the salvation of Israel were come
 out of Zion."* Psalm xiv. 7. 7's & 6's.

1 OH that the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal his ancient nation,
 To lead his outcasts home!

2 How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane?
 Return, O Lord, in pity:
 Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall thy rod of terror:
 Thy saving grace impart.
 Roll back the veil of error:
 Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
 Her lost Messiah see.
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind thy church to thee.

252. *"And they shall bring all your brethren for
 an offering of the Lord out of all nations."*
 Isa. lxvi. 20. S. M.

1 LORD, send thy servants forth,
 To call the Hebrews home:
 From east, and west, and south, and north,
 Let all the wanderers come.

- 2 Where'er, in lands unknown,
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.
- 3 An offering to the Lord,
There let them all be seen,
Sprinkled with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean.
- 4 With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet:
And shew the mystery fulfilled,
Thy family complete.

253. *"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."* Rev. ii. 10. C.M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies! condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While this our brother we commend
To thy paternal care.
- 2 Before him set an open door;
His various efforts bless;
On him thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown him with success.
- 3 Endow him with a heavenly mind;
Supply his every need;
Make him in spirit meek, resigned,
But bold in word and deed.
- 4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold him by thy grace:
And guard him by thy mighty power,
Till he shall end his race.

5 Then, followed by a numerous train,
Gathered from heathen lands,
A crown of life may he obtain
From his Redeemer's hands.

254. "Pray for us." 2 Thes. iii. 1. L. M.

- 1 MARKED as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes;
That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And, warm with faith, each bosom glow.
- 2 Even now the hallowed scenes appear:
Even now unfolds the promised year.
Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And bear the tidings of thy grace.
- 3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Lord, mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view.
- 4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conquering way.

NATIONAL HUMILIATION AND INTERCESSION.

255. *"Do not abhor us, for thy name's sake."*
 Jer. xiv. 21. C. M.

1 LORD! for thy name's sake. Such the plea,
 With force triumphant fraught,
By which thy saints prevail with thee,
 By thine own Spirit taught.

2 For this thou didst existence give
 To nature's wondrous frame;
And all things shine, and breathe, and live,
 To glorify thy name.

3 For this the Saviour lived and died,
 That, in a new-born race,
Thy mercy might be glorified,
 Thine all-victorious grace.

4 Then, for thy name's sake, O our God,
 Do not abhor our prayer;
But, while we bow beneath thy rod,
 Thy chastened people spare.

5 Oh, for thy name's sake, richly grant
 The unction from above.
Fulfil thy holy covenant,
 And glorify thy love.

256. "*Sanctify ye a fast.*" Joel i. 14. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, O Lord! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend:
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray!
- 3 Great God! and why is Britain spared,
Ungrateful as we are?
Oh! make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "Forbear!"
- 4 Turn us, oh turn us, blessed Lord!
By thine almighty grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Hear thou our prayers, and grant us aid;
Bid war and discord cease:
Heal the sad breach that sin hath made,
And bless our land with peace!

257. "*Who can tell if God will turn away from
his fierce anger?*" Jon. iii. 9. C. M.

- 1 LORD! look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To intercede with vow sincere
For this our sinful land.
- 2 Oh may we all, with one consent,
Fall low before thy throne;
With tears the nation's sins lament
The church's, and our own.

3 Great God of Hosts, deliverance bring;
 Guide those who hold the helm;
 Support the state, preserve the king,
 And spare the guilty realm.

4 Or, should the dread decree be past,
 And we must feel the rod,
 Let faith and patience hold us fast
 To our correcting God!

258. "*When the host goeth forth against thine
 enemies, then keep thee from every wicked
 thing.*" Deut. xxiii. 9. L. M.

1 GREAT God of heaven and earth, arise,
 And hear our loud united cries;
 See Britain bow before thy face,
 Throughout her isles, and seek thy grace.

2 Our trust is not in mortal hosts,
 Nor in the fleets that guard our coasts.
 Thine is the land, and thine the main,
 And human force and skill are vain.

3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
 On every shore, on every town;
 But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
 And lay thy lifted thunder by.

4 Forgive the follies of our times,
 And purge our land from all its crimes:
 Reformed and decked with grace divine,
 Let princes, priests, and people shine.

259. *"This God is our God for ever and ever."*
 Psalm xlviii. 14. 113th.

1 WITH grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
 To God we raise united songs;
 His power and mercy we proclaim.
 Through every age may Britons own,
 Jehovah here has fix'd his throne,
 And triumph in his mighty name.

2 Long as the moon her course shall run,
 Or men behold the circling sun,
 O God, in Britain hold thy reign!
 Crown her just counsels with success,
 With truth and peace her borders bless,
 And all thy sacred rights maintain.

260. *"For kings, and all in authority."*
 1 Tim. ii. 2. 8's. & 6's.

1 LORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
 For all that bear the sovereign sway,
 And as thy servants reign,—
 Rulers, and governors, and powers;
 Behold! in faith, we pray for ours:
 Nor let us pray in vain.

2 Our Sovereign with thy favour bless;
 Stablish the throne in righteousness;
 Let wisdom hold the helm;
 The counsels of our senate guide;
 Let justice in our courts preside.
 Rule thou, and guard the realm.

ANNIVERSARIES OF SCHOOLS AND CHARITABLE
INSTITUTIONS.

261. *And all thy children shall be taught of the
Lord."* Isa. liv. 13. C. M.

- 1 THY throne, O God! in righteousness,
For ever shall endure:
We bow before it: deign to bless
The children of the poor.
- 2 Thy wisdom fixed our lowly birth,
Yet we thy goodness share:
Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
The children of thy care.
- 3 Strangers to thee, though thine by name,
We heard thy welcome voice,
And, gathered from the world, became
The children of thy choice.
- 4 Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God!
Thy little flock behold;
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.
- 5 Oh may our friends, thy servants here,
Meet all our souls above;
And they and we in heaven appear
The children of thy love!

262.

"Doubtless thou art our Father."

Isa. lxiii. 16.

L. M.

- 1 WHILE saints and angels, glorious King,
Day without night thy praises sing,
Thou wilt not humbler strains despise:
The songs of children reach the skies.
- 2 Amidst the whole creation's cares,
The meanest worm thy bounty shares.
Thine eyes the depths of ocean see:
The grave itself hides naught from thee.
- 3 While want and hardship were our lot,
Thou knew'st us, though we knew thee not.
Now we adore thy hand, that sends
Our earthly comforts, home, and friends.
- 4 With these thy heavenly gifts afford,
Thy Son, thy Spirit, and thy word:
—Thy word, to teach our wayward youth
Thy pure commandments, God of truth!
- 5 —Thy Spirit, to dispel the night
Of sin and error, God of light!
—Thy Son, to raise our minds above
This world's affections, God of love!
- 6 For all the good thy grace imparts,
What shall we give thee?—Take our hearts,
Oh, seal them by thy power divine,
In life, in death, for ever thine!

263.

"Thou art the Guide of my youth."

Jer. iii. 4.

L. M.

- 1 GREAT Saviour! who didst condescend
Young children in thine arms to take,
Still prove thyself the children's friend,
And save us, for thy mercy's sake.

2 Lord, by the guidance of thy hand,
 We now within thy house appear;
 And in thine awful presence stand,
 To hear thy word, and join in prayer.

3 Like precious seed in fruitful ground,
 Let the instruction we receive
 With fruits of righteousness abound:
 Oh, let us to thy glory live!

4 While in the slippery paths of youth,
 Be thou our guardian and our guide;
 That we, directed by thy truth,
 May never from thy precepts slide.

5 To read thy word our hearts incline;
 To understand it, light impart.
 O Saviour! let us all be thine!
 Take full possession of each heart.

264. “*Train up a child in the way he should go.*” Prov. xxii. 6. C. M.

1 BLEST work! the youthful mind to win,
 And turn the rising race
 From the deceitful paths of sin,
 To seek redeeming grace.

2 Children our kind protection claim;
 And God will well approve,
 When infants learn to lisp his name,
 And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
 To guide untutor'd youth;
 And shew the mind which went astray,
 The way, the life, the truth!

4 Thy Spirit, Father! on us shed,
 And bless this good design:
 The honours of thy name be spread,
 And all the glory thine.

265. *"To him that soweth righteousness, shall be
 a sure reward."* Prov. xi. 18. C. M.

1 O LORD, who dost thy boundless power
 In acts of goodness show;
 Thy mercy let the world adore.
 Whence all our blessings flow.

2 This still shall be our grateful theme;
 Thy praise we'll ever sing;
 Our friends the kind refreshing stream,
 But thou the unfailing spring.

3 Each hand and heart that lend us aid,
 Thou dost inspire and guide;
 Nor shall their love be unrepaid
 Who for the poor provide.

4 May all the pleasing pains they share
 Be crowned with large success;
 The present age applaud their care,
 And future ages bless.

266. *"Thou art the helper of the fatherless."*
 Psalm x. 14. C. M.

1 HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and prayer
 In heaven thy dwelling-place,
 From children made the public care,
 And taught to seek thy face.

2 Thanks for thy word, and for thy day:
 And grant us, we implore,
 Never to waste, in sinful play,
 Thy holy Sabbaths more.

3 Thanks that we hear; but Oh, impart
To each desires sincere,
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn as well as hear.

4 Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,—
A sun which ne'er declines!
Oh be thy mercy showered on those
Who placed us where it shines.

267. *"Thou hast taught me from my youth."*
Psalm lxxi. 17. S. M.

1 THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learned so young
To read his holy word.

2 Dear Lord, this book of thine,
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

3 Oh, may thy Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive,
Those truths, which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

4 Then shall I praise the Lord,
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learned in vain.

268. *"From a child thou hast known the holy
Scriptures."* 2 Tim. iii. 15. C. M.

1 HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes.
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.
- 4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see,
That our whole lives were thine.
- 5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath;
Thus we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

269. *"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings
hast thou ordained strength."* Ps. viii. 2. 7's.

- 1 GLORY to the Father give;
God, in whom we move and live.
Children's prayers he deigns to hear;
Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost.
Children's minds may he inspire;
'Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word, that "God is love."

271. *"Of thine own have we given thee."*
 1 Chron. xxix. 14. C. M.

- 1 LORD, when our offerings we present
 Before thy gracious throne,
 We but return what thou hast lent,
 And give thee of thine own.
- 2 The earth with all its wealth is thine,
 The heavens with all their host;
 Why should we then in want repine,
 Or in abundance boast?
- 3 The power and willingness to give
 Alike proceed from thee.
 We still are debtors, since we live
 Only by thy decree.
- 4 Ourselves, our all, to thee we owe;
 And if we come behind
 What others of their wealth bestow,
 Accept our willing mind.
- 5 O Lord, our contributions bless
 For their appointed end:
 And crown with happiest success
 The cause that we befriend.

272. *"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of
 the least of these my brethren, ye have done
 it unto me."* Matt. xxv. 40. C. M.

- 1 HIGH on a throne of light, O Lord!
 Dost thou exalted shine!
 What can our poverty bestow,
 Since the whole world is thine?
- 2 But thou hast brethren here below,
 Partakers of thy grace,
 Whose humble names thou wilt confess
 Before thy Father's face.

3 In them, thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And, in their accents of distress,
Our Saviour's voice be heard.

4 Whate'er our willing hands can give,
Lord, at thy feet we lay:
Grace will the humble gift receive,
And grace at length repay.

273. "*How short my time is.*" Ps. lxxxix. 47. L.M

1 FROM year to year in love we meet,
From year to year in peace we part;
The tongues of children uttering sweet
The bosom-joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on; and, year by year,
We change, grow up, or pass away:
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another year, shall strike
Some in our number; marked to fall.
Be young and old prepared alike:
The warning is to each, to all.

4 This sole occasion then is ours.
This day we ne'er again shall see.
Lord God, awaken all our powers
To spend it for eternity.

5 Our times, our lives, are in thy hand;
On thee for all things we rely;
Assured, while in thy grace we stand,
To live is Christ, and gain to die.

6 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew:
Send children, teachers in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like thy Son,—from race to race.

COMPLAINT AND CONSOLATION.

PENITENTIAL.

274. "*Righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.*" 1 Cor. i. 30. C. M.

- 1 SINNERS, of Adam's fallen race,
Sinners by practice too,
In prayer, O God! we seek thy face,
In prayer for mercy sue.
- 2 No trembling penitent to thee
E'er turned and was denied,
Accept, O Lord! our only plea,—
For us thy Son hath died.
- 3 For him, thy gift, thy name we bless.
To us for whom he died,
Through faith impute his righteousness,
And we are justified.
- 4 Nor rest we here, thou God of love!
May we, for whom he died,
Receive thy Spirit from above,
And thus be sanctified.
- 5 At length, made holy, just, forgiven,
Through Christ who for us died,
May we, exchanging earth for heaven,
With him be glorified.

275. *"I am the Lord that healeth thee."*
 Exod. xv. 26. C. M.

- 1 HEAL us, Emmanuel! Here we are,
 Waiting to feel thy touch.
 Deep-wounded souls to thee repair:
 And, Saviour! we are such.
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess:
 We faintly trust thy word;
 But wilt thou pity us the less?
 Be that far from thee, Lord!
- 3 Remember him who once applied
 With trembling for relief:
 "Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
 "Oh help my unbelief."
- 4 She, too, who touched thee in the press,
 And healing virtue stole,
 Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 5 Concealed amid the gathering throng,
 She would have shunned thy view;
 And if her faith was firm and strong,
 Had strong misgivings too.
- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
 To touch thee if we may,
 Oh! send us not despairing home:
 Send none unhealed away.

276. *"Lord, make me to know mine end."*
 Psalm xxxix. 4—13 S. M.

- 1 LORD, let me know mine end,
 My days, how brief their date,
 That I may timely comprehend
 How frail my best estate.

- 2 My life is but a span,
Mine age as naught with thee.
Man in his highest honour, man
Is dust and vanity.
- 3 A shadow even in health,
Disquieted with pride;
Or racked with care, he heaps up wealth
Which unknown heirs divide.
- 4 What seek I now, O Lord?
My hope is in thy name.
Blot out my sins from thy record,
Nor give me up to shame.
- 5 Dumb at thy feet I lie,
For thou hast brought me low.
Remove thy judgments, lest I die;
I faint beneath thy blow.
- 6 At thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.
- 7 Have pity on my fears;
Hearken to my request.
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourners rest.
- 8 A stranger, Lord, with thee,
I walk on pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers once, like me,
Sojourned from age to age.
- 9 Oh spare me yet, I pray;
Awhile my strength restore:
Ere I am summoned hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

277. *"Shew us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation."* Psalm lxxxv. 7. C. M.

- 1 LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door:
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.
- 2 On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away;
This heavy load remove.
- 3 'Tis mercy—mercy we implore;
We would thy pity move.
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art Love.
- 4 Oh! for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our numerous sins forgive!
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
Heal us, and bid us, live.
- 5 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

278. *"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."* Mark ix. 24. C. M.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
Then humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea:
With this I venture nigh.
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee
And such, O Lord, am I.

- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.
- 5 Oh wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promised grace receive."
'Tis Jesus speaks;—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

THE CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

279. "*There the weary be at rest.*" Job iii. 17.
C. M.

- 1 COURAGE, my soul! behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides;
Eternal life beyond the skies
For all whom here he guides.
- 2 The wicked cease from troubling there;
The weary are at rest;
Sorrow, and sin, and pain, and care,
No more approach the blest.
- 3 A wicked world and wicked heart
With Satan are combined:
Each acts a too successful part,
In harassing my mind.
- 4 But, fighting in my Saviour's strength,
Though mighty are my foes,
I shall a conqueror be at length
O'er all that can oppose.
- 5 Then why, my soul, complain or fear?
The crown of glory see.
The more I toil and suffer here,
The sweeter rest will be.

280. "*Your life is hid with Christ in God.*"
Col. iii. 3. C. M.

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ, in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are you shall not faint;
Or fainting, shall not die.
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though unperceived by mortal sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence:
Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as he overcame,
And triumphed once for you;
So surely you that love his name,
Shall through him triumph too.

281. "*As thy days, so shall thy strength be.*"
Deut. xxxiii. 25. L. M.

- 1 AFFLICTED saint! to Christ draw near:
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear:
His faithful word declares to thee,
That "as thy day thy strength shall be."
- 2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name.
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

4 When called by him to bear the cross,
Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress and poverty,
Still, as thy day thy strength shall be.

5 When death at length appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fear subdue.
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And as thy day thy strength shall be.

282. *"Because I live, ye shall live also."*
 John xiv. 19. L. M.

1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort, die,
Fixed on thine everlasting word,
The word that built the earth and sky.

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure.
His word a firm foundation gives:
Here let me build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell.
Immoveable the promise stands:
Nor all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose.
 If Jesus is for ever mine,
 Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.

283. *"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."* 1 Cor. x. 13. L. M.

- 1 NOW let the feeble all be strong,
 And make Jehovah's arm their song:
 His shield is spread o'er every saint;
 And thus supported, who shall faint?
- 2 What though the hosts of hell engage
 With mingled cruelty and rage?
 A faithful God restrains their hands,
 And chains them down in iron bands.
- 3 Bound by his word, he will display
 A strength proportioned to our day:
 And when united trials meet,
 Will shew a path of safe retreat.
- 4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
 Which Jesus ratified with blood:
 Still is he gracious, wise, and just,
 And still in him let Israel trust.

284. *"They that know thy name, will put their trust in thee."* Psalm ix. 10. C. M.

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise,
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.

- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal.
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine:
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer.
Oh may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there!
- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still:
There let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

285. "*Blessed are all they that wait for him.*"
Isaiah xxx. 18. S. M.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine:
Nor present things, nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control:
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee:
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

286. "*When thou passest through the waters, I
will be with thee.*" Isa. xliii. 2. 11's.

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee; Oh be not dismayed,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The floods of distress shall not thee overflow;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for re-
pose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes.
That soul, though all hell should endeavour
to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!"

287. "*Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?*"
Matt. viii. 26. 104th.

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief!
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear.
By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform.
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey;
'Tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:

Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite through.

4 Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death.
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me,
To put me to shame?

Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up,
That sinners might live!
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine.
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine is food.

Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long;
And then Oh how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

288. "*Jehovah-jireh*,"—i. e. "*The Lord will provide*." Gen. xxii. 14. 104th.

1 **THOUGH** troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide:
The Scripture assures us,
The Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed:
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread.
His saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
The Lord will provide.

3 His call we obey,
Like Abraham of old,
Not knowing our way;
But faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers,
We have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers
The Lord will provide.

4 No strength of our own
 Or goodness we claim:
 Yet, since we have known
 The Saviour's great name,
 In this our strong tower
 For safety we hide.
 Almighty his power,
 The Lord will provide.

289. "*Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun
 of Righteousness arise with healing in his
 wings.*" Mal. iv. 2. 7's & 6's.

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The christian while he sings:
 It is the Lord, who rises
 With healing in his wings.
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new.
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 E'en let the unknown morrow
 Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,
 But he will bear us through.
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe his people too.
 Beneath the spreading heavens
 No creature but is fed;
 And he who feeds the ravens,
 Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree either
 Their wonted fruit should bear;
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flock nor herd be there;
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice;
 For, while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

290. "*Christ is all and in all.*" Col. iii. 11.
 L. M.

1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
 That I shall find my all in thee;
 The fulness of thy promise prove,
 The seal of thine eternal love?

2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
 Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
 A helpless soul that comes to thee,
 With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am sick: my sickness cure.
 I want: do thou enrich the poor.
 Under thy mighty hand I stoop:
 Oh, lift the abject sinner up.

4 Lord, I am blind: be thou my sight.
 Lord, I am weak: be thou my might.
 A helper of the helpless be;
 And let me find my all in thee!

291. "*And thou shalt remember all the way
 which the Lord thy God led thee.*"
 Deut. viii. 2. L. M.

1 THUS far my God hath led me on,
 And made his truth and mercy known.
 My hopes and fears alternate rise,
 And comforts mingle with my sighs.

- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home.
Lord! let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.
- 3 Temptations every where annoy;
And sins and snares my peace destroy:
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 My soul, with various tempests tossed,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crossed,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord! that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in this wilderness below?
- 6 'Tis even so; thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove:
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be All in All.

292. "*The Lord is my light and my salvation;
whom shall I fear?*" Psalm xxvii.
7's & 6's.

- 1 GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand.
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

- 2 Place on the Lord reliance;
 My soul, with courage wait:
 His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate.
 His might thy heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase:
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen;—
 The Lord will give thee peace.

293. *"Return unto thy rest, O my soul."*
 Psalm cxvi. 7. L. M.

- 1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
 From vain pursuits and maddening cares;
 From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
 The world's allurements, Satan's snares.
- 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
 From all the wanderings of thy thought;
 From sickness unto death made whole:
 Safe through a thousand perils brought.
- 3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
 From passions every hour at strife.
 Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn:
 Lay hold upon eternal life.
- 4 God is thy rest;—with heart inclined
 To keep his word, that word believe.
 Christ is thy rest;—with lowly mind
 His light and easy yoke receive.

294. *"As the hart panteth after the water-
 brooks."* Psalm xlii. 1—5. C. M.

- 1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chace,
 So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee,
 And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, the Lord, the living Lord,
 My thirsty soul doth pine.
 Oh when shall I behold thy face,
 Thou Majesty divine?

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
 When thou, O Lord, wert nigh;
 When every heart was tuned to praise,
 And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
 Trust God, and thou shalt sing
 His praise again, and find him still
 Thy health's eternal spring.

295. "*Why art thou cast down, O my soul.*"
 Psalm xlii. 11. C. M.

1 WHY art thou still cast down, my soul?
 And why so troubled still?
 Behold the power that *can* control:
 Behold the love that *will*.

2 Then boldly in the fight engage:
 Stir up that gift within,
 Which God implanted there to wage
 Eternal war with sin.

3 Though helpless in thyself and lost,
 Yet yield thou not to fear;
 Thou goest a warfare at his cost,
 Whose help is ever near.

4 And he shall all thy foes subdue,
 And banish all thy pain;
 And thou shalt taste his love anew
 And praise his name again.

5 There shall I lift my drooping head
 His happy saints among;
 And there once more his courts shall tread,
 And raise the grateful song.

6 For though awhile I wait and grieve,
 Shall he not set me free?
 A soul that trusts him will he leave?
 It cannot, cannot be.

7 The word in which my hope confides,
 Is faithful and divine;
 And He who spake that word abides,
 In Christ, for ever mine.

296. "*O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee.*" Psalm lxxiii. 1—8. L. M.

1 O GOD, thou art my God alone:
 Early to thee my soul shall cry;
 A pilgrim in a land unknown,
 A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

2 Oh that it were as it hath been,
 When, praying in the holy place,
 Thy power and glory I have seen,
 And marked the footsteps of thy grace.

3 Yet through this rough and thorny maze,
 I follow hard on thee, my God:
 Thy hand unseen upholds my ways:
 I safely tread where thou hast trod.

4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
 When I remember on my bed,
 Thy presence makes the darkness light;
 Thy guardian wings are round my head.

5 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

6 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give.
My soul shall still in God rejoice:
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

297. "*Hath he said, and shall he not do it?*"
Numb. xxiii. 19. P. M.

1 YES, since God himself hath said it,
On his promise I rely.
His good word demands my credit:
What can unbelief reply?
He is strong, and can fulfil:
He is truth, and therefore will.

2 In my Saviour's intercession
Humbly still will I confide.
Lord, accept my free confession;
I have sinned, but thou hast died:
This is all I have to plead;
This is all the plea I need.

298. "*My soul is even as a weaned child.*"
Psalm cxxxi. 2. 7's.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart:
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise;
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

299. "*The Lord is good . . . and his truth endureth
to all generations.*" Psalm c. 5. C. M

1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear:
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound:
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

300. *"Let this mind be in you which was also
in Christ Jesus."* Phil. ii. 5. 7's.

1 FATHER of eternal grace!
Glorify thyself in me.
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above;
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To thy will,—thy will be done!
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee, my God.

301. "*Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.*" Matt. xi. 29. 7's.

- 1 LORD, if thou the grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Clothed with humility.
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides;
Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on thee:
Every evil let me flee:
Nothing want beneath, above:
Happy in thy precious love.
- 4 Oh that all may seek and find
Every good in Christ combined!
Him let Israel still adore;
Trust him, praise him evermore.

302. "*My son, give me thy heart.*" Prov. xxiii. 26. C. M.

- 1 OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither death nor life can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:
Come quickly from above:
Write thy new name upon my heart
Thy new best name of love.

303. *"Therefore let us not sleep, as do others;
but let us watch and be sober."* 1 Thess.
v. 6. L. M

1 O ISRAEL! to thy tents repair:
Why thus secure on hostile ground?
Thy Lord commands thee to beware;
For many foes thy camp surround.

2 The trumpet gives a martial strain;
O Israel! gird thee for the fight.
Arise, the combat to maintain;
Arise, and put thy foes to flight.

3 Oh sleep not thou as others do:
Awake, be vigilant, be brave.
The coward, and the sluggard too,
Must wear the fetters of the slave.

4 A nobler lot is cast for thee:
A crown awaits thee in the skies,
With such a hope, shall Israel flee,
And yield, through weariness, the prize!

5 No! though a careless world repose
In fatal slumbers through life's day,
Israel, prepared for victory, goes,
And bears the glorious prize away.

FOR TIMES OF AFFLICTION.

304. "*Thy way is in the sea, and thy footsteps are not known.*" Psalm lxxvii. 19. C. M.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace.
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain.
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

305. *"Commit thy way unto the Lord,..and he
shall bring it to pass."* Psalm xxxvii. 5.
S. M. double.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
 Hope, and be undismayed.
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears:
 God shall lift up thy head.
 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
 He gently clears thy way.
 Wait thou his time; so shall the night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 He every where hath sway,
 And all things serve his might.
 His every act pure blessing is;
 His path unsullied light.
 When he makes bare his arm,
 What shall his work withstand?
 When he his people's cause defends,
 Who, who shall stay his hand?
- 3 Leave to his sovereign will,
 To choose, and to command;
 With wonder filled, thou then shalt own,
 How wise, how strong his hand.
 Thou comprehend'st him not;
 Yet earth and heaven tell,
 God sits as sovereign on the throne;
 He ruleth all things well.
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
 Our hearts are known to thee.
 O h, lift thou up the sinking hand;
 Confirm the feeble knee.
 Let us, in life and death,
 Boldly thy truth declare;
 And publish, with our latest breath
 Thy love and guardian care.

306. "*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee.*" Isaiah xxvi. 3.
S. M. double.

- 1 THOU very present aid
In suffering and distress;
The soul which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.
The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.
- 2 Sorrow and fear are gone
Whene'er thy face appears:
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.
It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.
- 3 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill.
What though created streams are dry;
I have the fountain still.
Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in *one*;
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven in Christ begun.

307. "*It is the Lord.*" 1 Sam. iii. 18. C. M.

- 1 IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine:
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all,
My wealth, my friends, my ease,
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blessed be his name!
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.
- 6 His covenant will my soul defend,
Should Nature's self expire,
And the great Judge of all descend
In awful flames of fire.
- 7 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God, take what thou wilt,
To thee I all resign.

308. "*The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.*" Job i. 21. C. M.

- 1 SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign:
Bowing beneath thy chastening rod,
I mourn, but not repine.

2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
 When wisdom, truth, and love
 Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
 And point to joys above?

3 How short are all my sufferings here!
 How needful every cross!
 Away, my unbelieving fear,
 Nor call my gain, my loss!

4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away:
 I'll bless thy sacred name.
 My Saviour yesterday, to-day,
 For ever, is the same.

309. *"God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."* Psalm lxxiii. 26. C.M.

1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
 And on thy care depend;
 To thee in every trouble flee,
 My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
 Thy fulness is the same.
 May I with this be satisfied,
 And glory in thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,
 But may be found in thee.
 I must have all things and abound,
 While God is God to me.

4 O Lord! I cast my care on thee:
 I triumph and adore.
 Henceforth my great concern shall be,
 To love and praise thee more.

310. "*For he doth not afflict willingly.*"
Lam. iii. 33. C. M.

- 1 BLESSED be God! he is not strict
Our follies to requite.
He doth not willingly afflict,
Or in our groans delight.
- 2 With long forbearance he endures
Those who his wrath defy;
While to his saints the cross secures
A glorious amnesty.
- 3 Despise not then his chastening,
Nor faint beneath his rod.
Errands of love our trials bring,
To lead us back to God.
- 4 Good Lord! our doubts and murmurs chase,
That we may look above,
And where thy ways we cannot trace,
Still trust thy covenant love.

311. "*Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation.*"
Rom. xii. 12. 8's & 6's.

- 1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,—
Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power;
A joy springs up amid distress,—
A fountain in the wilderness.
- 2 Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege; and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

3 Then blessed be the hand that gave;
Still blessed when it takes.
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks.
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

312. *"O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger."*
Psalm vi. 1—5. C. M.

1 IN mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
Thy feeble worm, my God!
My spirit dreads thy angry look
And trembles at thy rod.

2 Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak:
Regard my heavy groans.
Oh let thy voice of comfort speak,
And heal my broken bones.

3 By day, my busy, beating head
Is filled with anxious fears:
By night, upon my restless bed,
I weep a flood of tears.

4 Thus I sit desolate, and mourn;
Mine eyes grow dull with grief.
How long, my Lord, ere thou return
And bring my soul relief?

5 Oh! come and shew thy power to save,
And spare my fainting breath;
For who can praise thee in the grave,
Or sing thy name in death?

313. "*In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord.*"
Psalm lxxvii. 7's & 6's.

1 IN time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord, my feeble cries.
With humble supplication,
To thee my spirit flies.
My heart with grief is breaking;
Scarce can my voice complain;
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

2 The days of old, in vision,
Bring vanished bliss to view:
The years of lost fruition
Their joys in pangs renew:
Remembered songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

3 Hath God cast off for ever?
Can time his truth impair?
His tender mercy, never
Shall I presume to share?
Hath he his loving kindness
Shut up in endless wrath?
No; this is mine own blindness,
That cannot see his path.

4 I call to recollection
The years of his right hand;
And, strong in his protection,
Again through faith I stand.
Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder;
Holy are all thy ways:
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth thy praise.

5 Thee, with the tribes assembled,
 O God, the billows saw;
 They saw thee, and they trembled,
 Turned, and stood still with awe.
 The clouds shot hail—they lightened;
 The earth reeled to and fro;
 The fiery pillar brightened
 The gulf of gloom below.

6 Thy way is in great waters;
 Thy footsteps are not known.
 Let Adam's sons and daughters
 Confide in thee alone.
 Through the wild sea thou leddest
 Thy chosen flock of yore.
 Still on the waves thou treadest,
 And thy redeemed pass o'er.

314. "*He knoweth our frame; he remembereth
 that we are dust.*" Psalm ciii. 14. C.M.

1 LORD, we adore thy wondrous name,
 And make that name our trust,
 Which raised at first this curious frame
 From mean and lifeless dust.

2 By dust supported, still it stands,
 Wrought up to various forms,
 Prepared by thy creating hands
 To nourish mortal worms.

3 Awhile these frail machines endure,
 The fabric of a day;
 Then know their vital powers no more,
 But moulder back to clay.

4 Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or feared,
 This thought is our repose:
 That He by whom this frame was reared,
 Its various weakness knows.

5 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
 While struggling with our load.
 In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
 Our Father and our God.

6 Kindly supported by thy love,
 We tend to realms of peace,
 Where every pain shall far remove,
 And every frailty cease.

315. *"Refuge failed me: no man cared for my
 soul."* Psalm cxlii. C. M.

1 I CRIED unto the Lord most just,
 Most merciful, in prayer:
 I cried unto him from the dust;
 I told him my despair.

2 When sank my soul within me, then
 Thou knew'st the path I chose.
 Unharmed I passed the spoiler's den
 I walked through ambushed foes.

3 I looked for friends;—there was not one
 In sorrow to condole.
 I looked for refuge;—there was none:
 None cared for my soul.

4 I cried unto the Lord: I said,
 Thou art my refuge, thou
 My portion!—hasten to mine aid:
 Hear and deliver now.

5 Now, from the dungeon, from the grave
 Exalt thy suppliant's head.
 Thy voice is freedom to the slave,
 Revival to the dead.

FUNERAL.

316. *"That ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope."* 1 Thess. iv. 13. C. M.

- 1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own;
And bids them leave a world of wo
For an immortal crown?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past: their work is done;
And they are fully blest:
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.
- 4 [The flock must feel the Shepherd's lose,
And miss his tender care;
But they who bear with joy the cross,
The crown shall soonest wear.
- 5 And is not he who called them home,
Still to his church most nigh;
To bid yet other labourers come,
And all her need supply?]
- 6 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every wo
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

317. "*As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee.*" Joshua i. 5. C. M.

- 1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?
- 2 Though earthly pastors dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue;
- 3 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart:
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 4 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."
- 5 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

318. "*And Aaron held his peace.*" Lev. x. 3. C. M.

- 1 PEACE! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back our breath.
- 2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant God and Father he,
In Christ, our bleeding Lord;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

5 Silent I own Jehovah's name;
I kiss thy chastening hand;
And yield my comforts and my life
To thy supreme command.

319. *"To them will I give. . . .a place and a
name better than of sons and of daughters."*

Isa. lvi. 5.

C. M.

1 YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,
Say not in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling dust
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly Parent nigh.

3 Though, your young branches torn away,
Like withered trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touched by the Almighty's hand.

4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In my own house a place:
No names of daughters and of sons
Could yield so high a grace.

5 "Transient and vain is every hope
A rising race can give:
In endless honour and delight
My children all shall live."

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears
Through which thy face we see,
And bless the wounds that, through our hearts,
Prepare a way for thee.

320. "*It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in
glory.*" 1 Cor. xv. 43. L. M.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
Awhile, to slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the forms that slumber here;
And angels watch their soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed.
Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form:
He must ascend to meet his Lord.

321. *"The end of that man is peace."*
 Psalm xxxvii. 37. L. M.

- 1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves the expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So gently shuts the eye of day;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys:
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
 How bright the unchanging morn appears!
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 How blest the righteous when he dies!

322. *"To die is gain."* Phil. i. 21. 8's.

- 1 REJOICE for a brother deceased;
 Our loss is his infinite gain;
 A soul out of prison released,
 And free from its bodily chain:
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above,
 Escaped to the mansions of light,
 And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gained,
Out-flying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind;
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the glad shore,
Where all is assurance and peace;
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the glad company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath:
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death.
The voyage of life's at an end;
The mortal affliction is past.
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

323. *"We know that if our earthly house of this
tabernacle were dissolved, we have a
building of God."* 2 Cor. v. 1.
S. M. double.

1 WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below
In ruinous decay;
We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands:
And firm as our Redeemer's love,
The heavenly fabric stands.

2 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There shall we see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet:

The church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest;
And, crowned with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

- 3 Awhile in flesh disjoined,
Our friends that went before,
We soon in paradise shall find,
And meet to part no more:
The saints of ancient days,
We shall with them sit down,
Who fought the fight, and ran the race,
And then received the crown.

324. "*Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place
in all generations.*" Psalm xc. 1. L. M.

- 1 THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been;
Through every age, eternal God,
Thy presence their secure abode.
- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest;
In thee our fathers still are blest.
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.
- 3 So, when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell in flesh no more,
To thee our separate souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer home.
- 4 To thee our infant race we leave;
Them may their fathers' God receive;
That voices yet unformed may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

325. "*Fear ye not: ye shall see them again no more for ever.*" Exod. xiv. 13. 8's & 7's.

- 1 WHEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the further shore,
There's an end of war for ever:
We shall see our foes no more.
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Followed by eternal peace.
- 2 Oh that hope! how bright! how glorious!
'Tis his people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
In his kingdom they shall rest,
In his love be fully blest.

326. "*He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down.*" Job xiv. 2. C. M.

- 1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh, may this truth, imprest
With awful power,—"I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast!
- 3 Let this vain world delude no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 Oh let us now to Jesus fly,
 Whose powerful arm can save :
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
 With cleansing, healing power :
 This only can prepare the heart
 For death's surprising hour.

327. "*Absent from the body . . . present with the Lord.*" 2 Cor. v. 8. C. M.

1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death ;
 The glories that surround the saint,
 When he resigns his breath.

2 Faith strives, but all her efforts fail,
 To trace the spirit's flight :
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 Which hides that world of light.

3 Thus much, and this is all we know ;
 They are completely blest ;
 Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
 And with their Saviour rest.

328. "*To this end Christ both died and rose and revived.*" Rom. xiv. 9. 8's.

1 WE sing his love, who once was slain,
 Who soon o'er death revived again,
 That all his saints through him might have
 Eternal conquests o'er the grave.
 Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.

2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.

Soon, &c.

3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring,
From beds of dust and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day!

Soon, &c.

4 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete:
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more.

Soon, &c.

329. *"Earnestly desiring to be clothed upon
with our house which is from heaven."*

2 Cor. v. 2.

7's.

1 "SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay!
Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away!
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"
Thus the Almighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies:
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

2 "Prisoner, long detained below!
Prisoner, now with freedom blest!
Welcome from a world of wo;
Welcome to a land of rest!"
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high;
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust!
 Grave, the treasury of the skies!
 Every atom of thy trust,
 Rests in hope again to rise.
 Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls!—
 “Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
 Immortality thy walls,
 And eternity thy day!”

330. *“Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.”* Eph. iii. 15. C.M. double.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above
 That have obtained the prize;
 And, on the eagle-wings of love,
 To joys celestial rise.
 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
 With those to glory gone;
 For all the servants of our King,
 In earth and heaven, are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him;
 One church, above, beneath;
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow:
 Part of his host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 3 Ten thousand to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die:
 His militant, embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach the heavenly land.

4 Our old companions in distress,
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity.
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
Oh that we now might grasp our Guide!
Oh that the word were given!
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

DIDACTIC AND EXPOSITORY.

THE ADVENT, MINISTRY, CRUCIFIXION, RESUR-
RECTION, AND ASCENSION OF OUR LORD.

331. "*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
peace.*" Luke ii. 14. 7's.

- 1 HARK! the herald-angels sing:
"Glory to the new-born King!
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven."
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise:
Join the triumph of the skies:
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord;
Late in time, behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!
- 4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.
- 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

- 6 Lo! he lays his glory by:
 Born, that man no more may die;
 Born, to raise the sons of earth;
 Born, to give them second birth.
- 7 Sing we then, with angels sing:
 "Glory to the new-born King!
 Glory in the highest heaven.
 Peace on earth, and man forgiven."

332. "*Unto us a child is born.*" Isa. ix. 6. 7's.

- 1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
 For to us a Child is born:
 From the highest realms of heaven,
 Unto us a Son is given.
- 2 On his shoulder he shall bear
 Power and majesty, and wear
 On his vesture and his thigh,
 Names most awful, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel He,
 The Incarnate Deity;
 Sire of Ages ne'er to cease,
 King of kings, and Prince of peace.
- 4 Come and worship at his feet;
 Yield to Christ the homage meet:
 From his manger to his throne,
 Homage due to God alone.

333. "*The Prince of peace.*" Isa. ix. 6.
 7's & 6's.

- 1 WHEN war on earth suspended
 His wild career of woes,
 The Prince of peace descended,
 A guiltier strife to close.

Vain battles worms were waging
 With their Creator, God:
 He came, and wrath assuaging,
 Made peace with his own blood.

2 The storm that flamed and lowered,
 Was calm at his command.
 The rod of justice flowered,
 Like Aaron's, in his hand.
 That sceptre, love revealing,
 Rebels, approach and kiss.
 Its leaves are for your healing,
 Its fruits, immortal bliss.

334. "*When they saw the star, they rejoiced.*"
 Matt. ii. 10. 7's.

1 SONS of men, behold from far,
 Hail the long-expected star:
 Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
 Guides bewildered nature right.

2 Fear not that there hence should flow
 Wars or pestilence below:
 Wars it bids, and tumults, cease,
 Ushering in the Prince of peace.

3 Mild it shines on all beneath,
 Piercing through the shades of death,
 Scattering error's wide-spread night,
 Kindling darkness into light.

4 Nations all, far off and near,
 Haste to see your God appear;
 Haste, for him your hearts prepare;
 Meet him manifested there.

335. "*We have seen his star in the east.*"
Matt. ii. 2. P. M.

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid.
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant-Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid.
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant-Redeemer is laid.

336. "*Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.*" Luke ii. 29. C. M.

- 1 UPON a world of guilt and night,
The Morning-star arose.
"Enough! mine eyes have seen its light;
Now welcome death's repose."

2 Prophetic joy those words inspired,
When, in the virgin's Son,
Simeon beheld the long-desired,
And blessed God's Holy One.

3 "Now lettest thou thy servant, Lord,
In peace his soul resign;
These eyes, according to thy word,
See Judah's Day-star shine:

4 "The Light of life, whose healing ray
Shall sin's deep shades dispel;
To Gentile lands salvation's day;
Thy glory, Israel!"

5 Faith still beholds her risen Lord,
Though hid from mortal sight.
Shine forth, O Saviour, in thy word,
And fill the world with light.

337. "*To preach deliverance to the captives.*"
Luke iv. 18. C. M.

1 THE Saviour of mankind is come;
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes the prisoners to unbind,
Who Satan's captives lay;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

3 He comes to bind the broken heart,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And heavenly treasures to impart
To all the humble poor.

- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
Nor shall thy ransomed church e'er cease
To glory in thy name.

338. "*And all that heard him, were astonished at his understanding.*" Luke ii. 47. C.M.

- 1 ABASHED be all the boast of age:
Be hoary learning dumb.
Expounder of the mystic page,
Behold an Infant come!
- 2 O Wisdom! whose unfading power
Beside the Eternal stood,
To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
The land, the sky, the flood;
- 3 Yet didst thou not disdain awhile
An infant form to wear,
To bless thy mother with a smile,
And lisp thy filial prayer.
- 4 But, in thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.
- 5 So may our youth adore thy name!
And, Saviour! deign to bless,
With fostering grace, the timid flame
Of early holiness.

339. "*Hosanna to the Son of David!*"
Matt. xxi. 9. L. M.

- 1 WHAT are those soul-reviving strains,
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
Sweetly resound from Zion's hill?

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosanna to the King of kings.
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise.
Still Israel's children forward press,
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.

4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart.
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing Hosanna too.

5 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear:
See David's Son and Lord appear!
Glory and praise on earth be given;
Hosanna in the highest heaven!

340. *"He took them up in his arms, put his
hands upon them, and blessed them."*
Mark x. 16. C. M.

1 WHEN Jesus left the throne of God,
He chose an humble birth;
A man of grief, like us he trod
A lonely path on earth.

2 Like him, may we be found below,
In wisdom's paths of peace;
Like him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were his words and kind his look,
When mothers round him pressed;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom blessed.

4 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they plucked the palms, and strowed
Their garments on the ground.

5 Hosanna, our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King.
Could we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

341. *"If any man serve me, let him follow me."*
John xii. 26. L. M.

1 HOW shall I follow him I serve?
How shall I copy him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to his seat above?

2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road?

3 'Twas thus he suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all;
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.

4 Lord! should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine.
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering thine.

5 Oh, let me think how thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve.
The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

6 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
 Thou camest not thyself to please.
 And dear as earthly comforts be,
 Shall I not love thee more than these?

7 Yes, I would count them all but loss,
 To gain the notice of thine eye.
 Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
 But thou canst give the victory.

342. "*And the fellowship of his sufferings.*"
 Phil. iii. 10. 7's.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the Tempter's power.
 Your Redeemer's conflict see:
 Watch with him one bitter hour.
 Turn not from his griefs away:
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
 View the Lord of life arraigned.
 Oh the wormwood and the gall!
 Oh the pangs his soul sustained!
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
 Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
 There, adoring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,—
 God's own sacrifice complete.
 "It is finished!" hear him cry:
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay.
All is solitude and gloom:—
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen;—he seeks the skies.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

343. *"He hath borne our griefs and carried
our sorrows."* Isaiah liii. 4. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!
- 2 "My God!" he cries. All nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend.
The temple's veil asunder breaks:
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 "'Tis finished:" now the ransom's paid.
"Receive my soul," he cries.
Behold, he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies.
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine.
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

344. *"It is finished!"* John xix. 30. L. M.

- 1 "'TIS finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died.
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

- 2 "'Tis finished!"—all that was of old
Decreed, and prophets had foretold,
Is now fulfilled, as Heaven designed,
In thee, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 "'Tis finished!"—This thy dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this thy last expiring breath.
- 4 "'Tis finished!"—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.
- 5 "'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
"'Tis finished!"—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

345. *"It is finished."* John xix. 30. 8's, 7's, & 4's.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;
 Join to sing the glorious theme.
 All in earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Emmanuel's name !
 Hallelujah !
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

346. "*Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?*"
 Lam. i. 12. P. M.

1 ALL ye that pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh :
 To you is it nothing your Saviour should die ?
 For sins not his own,
 He dies to atone ;
 Was love or was sorrow like his ever known ?

2 Oh, lift up your eyes.
 "'Tis finished," he cries.
 Impassive, he suffers ; immortal, he dies.
 His death is my plea :
 He nailed to the tree
 The bond that condemned us : the sinner is free.

3 The sight of his cross
 Turns earth into dross :
 What worldlings deem gain, I now reckon but
 More glorious the prize [loss ;
 For which earth I despise ;
 My life is my Lord's, and my home's in the skies.

347. "*That through death he might destroy him
 that had the power of death.*" Heb. ii. 14.
 L. M. double.

1 HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
 Lo, Salem's daughters weep around.
 A solemn darkness veils the skies :
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groaned beneath your load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of precious blood.

2 Mysterious love beyond degree!
 The Lord of glory dies for men.
 But, lo, what sudden joys we see!
 Jesus, the dead, revives again.
 The Prince of life forsakes his tomb;
 Up to his Father's court he flies:
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Dry up your tears, ye saints, and tell,
 How high your great Deliverer reigns:
 Sing, how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the tyrant Death in chains.
 Say, Live for ever, wondrous King,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!
 Then ask of Death, Where is thy sting?
 Oh, where thy victory, boasting Grave?

348. *"He is not here; for he is risen."*
 Matt. xxviii. 6. 7's.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb:
 Jesus dissipates its gloom.
 Day of triumph through the skies!
 See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
 Chase those unbelieving fears;
 Look on his deserted grave;
 Doubt no more his power to save.

- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade:
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

349. "*For the angel of the Lord descended..and
rolled back the stone.*" Matt. xxviii. 2.
7's.

- 1 ANGELS roll the rock away:
Death yields up his mighty prey.
Jesus, rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.
- 2 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise,
In full triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 3 Heaven displays her portals wide.
Glorious Victor! through them ride.
King of Glory, take thy throne;
Thy great Father's and thine own.

350. "*But now is Christ risen from the dead.*"
1 Cor. xv. 20. 7's.

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day.
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
- 2 Lo! he rises, mighty King!
Where, O Death! is now thy sting?
Lo! he claims his native sky!
Grave, where is thy victory?

3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God for ever made.
With your risen Saviour rise:
Claim your mansions in the skies.

4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day.
Loud the song of victory raise:
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

351. "*The first-fruits of them that slept.*"
1 Cor. xv. 20. 7's.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say!
Raise your songs and triumphs high:
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er!
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell.
Death in vain forbids his rise:
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died, our souls to save:
Where's thy victory, O Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

- 6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now:
Hail! the Resurrection, thou!

352.

"The Lord is risen indeed."

Luke xxiv. 34.

S. M.

- 1 "THE Lord is risen indeed:"
And are the tidings true?
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.
- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed."
Then Justice asks no more;
Mercy and truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.
- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed:"
Then is his work performed;
The Captive Surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.
- 4 "The Lord is risen indeed:"
Then hell has lost its prey:
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.
- 5 "The Lord is risen indeed:"
Attending angels hear,
And to the courts of heaven with speed
The joyful tidings bear.
- 6 While on their golden lyres,
They strike each cheerful chord,
We join the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

353. "According to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead."
Eph. i. 19, 20. L. M.

- 1 COME, see the place where Jesus lay,
For he hath left his gloomy bed.
What angel rolled the stone away?
What spirit brought him from the dead?
- 2 By his omnipotence he rose,
By his own Spirit lived again,
To crush for ever all his foes,
To raise for ever ruined men.
- 3 Those who his image here partake,
Though worms in dust their flesh consume,
Shall sleep with Jesus, and awake
To life eternal from the tomb.
- 4 What shall restore a world from death,
Where Satan holds his murderous reign?
Spirit of Jesus, with thy breath
Shake the dry bones, revive the slain.
- 5 Dead while they live are Adam's race,
By nature, since their father's fall:
But, lo! the messengers of grace
Proclaim the gospel hope to all.
- 6 Hear it, ye dead of every clime,
Before the second death begins:
Come forth to this new life in time,—
This resurrection from your sine.

354. "*Behold the place where they laid him.*"
Mark xvi. 6. 8. 7. 4.

1 COME, ye saints, look here and wonder:
See the place where Jesus lay.
He has burst his bands asunder:
He has borne our sins away.
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises.
'Twas by death he overcame.
Thus the Lord his glory raises;
Thus he fills his foes with shame.
Sing ye praises,
Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King.
Soon in yonder happy regions,
They shall join his praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

355. "*A vision of angels, which said that he was
alive.*" Luke xxiv. 23. 148th.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head.
In wild dismay,
The guards around,
Fell to the ground,
And sank away.

2 Lo ! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet :
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear.
Hark ! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air !
Their anthems say,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead ;
He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell ;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell :
Transported, cry,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die."

5 All-hail ! triumphant Lord,
Who savest us with thy blood !
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God !
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

356. "When he ascended up on high, he led
captivity captive." Eph. iv. 8. 148th.

- 1 THE happy morn is come:
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.
- 2 Who now accuses them,
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn,
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.
- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done:
On him our help is laid,
By him our victory won:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

357. "Because I live, ye shall live also."
John xiv. 19. L. M.

- 1 WHEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deigned to lie;
I see fulfilled what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.
- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim,
How weak the bands of conquered death:
Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
Shall rise and draw immortal breath.

- 3 Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
Unseals his eyes, to sleep no more:
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 4 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold!
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold,
A crown of joy, when he appears.
- 5 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

358. "Why seek ye the living among the dead?"
 Luke xxiv. 5. C. M.

- 1 WHY search ye in the narrow tomb
For him who lives on high?
Heaven spreads her gates to make him room:
His glory fills the sky.
- 2 Lift up your hearts, and stretch your eyes :
The Saviour is not here.
Behold the Conqueror arise,
To grace a brighter sphere.
- 3 Angels with loud exulting songs
Welcome their Lord again.
To us the victory belongs:
For us the Lamb was slain.
- 4 And shall we, Lord, ascend with thee,
And see thee as thou art,
From death's terrific power made free,
And saved from Satan's dart?

5 Saviour, since thou art gone before,
Grant that we too may go
Where sin's dark empire is no more,
And death a vanquished foe.

359. *"Thou hast ascended on high."*
Psalm lxxviii. 18. 7's.

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise
Glorious to his native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits.
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin:
Take the King of Glory in.

3 See, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet he loves the earth he leaves.
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

4 Still for us he intercedes;
His prevailing death he pleads;
Near himself prepares our place,
Great precursor of our race.

5 What though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height;
May our warm affections rise,
Following him beyond the skies.

360. *"Who is this King of glory? The Lord
strong and mighty."* Ps. xxiv. 8. L.M.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead:
Our Jesus is gone up on high.
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right:
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew:
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
- 6 Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever blessed.

361. "*Seen of angels.*" 1 Tim. iii. 16. C. M.

- 1 BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
Yon heaven of heavens, with living light,
Our great Redeemer fills.
- 2 Legions of angels strong and fair,
In countless armies, shine,
And swell his praise with golden harps,
Attuned to songs divine.

- 3 "Hail, Prince!" they cry, "for ever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Moved thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above."
- 4 While he did condescend on earth
To suffer scorn and pain,
They cast their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.
- 5 Through all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend;
Oft wondering how and where at last
The mystic scene would end.
- 6 They saw his heart, transfixed with wounds,
With love and grief run o'er:
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er brake before.
- 7 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Spread their triumphant wings, and sang,
"The glorious work is done!"

362. "*He came unto his own, and his own received him not.*" John i. 11. S. M.

- 1 TO his own world he came,
To earth's most favoured spot.
Jesus, Immanuel, his name:
Yet, Israel knew him not.
- 2 Son of the Father's love,
Effulgence of his light,
He left his glorious court above,
To suffer man's despite.

- 3 He came to suffer death,
And, bleeding for his foes,
Spoke pardon with his dying breath,
And peace when he arose.
- 4 His latest moments here
In benediction passed.
To those who saw him disappear,
That action was his last.
- 5 But, having reached his throne,
He sent down from above
His promised Spirit, to make known
The riches of his love.
- 6 Ye who have felt that flame,
On whom that grace is poured,
Go, in his Spirit to proclaim
Salvation in the Lord.

363. *"And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire."* Acts ii. 3. L. M.

- 1 BLEST season, when our risen Lord
Fulfilled his own prophetic word;
Sent down his Spirit to inspire
His saints baptized with holy fire.
- 2 While by his power these signs were wrought,
And divers tongues his wisdom taught,
His love one only subject gave;
That Jesus died the world to save.
- 3 Sure peace with God!—the joyful sound
Pours wide its sacred influence round.
Relenting foes the grace receive,
And humbled myriads hear and live!

364. "*I am the first and the last....he that liveth and was dead.*" Rev. i. 17, 18. L. M.

- 1 WHAT mysteries in our Lord combine!
Jesus, once mortal, yet Divine;
The first, the last; the end, the head;
The source of life among the dead.
- 2 Oh love beyond the stretch of thought!
What matchless wonders hath it wrought!
The Lord of life gave up his breath!
The Ever-living bowed to death!
- 3 Hail, royal Conqueror o'er the grave,
Tender to pity, strong to save.
The keys of death with thee remain,
Worthy o'er life and death to reign!

365. "*Who is this that cometh from Edom?*"
Isa. lxiii. 1—7. P. M.

- 1 "WHO is this that comes from Edom,"
All his raiment stained with blood;
To the slave proclaiming freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good?
Glorious in the garb he wears;
Glorious in the spoils he bears.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in his might.
'Tis the Saviour; Oh, how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save;
Mighty to redeem the slave.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining ?

'Tis the blood of many slain.

Of his foes, there's none remaining !

None the contest to maintain ;

Fallen they are, no more to rise,

All their glory prostrate lies.

4 This the Saviour has effected,

By his mighty arm alone.

See the throne for him erected :

'Tis an everlasting throne.

'Tis the great reward he gains ;

Glorious fruit of all his pains.

5 Mighty Victor ! reign for ever :

Wear the crown so dearly won.

Never shall thy people, never

Cease to sing what thou hast done.

Thou hast fought thy people's foes :

Thou hast healed thy people's woes.

366. *"And he shall reign for ever and ever."*

Rev. xi. 15.

P. M.

1 LOOK, ye saints ! the sight is glorious :

See the Man of sorrows now,

From the fight returned victorious :

Every knee to him shall bow.

Crown him, crown him :

Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels ! crown him.

Rich the trophies Jesus brings.

In the seat of power enthrone him,

While the vault of heaven rings.

Crown him, crown him :

Crown the Saviour, King of kings !

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim.
 Saints and angels crowd around him,
 Own his title, praise his name.
 Crown him, crown him:
 Spread abroad the victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station:
 Oh, what joy the sight affords!
 Crown him, crown him,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

367. "*For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, . . . but into heaven itself.*" Heb. ix. 24. P. M.

1 THE atoning work is done,
 The victim's blood is shed;
 And Jesus now is gone
 His people's cause to plead:
 He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
 And bears their names upon his breast.

2 No temple made with hands,
 His place of service is:
 In heaven itself he stands,—
 A heavenly priesthood his:
 In him the shadows of the law
 Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

3 And though a while he be
 Hid from the eyes of men,
 His people look to see
 Their great High Priest again:
 In brightest glory he will come,
 And take his waiting people home.

368. "*When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed
from heaven with his mighty angels.*"
2 Thes. i. 7. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake;
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness he came;
A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.
- 3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow-wreath and robes of storm;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene,—the Crucified?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

369. "*The kingdoms of this world are become the
kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ.*"
Rev. xi. 15. L. M.

- 1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near:
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll:
How welcome to the faithful soul!

- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound:
See the Almighty Jesus crowned,
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his glorious throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own:
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout, all ye people of the sky,
And all ye saints of God Most High!
Jesus, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns!

370. "*Behold, he cometh with clouds.*" Rev. i. 7.
P. M.

- 1 LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall then behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded
Heaven and earth shall flee away.
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Make thy righteous sentence known!
 Oh come quickly,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!

371. "*And I saw a great white throne, and him
 that sat on it.*" Rev. xx. 11. P. M.

1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear?
 The end of things created!
 Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated!
 The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before!
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding;
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding:
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet him.

3 Great God! what do I see and hear?
 The end of things created!
 Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated!
 Low at his cross, I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet him.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

372. *"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."* Gen. i. 1. C. M. double.

LORD! when thou saidst, "So let it be,"
The heavens were spread and shone,
And this whole earth stood gloriously:
Thou spakest, it was done.
The whole creation still records
Until this very day,
That thou art God, the Lord of lords:
Thee all things must obey.

373. *"And the earth was without form and void."*
Gen. i. 2. C. M. double.

BY faith we know, the world was made
Formless at first and void:
We know, the universe decayed
Shall be by fire destroyed.
But soon the co-eternal Son
We shall in glory view;
Jehovah sitting on his throne,
Creating all things new.

374. *"And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold, it was very good."* Gen. i. 31.
C.M.

1 THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears:
His goodness in the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom planned:
'Twas he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

3 Lift to the arch of heaven your eye;
Thither his path pursue:
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

4 How excellent, O Lord, thy name,
In all creation's lines!
Spread through eternity, thy fame
With rising lustre shines.

5 These lower works that swell thy praise,
High as man's thought can tower,
Are but a portion of thy ways,
The hiding of thy power.

375. "*And on the seventh day God ended his work.*" Gen. ii. 2. C. M.

1 HOW bright a day was that which saw
Creation's work complete!
All nature owned her Maker's law,
And worshipped at his feet.

2 The world, arranged by power Divine,
In perfect order stood;
And, resting from his great design,
God saw that all was good.

3 Not such a Sabbath now appears,
For sin has ruined all:
No longer man with pleasure hears
A gracious Father's call.

4 Yet, Lord, bring back the reign of peace :
 Let brighter days begin ;
 And teach frail creatures how to cease
 From folly and from sin.

5 Again let sinners be made thine,
 Though once with vengeance cursed ;
 And let a second Sabbath shine
 As glorious as the first.

376. "*And the Lord came down to see the city
 and the tower.*" Gen. xi. 5. L. M.

1 WHEN men once more were multiplied,
 In language and in heart the same,
 "Come, let us build a tower," they cried,
 "To heaven, and get ourselves a name."

2 The Lord came down to see their boast,
 Troubled their speech, perplexed their hands,
 And drove the panic-smitten host
 From Shinar's plains to unknown lands.

3 A tower and temple more sublime,
 Whose top indeed to heaven shall reach,
 Is raised,—that men of every clime
 Again may have one heart, one speech.

4 As varying instruments accord
 To form the sweetest minstrelsy,
 All hearts as one may love the Lord,
 All tongues as one in praise agree.

5 Thus, till the head-stone be brought forth,
 To build that tower the saints unite,
 And to the work, from south to north,
 From east to west, all tribes invite.

6 Let old and young, while duty calls,
 Help to erect that house of prayer;
 Till God shall gather in its walls
 Earth's scattered sons, and bless them there.

377. *"Behold a ladder set up on the earth."*
 Gen. xxviii. 12. S. M. double

1 LET Jacob's favoured race
 Adore with grateful love,
 The Living Way of truth and grace
 That leads to joys above.
 The cross on earth is fixed:
 Its top, the heaven conceals:
 Sinners and God it stands betwixt,
 And God to man reveals.

2 In duteous ministry,
 Angels, since time began,
 Ascending and descending, see,
 Upon the Son of Man!
 The ministerial host
 Their heavenly Lord attend;
 And us who in his mercy trust,
 He bids his guards defend.

3 Redeemer of mankind!
 Who on thy name rely,
 A constant intercourse shall find
 Opened 'twixt earth and sky.
 Our way in thee we trace,
 And through thy name forgiven,
 From step to step, from grace to grace,
 By thee we climb to heaven.

378. "*I am the God of Bethel.*" Gen. xxxi. 13.
C. M.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.
- 2 Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before thy throne of grace.
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide :
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

379. "*Unto him shall the gathering of the people
be.*" Gen. xlix. 10. S. M. double.

CENTRE of unity,
Our precious Corner-stone !
Collect thy people into thee,
And perfect them in one.
Break down the wall between,
Even as thou hast foretold ;
And all the wandering sheep bring in,
And make us all one fold.

380. "*It is the sacrifice of the Lord's passover.*
Exod. xii. 27. P. M.

- 1 CHRIST our Passover is slain
To set his people free;
Free from sin's Egyptian chain,
And Pharaoh's tyranny.
Lord, that we may now depart,
And truly serve our pardoning God,
Sprinkle every house and heart
With thine atoning blood.
- 2 Let the angel of the Lord
His awful charge fulfil;
Let his pestilential sword
The first-born victims kill;
Safe in snares and deaths we dwell,
Protected by that crimson sign,
From the rage of earth and hell,
And from the wrath divine.
- 3 Wilt thou not a difference make
Betwixt thy friend and foe,
Vengeance on the Egyptians take,
And grace to Israel show?
Knowest thou not, most righteous God,
We on the paschal Lamb rely?
See us covered with the blood,
And pass thy people by.

381. "*And Aaron shall bear the names of the children
of Israel in the breastplate of judgment upon
his heart.*" Exodus xxviii. 29. C. M.

- 1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-priest above;
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.

- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train
With matchless honours crowned;
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

382. "*Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound.*" Lev. xxv. 9. P. M.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb:
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

3 Ye who have sold for naught
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love.
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blessed in Jesus live.
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

5 The gospel-trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace.
 Ye happy souls, draw near.
 Behold your Saviour's face.
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made.
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mourning souls, be glad!
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

383. *"In the year of this jubilee, ye shall return
 every man unto his possession."* Lev.
 xxv. 13. P. M.

1 FAIR shines the morning-star!
 The silver trumpets sound,
 Their notes re-echoing far,
 While dawns the day around!
 Joy to the slave! the slave is free!
 It is the year of Jubilee.

- 2 Prisoners of hope, in gloom
And silence left to die!
With Christ's unfolding tomb
Your portals open fly:
Rise with your Lord; he sets you free:
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 3 Ye who have sold for naught
The land your fathers won,
Behold how God hath wrought
Redemption through his Son.
Your heritage again is free:
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 4 Ye who yourselves have sold
For debts to justice due,
Ransomed, but not with gold,
He gave himself for you!
The blood of Christ hath made you free:
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 5 Captives of sin and shame,
O'er earth and ocean, hear
An angel's voice proclaim
The Lord's accepted year.
Let Jacob rise, be Israel free:
It is the year of Jubilee.

384. *"He shall serve thee unto the year of Jubilee,
and then shall he depart from thee."*
Levit. xxv. 40. 41. L. M.

- 1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round.
Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet ye fall,
Your gracious Lord forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves, who have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 Oh happy souls that know the sound !
God's light shall all their steps surround ;
And shew that Jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run.

385. "*Would God that all the Lord's people
were prophets !*" Numb. xi. 29. C. M.

- 1 SHALL we the Spirit's course restrain,
Or quench the heavenly fire ?
Let God his messengers ordain,
And whom he will, inspire.
- 2 Blow as he list, the Spirit's choice
Of instruments we bless ;
And will, if Christ be preached, rejoice,
And wish the word success.
- 3 Oh that the church might all receive
The Spirit from on high ;
And all in Christ accepted live,
In him accepted die !

386. "*The cloud covered it by day, and the
appearance of fire by night.*"
Numb. ix. 16. S. M. double.

- 1 WHERE is the Hebrews' God,
Who kept them night and day ?
Where is the heavenly fire and cloud,
Which shewed thy church their way ?

No symbol visible
 We of thy presence find;
 Yet all who would obey thy will,
 Shall know their Father's mind.

- 2 Father! thou still dost lead
 The children of thy grace,
 The chosen and believing seed,
 Throughout this wilderness:
 Our chart thy written word,
 Thy Spirit is our guide;
 And Christ, the glory of the Lord,
 Doth in our hearts reside.

387. "*Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people!*" Deut. xxxiii. 29. L.M.

- 1 O ISRAEL, blessed beyond compare!
 Unrivalled all thy glories are.
 Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,
 And calls thine interest his own.
- 2 He is thy Saviour, he thy Lord:
 His shield is thine, and thine his sword:
 Review in extacy of thought
 The grand redemption he has wrought.
- 3 From Satan's yoke he sets thee free;
 Opens thy passage through the sea;
 He through the desert is thy guide,
 And heaven for Canaan will provide.
- 4 Not Jacob's sons of old could boast
 Such favours to their chosen host:
 Their glories, which through ages shine,
 Are but dim shades and types of thine.

5 Celestial Spirit, teach our tongue
 Sublimier strains than Moses sung;
 Proportioned to the sweeter name
 Of God the Saviour and the Lamb.

388. "*Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance.*" Deut. xii. 9. C. M.

1 OH, say not, think not in thy heart,
 I here will take my rest.
 Remember, thou a pilgrim art
 A sojourner confessed.

2 Think of thy dwelling as a tent.
 Thy business is—advance.
 But foes on robbing thee are bent,
 Of thine inheritance.

3 Remember, then, thy heavenly birth:
 Despise the worldling's frown;
 Nor let this meretricious earth
 Beguile thee of thy crown.

4 Yield not to dull and slumbrous ease,
 The prize, thy life, at stake.
 Repose is danger; sleep, disease;
 And few that slumber wake.

5 'Tis immortality we seek,—
 A free, yet rich reward.
 But sin is strong, and flesh is weak:
 Increase our faith, O Lord!

389. "*The Lord answered him not; neither by dreams nor by Urim, nor by prophets.*"
 1 Sam. xxviii. 6. L. M.

1 O GOD, who didst thy will unfold
 In wondrous modes to saints of old,

By dream, by oracle, or seer:
Wilt thou not still thy people hear?

2 What though no answering voice is heard;
Thine oracles, the written word,
Counsel and guidance still impart,
Responsive to the upright heart.

3 What though no more by dreams is shown,
That future things to God are known;
Enough the promises reveal:
Wisdom and love the rest conceal.

4 Faith asks no signal from the skies,
To show that prayers accepted rise:
Our Priest is in the holy place,
And answers from the throne of grace.

5 No need of prophets to inquire:
The sun is risen; the stars retire.
The Comforter is come, and sheds
His holy unction on our heads.

6 Lord! with this grace our hearts inspire;
Answer our sacrifice by fire;
And by thy mighty acts declare,
Thou art the God who heareth prayer.

390. "*The Lord was entreated for the land, and
the plague was stayed.*" 2 Sam. xxiv. 25.
C. M.

1 LET the land mourn through all its coasts,
The king lay by his state,
Princes and rulers at their posts
Awhile sit desolate.

2 Let priests and people, high and low,
Rich and poor, great and small,
Invoke, in fellowship of wo,
The Maker of them all.

3 For God hath summoned from his place
 Death in a direr form,
 To waken, warn, and scourge our race,
 Than earthquake, fire, or storm.

4 Let churches weep within their pale,
 And families apart:
 Let each in secrecy bewail
 The plague of his own heart.

5 So, while the land bemoans its sin,
 The pestilence may cease;
 And mercy, tempering wrath, bring in
 God's saving health and peace.

391. *"Give me now wisdom and knowledge."*
 2 Chron. i. 10. L. M.

1 I ASK not wealth, nor pomp, nor power,
 Nor the vain pleasures of an hour:
 My soul aspires to nobler things
 Than all the pride and state of kings.

2 One thing I ask; and wilt thou hear,
 And grant my soul a gift so dear?
 Wisdom descending from above,
 The sweetest token of thy love.

3 Wisdom betimes to know the Lord;
 To fear his name, and keep his word;
 To lead my feet in paths of truth,
 And guide and guard my wandering youth.

4 Then, shouldst thou grant a length of days,
 My life shall still proclaim thy praise;
 Or early death my soul convey
 To realms of everlasting day.

392. "*Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart.*" 1 Kings iii. 9. C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift,
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow:
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honours, which an hour
May bring and take away:
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom:—Lord! impart
The knowledge how to live:
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

5 For we, as children, born in sin,
Know not till thou hast taught,
How to go out, or how come in,
By word, or deed, or thought.

6 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days!
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways!

393. "*Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
and when thou hearest, forgive.*" 1 Kings
viii. 30. C. M.

! FATHER of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live!
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.

2 When, bound with sins and trespasses,
From wrath we fain would flee,
Lord, cancel our unrighteousness,
And set the captives free.

3 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
Oh give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 When dire temptations gather round,
Or threaten, or allure,
By storm or calm, may we be found
In thee our refuge sure.

5 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love;
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.

6 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be thou the portion of our heart:
In thee may we have peace.

7 When flames the elements destroy,
And worlds in judgment stand,
May we lift up our heads with joy,
And meet at thy right hand.

394. "*The Lord our God be with us, as he was
with our fathers.*" 1 Kings viii. 57. L. M.

1 WITH wandering Jacob, let us say,
"If God will keep me by the way,
Guide and defend me, clothe and feed,
Then God shall be my God indeed."

- 2 With him who led the ransomed flock
Through the Red Sea to Sinai's rock,
Be this our one supreme request,
"Thy presence with us go or rest."
- 3 Join we God's people in our youth,
Quit the vain world, like humble Ruth,
With them resolved our lot to try,
Rejoice or suffer, live and die.
- 4 Like Joshua, through this war of life,
Victor in many a deadly strife,
May each this solemn pledge record,
"I and my house will serve the Lord."
- 5 When prayers and vows to heaven we make,
The words of Solomon we'll take;
Freely for every blessing call,
Yet ask forgiveness with them all.
- 6 And now, O Lord our God, to thee
The sum of our petitions be
The language of thy blessed Son,
"Father, thy will, not mine be done."

395. *"Stand up and bless the Lord your God
for ever and ever."* Neh. ix. 5.
C. M. double.

- 1 O GOD, at thy command we rise,
Thy gracious name to bless:
Thee, the great Lord of earth and skies,
We joyfully confess.
Our joy is now to sing of thee,
To triumph in thy love;
And this, transporting thought! shall be
Our endless work above.

- 2 Thou, even thou, art God alone.
Those countless worlds of thine,
Those heavens and heavenly spirits own,
Our Maker is divine.
The earth thou hast thy footstool made,
Great universal Lord;
And all things are in being stayed
By thy preserving word.

396. "*The eye of him that hath seen me, shall see me no more.*" Job vii. 8. L. M.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of life, before thine eye,
Lo, mortal men by thousands die!
One glance from thee at once brings down
The proudest brow that wears a crown.
- 2 Banished at once from human sight,
To the dark grave's unchanging night,
Imprisoned in that dusty bed,
We hide our solitary head.
- 3 The friendly band no more shall greet,
Accents familiar once, and sweet;
No more the well-known features trace;
No more renew the fond embrace.
- 4 Yet, if my Father's faithful hand
Conduct me through this gloomy land,
My soul with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where he leads the way.
- 5 He, nobler friends than here I leave,
In brighter, surer worlds can give;
Or, by the beamings of his eye,
A lost creation well supply.

397. *"I know that my Redeemer liveth."*
Job xix. 25. L. M.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;
He lives, and on the earth shall stand ;
And though to worms my flesh he gives
My dust lies numbered in his hand.
- 2 In this re-animated clay,
I surely shall behold him near ;
Shall see him, in the latter day,
In all his majesty appear.
- 3 I feel what then shall raise me up ;
The eternal Spirit lives in me.
This is my confidence of hope,
That God I face to face shall see.
- 4 Mine own, and not another's eyes,
The King shall in his beauty view.
I shall from him receive the prize,
The starry crown to victors due.

398. *"The heavens declare the glory of God."*
Psalm xix. 1—4. L. M. double.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

- 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine!"

399.

"Day unto day uttereth speech."

Psalm xix.

P. M.

- 1 THE heavens declare his glory,
Their Maker's skill the skies:
Each day repeats the story,
And night to night replies.
Their silent proclamation
Throughout the earth is heard;
The record of creation,
The page of nature's word.
- 2 There, from his bright pavilion,
Like eastern bridegroom clad,
Hailed by earth's thousand million,
The sun sets forth: right glad,
His glorious race commencing,
The mighty giant seems;
Through the vast round dispen sing
His all-pervading beams.

3 So pure, so soul-restoring,
Is truth's diviner ray;
A brighter radiance pouring
Than all the pomp of day:
The wanderer surely guiding,
It makes the simple wise;
And, evermore abiding,
Unfailing joy supplies.

4 Thy word is richer treasure
Than lurks within the mine;
And daintiest fare less pleasure
Yields, than this food divine.
How wise each kind monition!
Led by thy counsels, Lord,
How safe the saints' condition,
How great is their reward!

5 But past transgressions pain me.
Lord! cleanse my heart within;
And evermore restrain me
From all presumptuous sin.
So let my whole behaviour,
Thoughts, words, and actions be,
O God, my strength and Saviour,
Acceptable to thee.

400. "*The Lord is my Shepherd.*" Ps. xxiii. 1—4.
8's.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned;
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still.
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

401. *"Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.*
Psalms xxiii. P. M.

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
And he my soul will keep.
He knoweth who are his,
And watcheth o'er his sheep.
Away with every anxious fear:
I cannot want while he is near.
- 2 His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed:
Where the still waters glide
Along the quiet mead,
He leads my feet; and, when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.

3 He leads, himself, the way
 His faithful flock should take.
 Them who his voice obey,
 His love will ne'er forsake ;
 For he has pledged his holy name ;—
 He who for ever is the same.

4 Let me but feel him near,
 Death's gloomy pass in view,
 I'll walk without a fear
 The shadowy valley through.
 With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
 Will guide my steps, and guard me there.

5 Still is my table spread ;
 My foes stand silent by.
 I feed on living bread ;
 My cruse is never dry :
 And surely love and mercy will
 Attend me on my journey still.

6 Still hope and grateful praise
 Shall form my constant song ;
 Shall cheer my gloomiest days,
 And tune my dying tongue :
 Until my ransomed soul shall rise,
 To praise him better in the skies.

402. *"I will bless the Lord at all times."*
 Psalm xxxiv. 8's & 6's.

1 FOR ever will I bless the Lord,
 Nor cease his praise to speak.
 My song his goodness shall record,
 That the oppressed and weak
 May trust in him, who will reward
 The humble and the meek.

2 Oh! magnify the Lord with me:
Come, join his name to bless.
To him did I in trouble flee:
He saved me from distress.
Oh, let him then your refuge be,
Nor shall you fail success.

3 He is a God who heareth prayer:
He raised me from the dust.
His angel-bands keep station where
Dangers would harm the just:
Then try his love, and trust his care:
Blessed are they who trust.

4 Oh fear the Lord, ye saints of his;
Make him your trust and dread:
Then cast off every care but this;
For he will give you bread.
The famished beast its prey may miss;
His children shall be fed.

5 Ye who would length of days attain,
And have your joy increase,
Let truth your guarded lips restrain;
From guile and falsehood cease;
From malice and revenge refrain,
And follow after peace.

6 God on his saints looks watchful down:
His ear attends their cry.
The wicked sink beneath his frown:
Their very name shall die;
But he at length the just will crown
With joy and victory.

7 The broken heart his grace shall heal;
 His hand the contrite raise.
 Many the woes the righteous feel;
 Yet still, in all their ways,
 Kept by his power, they bear the seal
 Of his redeeming grace.

8 Evil shall be its own reward,
 And just the sinner's fate.
 But thou our ransom didst afford:
 Thy mercy, Lord, we wait.
 And none who wait upon the Lord,
 Shall e'er be desolate.

403. *"God is our refuge and strength."*
 Psalm xlv. 1—5. P. M.

1 GOD is our refuge ever near,
 Our help in tribulation:
 Therefore his people shall not fear,
 Amid a wrecked creation.
 Though mountains from their base be hurled,
 And ocean shake the solid world,
 The Lord is our salvation.

2 The stream that flows from Sion's hill,
 Shall yet, serenely gliding,
 With joy the holy city fill,
 His presence there abiding.
 The Lord, her glory and defence,
 Will guard his chosen residence,
 His timely aid providing.

404. *"There is a river, the streams whereof shall
 make glad the city of God."* Ps. xlv. 4—5.
 P. M.

1 FROM the throne of God there springs
 A pure, a crystal stream:
 Life, and peace, and joy it brings
 To his Jerusalem.

Rivers of refreshing grace
Through the sacred city flow,
Watering all the hallowed place
Where God resides below.

- 2 God most merciful, most high,
Doth in his Sion dwell:
Kept by him, her towers defy
The strength of earth and hell.
Guardian of the chosen race,
Jesus doth his church defend;
Saves them by his timely grace,
And saves them to the end.

405. *"The God of Jacob is our refuge.*
 Psalm xlv. 1—7. C. M.

- 1 GOD is our refuge, tried and proved,
Amid a stormy world:
We will not fear though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurled.
- 2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake;
Our comforts shall not cease.
The Lord his saints will not forsake:
The Lord will give us peace.
- 3 A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow:
It issues from his throne above;
It cheers his church below.
- 4 When earth and hell against us came,
He spake and quelled their powers.
The Lord of Hosts is still the same:
The God of grace is ours.

406. "*His name shall endure for ever...all nations shall call him blessed.*" Psalm lxxii. 7's & 6's.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing:

For he shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

5 For him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,—
 A kingdom without end.
 The mountain-dew shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest;
 From age to age more glorious,
 All blessing and all blest.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove:
 His name shall stand for ever;
 His great, best name of love!

407. "*Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.*" Psalm lxxxvii. 3. 8's & 7's.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God!
 He whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for his own abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God.

'Tis his love his people raises
 Over self to reign as kings;
 And as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I, through grace, a member am;
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name.
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show:
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

408. "*Seek the Lord, and his strength : seek his
 face evermore.*" Psalm cv. 4. 7's.

1 OH give thanks unto the Lord :
 All his wondrous deeds proclaim.
 Every tongue his praise record :
 Every heart adore his name.

2 Seek the Lord, his grace implore ;
 On his love your trust repose.
 Seek his presence evermore :
 There lay down your cares and woes.

3 Ye that make the Lord your choice,
 Call to mind his works of love ;
 Tell his wonders, and rejoice
 In your King who reigns above.

4 Thou, O Lord, art true and just ;
 Thou wilt crown with sure success
 All the waiting souls that trust
 In thy love and faithfulness.

409. "*Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.*"
 Psalm cxix. 105. C. M.

- 1 HOW precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given!
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears:
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way;
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

410. "*The entrance of thy words giveth light.*"
 Psalm cxix. 130. C. M.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight:
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic, like the sun:
 It gives a light to every age;
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it, still supplies
 The gracious light and heat.
 His truths upon the nations rise:
 They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

411. "*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from
whence cometh my help.*" Psalm cxxi.
P. M.

1 TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Thence I draw Divine supplies;
My soul new vigour fills:
Faithful is his promised word;
Help, while yet I ask, is given;
Given by him, the sovereign Lord,
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 Not the powers of earth or hell
Thy Guardian can surprise:
Careless slumber cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes.
He is Israel's sure defence;
Israel all his care shall prove;
Kept by watchful providence
And ever-waking love.

3 Thee, on evil's scorching day,
The sun shall never smite;
Thee, the moon's malignant ray
Shall never blast by night.
Safe from known or secret foes,
Free from sin and Satan's thrall,
God, when flesh, earth, hell oppose
Shall keep thee safe from all.

412. "*Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.*" Psalm cxxii. 2. 8's & 6's.

- 1 THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.
- 2 What joy while thus I view the day,
That warns my thirsting soul away!
What transports fill my breast!
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest!
- 3 E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise:
E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
The angelic forms, an awful train,
And shine with cloudless day.
- 4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring:
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the Immortal King.

413. "*I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.*" Psalm cxxii. S. M.

- 1 GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come, in the house of God appear,
For 'tis a holy day.

- 2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple-door;
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.
- 3 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.
- 4 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God.
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode!
- 5 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found:
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!
- 6 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease.
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

414. *"I love the Lord, because he hath heard my
voice and my supplications."* Psalm
cxvi. C. M.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord! he lent an ear
When I for help implored:
He rescued me from all my fear;
Therefore I love the Lord.
- 2 Return, my soul, unto thy rest:
From God no longer roam.
His hand hath bountifully blest,
His goodness called thee home.

3 What shall I render unto thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless?

4 This will I do, for thy love's sake,
And thus thy power proclaim:
The sacramental cup I take,
And call upon thy name.

5 Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear and record my vow,
While in thy courts I seek thy face,
And at thine altar bow:—

6 Henceforth to thee myself I give,
With single heart and eye,
To walk before thee while I live,
And bless thee when I die.

415. "*As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people.*" Psalm cxxv. 2. 8. 7. 4.

1 ZION stands with hills surrounded;
Zion, kept by power divine.
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion!
What a favoured lot is thine.

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 If thy God should shew displeasure,
 'Tis to save and not destroy.
 If he punish, 'tis in measure;
 'Tis to rid thee of alloy.

Be thou patient:
 Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.

4 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
 But can never cease to love thee:
 Thou art precious in his sight.
 God is with thee,
 God, thine everlasting light.

416. *"They that trust in the Lord shall be as
 Mount Zion, which cannot be removed."*
 Psalm cxxv. 1. S. M. double.

1 WHO in the Lord confide,
 And feel his sprinkled blood,
 In storms and hurricanes abide
 Firm as the mount of God.
 Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
 His Sion cannot move:
 His faithful people stand secure,
 Fenced by his guardian love.

2 As round Jerusalem
 The hilly bulwarks rise,
 So God protects and covers them
 From all their enemies.
 On every side he stands,
 And for his Israel cares;
 And safe in his Almighty hands
 Their souls for ever bears.

- 3 But let them still abide
In thee, all gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctified
And perfectly restored.
The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend;
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

417. "*We wept, when we remembered Zion.*"
Psalm cxxxvii. 1. L. M.

- 1 O ZION, when I think on thee,
I wish for pinions like the dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.
- 2 A captive here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh:
Thither the ransomed nations come,
And see the Saviour eye to eye.
- 3 While here, I walk on hostile ground
The few that I can call my friends,
Are, like myself, with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.
- 4 But we shall yet behold the day,
When Zion's children shall return:
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.
- 5 The hope that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

418. "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old." Prov. viii. 22. 7's & 6's.

1 ERE God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills;
Before he filled the fountains
That feed the running rills;
In me, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting;
And Wisdom is my name.

2 When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood;
He wrought by weight and measure;
And I was with him then:
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And mine, the sons of men.

3 Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
Of our unworthy race!
Thy gracious eye surveyed us,
Ere stars were seen above.
In wisdom thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

4 And couldst thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,—
Who, when we saw thee, slighted,
And nailed thee to a tree?

Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine!
The voice that speaks in thunder,
Says, "Sinner, I am thine!"

419. "*And the ransomed of the Lord shall return,
and come to Zion with songs.*" Isaiah
xxxv. 10. C. M.

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord;
Your great Deliverer sing.
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath made,
How peaceful and how plain:
The simplest traveller shall not err,
Nor seek the road in vain.
- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound:
Safety, support, and heavenly joy,
Through all the way are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Along the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount ye rise,
And city of your God.
- 5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While pain, and sorrow, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.
- 6 Proceed in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eyes,
While you ascend the hill.

420. "*Prepare ye the way of the Lord.*" Isa. xl. 3.
P. M.

- 1 LO! He comes! Let all adore him:
'Tis the God of grace and truth.
Haste! prepare the way before him;
Make the rugged places smooth.
Lo! He comes! the mighty Lord!
Great his work, and his reward!
- 2 Let the valleys all be raised:
Haste! and make the crooked straight.
Let the mountains be abased;
Let all nature change its state.
Through the desert make a road:
Make a highway for our God.
- 3 Through the desert God is going,
Through the desert waste and wild;
Where no goodly plant is growing,
Where no verdure ever smiled:
But the desert shall be glad,
And with verdure soon be clad.
- 4 Where the thorn and brier flourished,
Trees shall there be seen to grow;
Planted by the Lord, and nourished,
Stately, fair, and fruitful too:
See! they rise on every side:
See! they spread their branches wide.
- 5 From the hills and lofty mountains,
Rivers shall be seen to flow.
There the Lord will open fountains;
Thence supply the plains below.
As he passes, every land
Shall confess his powerful hand.

421. "*Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?*" Isaiah lv. 2. C.M.

- 1 WHY buy we that which is not bread?
Why hoard what is not gain?
Why seek for life among the dead,
For joy where sorrows reign?
- 2 O Saviour, grant that we may find
In thee substantial food;
Leave the world's empty joys behind,
And aim at real good.
- 3 Be thou our wealth; for, having thee,
What can we want besides?
Be thou our joy; for pain must flee
Where'er our Lord abides.
- 4 Be thou our life; for thou canst save
From sin's appointed doom;
And bear us through the gloomy grave,
Safe to a peaceful home.

422. "*Thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise.*" Isaiah lx. 18. 8's & 7's.

- 1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
"O my people, faint and few!
Comfortless, afflicted, broken!
Fair abodes I build for you.
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways:
You shall name your walls, Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise."
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow:
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.

Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign :
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

- 3 Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night:
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

423. "*Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me,
My Father?*" Jer. iii. 4. L. M.

- 1 DOES God, the sovereign Lord of all,
The sons of men his children call;
And, with a Father's tender heart,
Offer his blessings to impart?
- 2 Does he invite them to his throne,
To make their father's God their own,
To seek his aid, and share his love,
While here and in the world above?
- 3 From this time wilt thou not, my son,
Haste to thy heavenly Father's throne,
And there, in every fear and strait,
For his support and counsel wait?
- 4 Yes, Lord, our inmost souls rejoice
To hear our Father's gracious voice;
And to thy care our all commend,
To be our guide till life shall end.

5 While young or old, through life or death,
 Thy praises shall employ our breath;
 And we for ever shall proclaim
 Our Father's and our Saviour's name.

424. "*Although the fig-tree shall not blossom,
 . . . yet I will rejoice in the Lord.*
 Hab. iii. 17, 18. L. M. double.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
 Fear shall in me no more take place.
 My Saviour doth not yet appear:
 He hides the brightness of his face:
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield?
 No; in the strength of Jesus, no:
 I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
 Although the olive yield no oil,
 The withering fig-tree droop and die,
 The field elude the tiller's toil;—
 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race;—
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.

425. "*And he shall bring forth the head-stone
 thereof with shoutings.*" Zech. iv. 7. 148th.

1 SING to the Lord above,
 Who deigns on earth to raise
 A temple to his love,
 A monument of praise:
 Ye saints around, through all its frame,
 Harmonious sound the Builder's name.

2 Beneath his eye and care,
 The edifice shall rise
 Majestic, strong, and fair,
 And shine above the skies.
 There he the polished stone shall place,
 Ordained to crown the work of grace.

426. "*A fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness.*" Zech. xiii. 1. P. M.

- 1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
 Sinners, ruined by the fall!
 Here a pure and healing fountain
 Flows to you, to me, to all,
 In a full, perpetual tide,
 Opened when our Saviour died.
- 2 Come, in poverty and meanness;
 Come, defiled without, within;
 From infection and uncleanness,
 From the leprosy of sin,
 Wash your robes and make them white:
 Ye shall walk with God in light.
- 3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
 Wounded, impotent, and blind!
 Here the guilty, free remission,
 Here the troubled peace may find.
 Health this fountain will restore.
 He that drinks shall thirst no more:—
- 4 He that drinks shall live for ever;
 'Tis a soul-renewing flood.
 God is faithful; God will never
 Break his covenant in blood,
 Signed when our Redeemer died,
 Sealed when he was glorified.

NEW TESTAMENT SUBJECTS.

427. *"I am not come to call the righteous, but
sinners to repentance."* Matt. ix. 13.
8.7.4.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power.
He is able;
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come, and welcome!
God's free bounty glorify.
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies.
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finished!
Finished, the great sacrifice!

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood.
Venture on him, venture wholly:
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels joined in concert
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

428. *"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are
heavy laden, and I will give you rest."*
Matt. xi. 28. 7's & 6's.

1 OH comfort to the dreary!
Oh joy to the oppressed!
Come unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.
Oh, come in all your weakness,
Ye sons of guilt and wo:
And learn of Him with meekness,
Who stooped for us so low.

- 2 Ye slaves of servile error,
Wearied with fruitless pains,
Whose faith is doubt and terror,
Believe, and lose your chains.
Renounce the superstition
To Christ's light yoke preferred;
And turn from vain tradition
To his redeeming word.
- 3 Ye who, in hall and college,
Have vainly toiled to find
The satisfying knowledge
That heals the aching mind;
By ceaseless doubts molested,
Or lost in vain surmise;
Come, of your pride divested,
And Christ will make you wise.
- 4 Ye who the world have courted,
And suffered from its spite;
Ye who with sin have sported,
And felt its serpent-bite;
Come learn, your follies quitting,
That this world's gain is loss;
To his mild rule submitting,
Who bare for you the cross.
- 5 Oh come, and make the trial:
His service is release.
If hard the self-denial,
Its fruit is joy and peace.
His grace, your souls defending,
Shall nerve you for the strife:
Peace all your steps attending;
The prize, immortal life.

429. "At midnight there was a cry made, Behold,
the Bridegroom cometh." Matt. xxv. 6.
148th.

- 1 YE waiting souls, arise!
With all the dead, awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Up-starting at the midnight cry,
Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh.
- 2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
Who meet for glory are.
Make ready for your full reward:
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
- 3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend:
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend.
The pure in heart obtain the grace,
To see without a veil his face.
- 4 Rejoice, in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne;
Called to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.
- 5 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound:
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found;
Enrobed in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine!

430. "*With men it is impossible, but not with God.*" Mark x. 27. C. M.

- 1 OH, how shall feeble flesh and blood
 Burst through the bonds of sin?
The holy kingdom of our God,
 What man shall enter in?
- 2 Despising all that worldlings love,
 By which the soul's enslaved,
Forsaking all for things above,—
 Oh, who can thus be saved?
- 3 He who made all things, He who said,
 Let there be light, can give
This saving strength, can raise the dead,
 And bid the sinner live.
- 4 And will not he who ransomed man,
 A Saviour's work fulfil?
Almighty is his power: he can.
 Boundless his love: he will.
- 5 His word, his Spirit, all ensures
 To them who trust his love.
Here, saints, shall victory be yours,
 And crowns of joy above.

431. "*What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?*" Mark iv. 41. P. M.

- 1 "WHO is this that calms the ocean?"
 Thus they cried, who were on board,
When they saw the wild commotion
 Cease, as Jesus spoke the word.
When the sudden calm they saw,
 Wonder filled their minds, and awe.

4 Welcome to the cleansing fount,
Springing from the sacred mount;
Welcome to the feast divine,
Bread of life, and living wine.

5 All ye weary and distressed!
Welcome to relief and rest.
All is ready: hear the call.
There is ample room for all.

6 None can come that shall not find,
Mercy called whom grace inclined;
Nor shall any willing heart
Hear the bitter word, Depart.

7 Oh the virtue of that price,
That redeeming sacrifice!
Come, ye bought, but not with gold:
Welcome to the sacred fold!

433. "*The disciple is not above his master.*"
Luke vi. 40. P. M.

1 AS much have I of worldly good
As e'er my Master had:
I diet on as dainty food,
And am as richly clad,
Though plain my garb, though scant my board,
As Mary's Son, and nature's Lord.

2 The manger was his infant-bed;
His home, the mountain-cave.
He had not where to lay his head;
He borrowed e'en his grave.
Earth yielded him no resting-spot,—
Her Maker, but she knew him not.

3 As much the world's good-will I share,
 Its favour and applause,
 As He whose blessed name I bear,—
 Hated without a cause;
 Despised, rejected, mocked by pride,
 Betrayed, forsaken, crucified.

4 Why should I court my master's foe?
 Why should I fear its frown?
 Why should I seek for rest below,
 Or sigh for brief renown?—
 A pilgrim to a better land,
 An heir of joys at God's right hand.

434. *"Like unto men that wait for their lord."*
 Luke xii. 36. S. M.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait,
 Observant of his heavenly word,
 And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame.
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
 For awful is His name.

3 Watch;—'tis your Lord's command;
 And while we speak, he's near.
 Mark the first signal of his hand,
 And ready all appear.

4 Oh happy servant he,
 In such a posture found!
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honour crowned.

- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own Royal hand,
And raise that favourite servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

435. "*Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall
give him, shall never thirst.*" John iv. 14.
112th.

1 JESUS, the gift divine I know:
That gift divine I ask of thee.
The living water now bestow,
Thy Spirit and thyself on me.
Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art:
Abide for ever in my heart.

2 Then let me drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness.
Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure, perennial peace;
In joy that none can take away,
In life that never can decay.

436. "*Will ye also go away?*" John vi. 67. C. M.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord, with such a heart as mine
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel, I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me.
To whom or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured
Thou art the Christ of God,
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels joined
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart:
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

7 What anguish has that question stirred,
"If I will also go?"
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No.

437. "*Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.*" John vi. 68. L.M.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither should I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and wo
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart:
On these my fainting spirit lives.
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than the whole round of nature gives.

4 Thy name my inmost powers adore :
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care.
 Depart from thee!—tis death;—'tis more ;
 'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie :
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine.
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life, eternal life is thine.

438. *"If any man thirst, let him come unto me
 and drink."* John vii. 37. C. M.

1 THE Saviour calls; let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound.
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear :
 Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow;
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,
 To banish mortal wo.

3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice :
 The gracious call obey.
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
 And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink, and never die.

439. *"He beheld the city, and wept over it."*
 Luke xix. 41. S. M.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep:
Each sin demands a tear.
In heaven alone no sin is found,
No weeping shall be there.

440.

"We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." Acts xiv.
S. M.

1 AS strangers here below,
With various woes oppressed,
We must through tribulation go
To our eternal rest.

2 Thus Christ, our glorious Head,
Ascended to his throne:
Why should his saints refuse to tread
The way their Lord has gone?

3 The path to glory lies
Through conflict and distress:
But joyful we at length shall rise,
The kingdom to possess.

441.

"So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." Rom. ix. 16. L. M.

1 NOT unto us, but to thy grace,
Great Father of eternal love,
Belongs the everlasting praise,
That sinners hope to dwell above.

- 2 Jehovah, sovereign, just, and wise,
Laid the foundation of our peace;
Before he built the lofty skies,
Or formed the earth, or filled the seas.
- 3 Before his all-creating voice
Adorned the sun and moon with light,
Or bade the hosts of heaven rejoice,
His saints were precious in his sight.
- 4 He fixed his people's future lot
When first he drew creation's plan,
Rejoicing in each favoured spot,
Where he would dwell with fallen man.
- 5 No claim had we who now enjoy
The smiles of our redeeming God;
He only knows who chose us, why
Our hearts are his divine abode.
- 6 How free, how glorious is the grace,
How wonderful the sovereign love!
Which chose our souls, our time, our place,
And from that choice will ne'er remove.

442. *"Ye do show the Lord's death till he come."*
1 Cor. xi. 26. 7's.

- 1 EIGHTEEN centuries have fled
Since our Saviour broke the bread,
And this sacred feast ordained,
Ever by his church retained.
Those his body who discern,
Thus shall meet till his return.
- 2 Through the church's long eclipse,
When, from priest or pastor's lips,
Truth divine was never heard,—
'Mid the famine of the word,
Still these symbols witness gave
To his love who died to save.

3 All who bear the Saviour's name,
Here their common faith proclaim.
Though diverse in tongue or rite,
Here, one body we unite;
Breaking thus one mystic bread,
Members of one common head.

4 Come, the blessed emblems share,
Which the Saviour's death declare.
Come, on truth immortal feed;
For his flesh is meat indeed.
Saviour! witness with the sign,
That our ransomed souls are thine.

443. "*By grace are ye saved.*" Eph. ii. 8. S. M.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

444. "*One body, and one spirit.*" Eph. iv. 4.

C. M.

1 FOLLOWERS of Christ, of every name,
To him by faith allied;
Brethren, admit a brother's claim:
For me, too, Jesus died.

2 'Tis the same human blood that warms
Our veins, whate'er our hue:
'Tis the same blessed Spirit forms
These rebel-hearts anew.

3 "Is Christ divided?" What can part
The members from the Head?
Oh, how should those be one in heart,
For whom one Saviour bled!

4 Bound to one Lord, by common vow,
In one great enterprise;—
One faith, one hope, one centre now,
Our common home the skies;—

5 Oh, let us undivided be:
Let party contests cease:
Nor break the Spirit's unity,
Nor burst the bond of peace.

6 Then shall the wondering world again
Admire how Christians love,
And know we do not bear in vain
His name who pleads above.

445. "*We wrestle not against flesh and blood,
but . . . against the rulers of the darkness
of this world.*" Eph. vi. 10-18. L. M.

1 THE Christian warrior,—see him stand
In the whole armour of his God:
The Spirit's sword is in his hand;
His feet are with the gospel shod.

- 2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.
- 3 He wrestles not with flesh and blood,
But principalities and powers,
Rulers of darkness, like a flood,
Nigh, and assailing at all hours.
- 4 Nor Satan's fiery darts alone,
Quenched on his shield, at him are hurled;
The traitor in his heart is known,
And the dire friendship of the world.
- 5 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valour there,
Unless, to foil his legion-foes,
The trustiest weapon were "all-prayer."
- 6 With this, Omnipotence he moves;
From this, the alien armies flee;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ, who gives him victory.
- 7 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell he tramples down;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

446. *"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."*
2 Tim. ii. 12. C. M.

- 1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now:
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

- 2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is his by sovereign right :
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below ;
They reign with him above ;
Their profit and their joy, to know
The mystery of his love.
- 6 The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him ;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

447. "*A vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet
for the master's use.*" 2 Tim. ii. 21. C.M.

- 1 OH, how should those be clean who bear
The vessels of the Lord !
How should those give themselves to prayer
Who minister his word !
- 2 Cleanse me, O Lord !—my head, my feet,
And a pure heart induce,
That I may be a vessel meet
For thy most holy use.

3 Oh, may the beamings of thy grace,
Reflected on my mien,
When called a sinful world to face,
Shew where my soul has been.

4 Then shall I not be greatly moved
By envy or applause,
Content to be by thee approved,
And glorying in thy cause.

448. "*We have a great High-Priest, that is passed
into the heavens.*" Heb. iv. 14-16. L. M.

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High-Priest our nature wears;
The guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man,

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye.
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part:
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

449. "*The word of God is quick, and powerful,
and sharper than any two-edged sword.*"
Heb. iv. 12. S. M.

- 1 THY word, almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin.
- 2 Thy word is power and life:
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.
- 3 Then let our hearts obey
The gospel's glorious sound,
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

450. "*Christ being come an High-Priest of good
things to come.*" Heb. ix. 11. P. M.

- 1 A GOOD High-priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And taking up his room,
Dispensing life and grace.
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
But grace and truth by Jesus' name.
- 2 He once temptations knew
Of every sort and kind,
That he might succour shew
To every tempted mind.

In every point the Lamb was tried,
Like us, and then for us he died.

3 He dies! but lives again,
And by the altar stands;
There shews how he was slain,
Opening his pierced hands.
Our Priest abides, and pleads the cause
Of us, who have trangressed his laws.

4 I other priests disclaim,
And laws and offerings too:
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do:
He shall have all the praise, for he
Hath loved, and lived, and died for me.

451. "*For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country.*" Heb. xi. 14. P. M.

1 FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

- 3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.
- 4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.
- 5 We soon shall join the throng;
Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.
- 6 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast.
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

452. "*And confessed that they were strangers
and pilgrims on the earth.*" Heb. xi. 13
8, 8, 6.

- 1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell:
He only sojourns here.

- 2 The things eternal I pursue;
 A happiness beyond the view
 Of those that basely pant
 For things by nature felt and seen:
 Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
 I neither have nor want.
- 3 Nothing on earth I call my own;
 A stranger, to the world unknown,
 I all their goods despise:
 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a city out of sight,
 A city in the skies.

453. “*But ye are come unto Mount Zion, . . . the heavenly Jerusalem.*” Heb. xii. 18-25. 8's.

- 1 NOT to the mount that burned with fire,
 To darkness, tempest, and the sound
 Of trumpet waxing high and higher,
 Nor voice of words that rent the ground,
 While Israel heard, with trembling awe,
 Jehovah thunder forth his law:—
- 2 But to Mount Zion we are come,
 The city of the living God,—
 Jerusalem, our heavenly home,
 The courts by angel-legions trod;
 Where meet, in everlasting love,
 The Church of the first-born above:
- 3 To God, the Judge of quick and dead,
 The perfect spirits of the just,
 Jesus, our great new-covenant Head,
 The blood of sprinkling, from the dust,
 That better things than Abel's cries,
 And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.

4 Oh, hearken to the healing voice,
That speaks from heaven in tones so mild !
To-day are life and death our choice ;
To-day, through mercy reconciled,
Our all to God we yet may give :
Now let us hear his voice and live.

454. "*For here have we no continuing city.*"
Heb. xiii. 14. L. M.

1 " WE'VE no abiding city here ;"
This may distress the worldly mind ;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 " We've no abiding city here ;"
Sad truth, were this to be our home :
But let this truth our spirits cheer,
" We seek a city yet to come."

3 " We've no abiding city here ;"
Then let us live as pilgrims do :
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 " We've no abiding city here ;"
We seek a city out of sight :
Zion its name,—the Lord is there :
It shines with everlasting light.

5 Oh, sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest ;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine :
The time my God appoints is best.
While here, to do his will be mine ;
And his to fix my time of rest.

455. "*For they watch for your souls.*" Heb.
xiii. 17. C. M.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give:
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures or in wo.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there:
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear?
- 5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

456. "*Whereas ye know not what shall be on the
morrow.*" James iv. 14. S. M.

- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away :
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
Oh, be it still pursued !
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

457. *"Behold what manner of love the Father
hath bestowed upon us, that we should be
called the sons of God!"* 1 John iii. 1.
7's.

- 1 BLESSED are the sons of God ;
They are bought with Christ's own blood ;
They are ransomed from the grave ;
Life eternal they shall have.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity !
- 2 They are justified by grace ;
They enjoy a solid peace :
All their sins are washed away ;
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them, &c.

3 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness.
Born of God, they hate all sin:
God's pure word remains within.
With them, &c.

4 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood:
One with God, in Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
With them, &c.

458. "*Behold, I stand at the door and knock.*"
Rev. iii. 20. L. M.

1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long; is waiting still:
You use no other friend so ill.

2 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need;
The man of Nazareth, 'tis he,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 Oh lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and open hands.
Oh matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
Turn out that hateful monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 [If thou art poor,—and poor thou art,—
Lo! he hath riches to impart:
Not wealth in which mean avarice rolls;
Oh, nobler far, the wealth of souls.]

- 6 [Thou'rt blind; he'll take the scales away,
And let in everlasting day.
Naked thou art, but he shall dress
Thy blushing soul in righteousness.]
- 7 [Art thou a mourner? grief shall fly:
For who can weep with Jesus by?
No terror shall thy soul annoy;
No tear, except the tear of joy.]
- 8 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
Lest he depart, and ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
When, at his door denied, you'll stand.
- 9 Admit him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest:
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom he condescends to dwell.
- 10 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign;
To reign, and with no partial sway:
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.
- 11 Sovereign of souls! thou Prince of Peace
Oh may thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be his empire all mankind.

459. *"These are they which came out of great
tribulation, and have washed their robes."*
Rev. vii. 14. 7's double.

- 1 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—

“Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
 New dominion every hour.”

2 These through fiery trials trod:
 These from great affliction came.
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his Almighty name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them, the Lamb amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead:
 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
 Perfect love dispels all fears;
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tears.

460. “*A great multitude, which no man could
 number . . . before the throne, and before
 the Lamb.*” Rev. vii. 9. 7's.

1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
 Crowns that never fade away,
 Gird and deck the saints in light;
 Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
 To the Lamb amidst the throne,
 And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
 Victory through his cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom,—it is thine,
"King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

4 Round the altar, priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas their Saviour's righteousness
And his blood that made them so.

5 Who are these?—On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once, of Adam's race,—
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal too, like us.
Ah! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

461. "*Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent
reigneth.*" Rev. xix. 6. L. M.

1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises?

3 The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just.
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

- 4 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains:
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And he is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.
- 5 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
He will present them at the throne;
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.
- 6 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.
- 7 Alike pervaded by his eye,
All parts of his dominion lie;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.
- 8 One Lord, one empire, all secures:
He reigns,—and life and death are yours.
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

462. "*I am the Root and Offspring of David,
and the bright and Morning Star.*" Rev.
xxii. 16. S. M.

- 1 ALL-HAIL, mysterious King!
Hail, David's ancient Root!
Thou righteous Branch, which thence didst spring,
To give the nations fruit.
- 2 Our weary souls shall rest
Beneath thy grateful shade;
Our thirsting lips salvation taste;
Our fainting hearts are glad.

3 Fair Morning-star! arise,
With living glories bright,
And pour on these awakened eyes
A flood of sacred light.

4 The horrid gloom is fled,
Pierced by thy beauteous ray.
Shine, and our wandering footsteps lead
To everlasting day.

463. *"And he shewed me a pure river of water
of life . . . proceeding out of the throne of
God and of the Lamb."* Rev. xxii. 1.
P. M.

1 ON wings of faith mount up, my soul, and rise!
View thine inheritance beyond the skies.
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,
What endless pleasures in those mansions dwell.
There our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

2 No gnawing grief, no sad, heart-rending pain,
In that blest country can admission gain:
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear:
There our Redeemer lives, &c.

3 Before the throne a crystal river glides;
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides:
There the fair tree of life majestic rears
Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears.
There our Redeemer lives, &c.

4 No rising sun his needless beams displays;
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays.
The Godhead there celestial glory sheds:
The exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads.
There our Redeemer lives, &c.

5 The distant glimpse my eager passion fires :
 Jesus ! to thee my longing soul aspires !
 When shall I at thy heavenly home arrive ?
 When leave this earth, and when begin to live ?
 There is my Saviour seen all bright and glorious :
 O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

464. “ *And his servants shall serve him, and they shall see his face.*” Rev. xxii. 3, 4. P. M

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings ;
 Thy better portion trace.
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place.
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove :
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above !

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course :
 Fire ascending seeks the sun :
 Both speed them to their source.
 So, a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
 Press onward to the prize.
 Soon your Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and we know,
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven !

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

465. "*There am I in the midst of them.*"
Matt. xviii. 20. L. M.

- 1 NOT here, as to the prophet's eye,
The Lord upon his throne appears;
Nor seraph-tongues responsive cry,
"Holy! thrice holy!" in our ears.
- 2 Yet God is present in this place,
Veiled in serener majesty;
So full of glory, truth, and grace,
That faith alone such light can see.
- 3 Nor, as he in the temple taught,
Is Christ within these walls revealed,
When blind, and deaf, and dumb were brought,
Lepers and lame,—and all were healed.
- 4 Yet here, when two or three shall meet,
Or thronging multitudes are found,
All may sit down at Jesus' feet,
And hear from him the joyful sound.

466. "*And call the Sabbath a delight.*"
Isa. lviii. 13. L. M.

- 1 HOW welcome to the saints, when pressed
With six days' noise, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile.

- 2 Now, from the throng withdrawn away,
They seem to breathe a different air.
Composed and softened by the day,
All things another aspect wear.
- 3 With joy they hasten to the place
Where they their Saviour oft have met;
And while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.
- 4 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord!
Here we thy promised presence seek:
Open thy hand with blessings stored,
And give us manna for the week.

467. "*A day in thy courts is better than a thousand.*" Psalm lxxxiv. 10. C. M.

- 1 HERE cares and angry passions cease,
For saints together meet,
To spend an hour of prayer and peace,
At their Redeemer's feet.
- 2 No sculptured wonders meet the sight,
Nor pictured saints appear,
Nor storied window's gorgeous light,
But God himself is here.
- 3 And here are comrades in the war
With Satan and with sin,
Who now in God's own favour share,
And soon their heaven will win.
- 4 Glory to God, who deigns to bless
This consecrated day;
Unfolds his wondrous promises,
And makes it sweet to pray.

5 Glory to God, who deigns to hear
 The humblest sigh we raise,
 And answers every heartfelt prayer,
 And hears our hymn of praise.

468. "*Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound.*" Psalm lxxxix. 15. 16. P. M.

1 OH how blest the congregation
 Who the gospel know and prize;
 Joyful tidings of salvation
 Brought by Jesus from the skies!
 He is near them,
 Knows their wants, and hears their cries.

2 In his name rejoicing ever,
 Walking in his light and love,
 And foretasting in his favour
 Something here of bliss above;
 Happy people!
 Who shall harm them? what shall move?

3 In his righteousness exalted,
 On from strength to strength they go;
 By ten thousand ills assaulted,
 Yet preserved from every foe;
 On to glory,
 Safe they speed through all below.

4 God will keep his own anointed;
 Naught shall harm them, none condemn.
 All their trials are appointed;
 All must work for good to them.
 All shall help them
 To their heavenly diadem.

469. "Blessed is the man whom thou choosest."
Psalm lxxv. 4. C.M.

- 1 OH happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by his word:
His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and power,
He stands engaged to hear.
- 3 He helped his saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in his name;
And we can witness to his praise:
His love is still the same.
- 4 Wandering in sin, our souls he found,
And bade us seek his face;
Gave us to hear the gospel-sound,
And taste the gospel-grace.
- 5 Oft in his house his glory shines,
Before our wondering eyes:
We wish not then for golden mines,
Or aught beneath the skies.
- 6 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light.
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.
- 7 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.

470. *"Receive him . . . in the Lord with all gladness; and hold such in reputation."* Phil. ii. 29. L. M.

- 1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head.
Come as a Servant: so He came;
And we receive thee in his stead.
- 2 Come as a Shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a Watchman: take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.
- 4 Come as an Angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn nor stray.
- 5 Come as a Teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare:
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer
- 6 Come as a Messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love:
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

471. *"Come in, thou blessed of the Lord."*

Gen. xxiv. 31.

C. M.

- 1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord!
Stranger nor foe art thou.
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother, now.
- 2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee.
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.
- 3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,
(Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,)
Freely with us partake.
- 4 In weal or wo, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours.
Christians their mutual burdens bear:
They lend their mutual powers.
- 5 Come with us; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done.
Stand but in him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.
- 6 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in him.

472. *"I will pay my vows unto the Lord, now
in the presence of all his people."*

Psalm cxvi. 14. C. M.

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels now!

Before the Lord we speak.

To him we make our solemn vow,—

A vow we dare not break;—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,

Ourselves to Christ we yield;

Nor from his cause will we depart

Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,

But on his grace rely,

That, with returning wants, the Lord

Will all our need supply.

4 Oh guide our doubtful feet aright,

And keep us in thy ways;

And while we turn our vows to prayers,

Turn thou our prayers to praise.

473. *"Unto you which believe he is precious."*

1 Pet. ii. 7. L. M.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,

A hearty welcome here receive.

May we together now partake

The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given,

To know the Saviour's precious name;

And shortly we shall meet in heaven,

Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May He by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love!

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus:
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

474. "*That he might gather together in one all things in Christ.*" Eph. i. 10. C. M.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,—
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee, in thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before thy throne:
We in the kingdom of thy grace;—
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise:
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

475. "*Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.*" Gal. vi. 2. S.M.

1 BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

476. "*Where there is neither Greek nor Jew . . . but Christ is all and in all.*" Col. iii. 11
S. M.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Let envy and ill-will,
Be banished far away;
And all in Christian bonds unite,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where no discordant sounds are heard,
But all is peace and love.

477. *"So we thy people, and sheep of thy pasture,
will give thee thanks for ever."*

Psa. lxxix. 13.

C. M.

- 1 LET us the sheep by Jesus named,
Our Shepherd's mercy bless.
Let us, whom Jesus hath redeemed,
Shew forth our thankfulness.
- 2 Not unto us, but thee alone,
Be praise and glory given.
Here shall thy praises be begun,
But carried on in heaven.
- 3 The hosts of spirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems sing:
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.
- 4 Had we our tongues, like them, inspired,
Like theirs our songs should rise:
Like them, we never should be tired,
But love the sacrifice.

- 5 Till we this veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne,
We'll join in nobler praise.

478. "*The unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.*" Eph. iv. 3. C. M.

- 1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.
- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree;
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.
- 3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might;
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.
- 4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.
- 5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song:
There, through one bright eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.
- 6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole;
Derive its pulse from Thee the Heart,
Its life from Thee the Soul.

479. “*Being taken from you for a short time in presence, not in heart.*” 1 Thess. ii. 17. C. M.

- 1 BLESSED be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part :
Our bodies may far off remove
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go ;
Still in our Saviour's footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 Partakers of his heavenly grace,
The same in mind and heart ;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 4 Thus let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore ;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

480. “*The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.*” James v. 16. L.M.

- 1 WHAT various hinderances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love ;
Brings every blessing from above.

- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight.
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when, through weariness, they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words? ah, think again:
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

481. "*Pray without ceasing.*" 1 Thess. v. 17.
C. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death :
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays !"

6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

8 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way !
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
Lord ! teach us how to pray.

MISSIONARY PRAYER MEETINGS.

482. "God, who commanded the light to shine out
of darkness." 2 Cor. iv. 6. L. M.

- 1 "LET there be light!" thus spake the Word:
The Word was God; "and there was light!"
Still the creative voice is heard;
A day is born from every night.
- 2 And every night shall turn to day,
While months, and years, and ages roll.
But we have seen a brighter ray
Dawn on the chaos of the soul.
- 3 Nor we alone: its wakening smiles
Have broke the gloom of pagan sleep.
The Word hath reached the utmost isles:
God's Spirit moves upon the deep.
- 4 Already from the dust of death,
Man in his Maker's image stands;
Once more he draws immortal breath,
And stretches forth to heaven his hands.
- 5 From day to day, before our eyes,
Glow and extends the work begun.
When shall the new creation rise
On every land beneath the sun?

- 6 When, in the sabbath of his love,
 Shall God amidst his labours rest;
 And, bending from his throne above,
 Again pronounce his creatures blest?
- 7 Soon the redeemed, in every clime,
 Yea, all that breathe, and move, and live.
 To Christ, through every age of time,
 Shall kingdom, power, and glory give.

483. *"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields;
 for they are white already to harvest."*
 John iv. 35. L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the expected time draw near,
 The shades disperse, the dawn appear!
 Behold the wilderness assume
 The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom!
- 2 Events with prophecies conspire
 To raise our faith, our zeal to fire.
 The ripening fields, already white,
 Present a harvest to the sight.
- 3 The untaught heathen waits to know
 The joy the gospel will bestow;
 The exiled captive, to receive
 The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
 In the blest labour share a part;
 Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
 To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 5 Let us improve the heavenly gale,
 Spread to each breeze our hoisted sail;
 Till north and south, and east and west
 Shall be as favoured Britain blest.

6 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

7 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

484. "*Freely ye have received, freely give.*"
Matt. x. 8. 8's.

1 CHRISTIANS! the glorious hope ye know,
Which soothes the heart in every wo,
While heathens helpless, hopeless, lie:
No ray of glory meets their eye.
Oh give to their desiring sight,
The hope that Jesus brought to light.

2 Christians! ye taste the heavenly grace,
Which cheers believers in their race.
Uncheered by grace through heathen gloom,
See millions hastening to the tomb.
To heathen lands that grace convey,
Which trains the soul for endless day.

3 Christians! ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleansed for God.
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleansed from sin, exposed to hell!
Oh, strive that heathens soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you!

485. "*How shall they hear without a preacher?*"
Rom. x. 14. L. M.

- 1 BRITAIN, convey the blessings round,
Which God has multiplied to thee:
Send to the earth's remotest bound,
The precious balm of Calvary.
- 2 How shall his banished ones believe
On him of whom they never heard?
Or how the truth of God receive,
Until they hear his written word?
- 3 How shall the gloomy veil be rent,
Till preachers point to Jesus' blood?
How shall they preach unless they're sent,
And armed with power by Israel's God?
- 4 Look to the fields already white:
The harvest scene will surely come,
When we shall welcome with delight,
Full sheaves of heathen converts home.
- 5 The swarthy nations, here unknown,
Shall the white robes of glory wear,
And join our songs around the throne,
To him who loved and brought us there.

486. "*Come over.....and help us.*" Acts xvi. 9.
8's & 7's.

- 1 HARK! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations:
"Come and help us, or we die."
- 2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining;
Christians, hear their dying cry:
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them ere they die.

487. "*All nations shall flow unto it.*" Isa. ii. 2.
P. M.

1 HARK! a cry among the nations:—
"Come, and let us seek the Lord.
Vain our former expectations;
Vain the idols we adored:
Zion's King is God alone:
Let us bow before his throne."

2 See, from every quarter flowing,
Joyful crowds assemble round!
Love in every heart is glowing
Praise is heard in every sound.
While Jehovah shows his face,
Glory fills the sacred place.

3 Weapons meant for mutual slaughter,
Now are instruments of peace.
They who taste the living water,
Learn from war and strife to cease.
Jesus reigns: the earth is still.
All the nations do his will.

488. "*And we know that we are of God, and
the whole world lieth in wickedness.*"
1 John v. 19. P. M.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft on Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,—
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! Oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss return to reign.

489.

*"The glory of the Lord shall be revealed,
 and all flesh shall see it together: for
 the mouth of the Lord hath spoken
 it."* Isa. xl. 5. 8. 7. 4.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace;
 Blessed jubilee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude Barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtained on Calvary;
 Let the Gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.

4 [May the glorious day approaching
 On their grossest darkness dawn;
 And the everlasting Gospel
 Spread abroad thy holy name,
 O'er the borders
 Of the great Immanuel's land.]

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease;
 May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase;
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

*489. *"And the Gentiles shall come to thy
 light, and kings to the brightness of thy
 rising." Isa. lx. 3. 7's.*

SUN of righteousness, to thee,
 Lo! the nations bow the knee;
 And the realms of distant kings
 Own the healing of thy wings.

See the beams intensely shed,
Shine on Sion's favoured head;
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth, and God of love!

490. "*The Lord hath made bare his holy arm
in the eyes of all the nations.*" Isa. lii.
10. 8. 7. 4.

1 YES! we trust the day is breaking:
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land.
When he chooses,
Darkness flees at his command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season:
Let us hail the rising ray,
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day:
At his presence
Gloom and darkness flee away.

[3 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God the Saviour is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad.
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.]

4 Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear each day
Joyful news from far arriving,—
How the gospel wins its way;
Those enlightening,
Who in death and darkness lay.

5 God of Jacob, high and glorious!
 Let thy people see thy hand.
 Let the gospel be victorious
 Through the world, in every land:
 And the idols
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.

491. "*Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion.*" Isa. lii. 1. L. M.

1 ZION, awake! thy strength renew:
 Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
 And let the admiring world behold
 The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

2 Church of our God! arise and shine,
 Bright with the beams of truth divine:
 Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
 Wide as the heathen nations are.

3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view:
 All shall admire and love thee too;
 Shall come like clouds across the sky,
 Or doves that to their windows fly.

492. "*Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem.*" Isa. lii. 1. C. M.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion! from the dust
 Exalt thy fallen head.
 Again in thy Redeemer trust:
 He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake; put on thy strength,
 Thy beautiful array:
 The day of freedom dawns at length,
 The Lord's appointed day.

See the beams intensely shed,
Shine on Sion's favoured head;
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth, and God of love!

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in the eyes of all the nations." Isa. lii.
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1 DAUGHTER of Zion! from the dust
 Exalt thy fallen head.
 Again in thy Redeemer trust:
 He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake; put on thy strength,
 Thy beautiful array:
 The day of freedom dawns at length,
 The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth :
Say to the South,—“ Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North!”

4 They come, they come!—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs the ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

493. “ O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us
walk in the light of the Lord.”

Isaiah ii. 5.

148th.

1 O HOUSE of Jacob! come,
And walk with us in light :
No more bewildered roam,
Like wanderers in the night.
The Hope of Israel calls you near,
And Abraham's Shield, and Isaac's Fear.

2 O thou by tempests tossed,
Reviled, oppressed, trod down,
In every region crossed,
With grief familiar grown ;
Scattered and abject, peeled, forlorn,
Thy name a taunt, thyself a scorn !

3 Though thou art filled, alas !
And drunk with misery,
That cup begins to pass
To them that hated thee.
But know, we honour Israel's name :
Our God and Abraham's is the same.

- 4 Rise, Jacob, from thy woes!
Thy own Messiah see!
He who thy fathers chose,
Waiteth to pardon thee.
At His command we bid thee come.
Lost Israel, Zion welcomes home.

494. "*Cry aloud, spare not.*" Isa. lviii. 1. 8.7.4.

- 1 MEN of God! go take your stations:
Darkness reigns throughout the earth:
Go proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth.
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.
- 2 Of his gospel not ashamed,
As the power of God to save,
Go where Christ was never named;
Publish freedom to the slave:
Blessed freedom!
Such as Zion's children have.
- 3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend.
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend;
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

495. "*Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy
peace : for I am with thee.*" Acts xviii. 9,
10. C. M.

- 1 GO, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye favoured men of God!
Go, publish through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 What though your arduous track may lie
Through regions dark as death ;—
What though, your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path ;—

3 Yet with determined courage go,
And armed with power divine :
Your God will needful strength bestow,
And on your labours shine.

4 He who has called you to the war,
Will recompense your pains.
Before Messiah's conquering car
Shall mountains sink to plains.

5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause ;
Assured that e'en your mightiest foes
Shall bow before his cross.

496. "*And he that reapeth . . . gathereth fruit
unto life eternal.*" John iv. 36. L.M.

1 GO, messenger of peace and love,
To nations plunged in shades of night !
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 On barren rock and desert isle,
Go, bid the Rose of Sharon bloom ;
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
Rich as the dews from morning's womb.

3 Go, to the hungry food impart ;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide ;
And lead the thirsty, panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.

4 Go, bid the bright and morning-star
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine,
And, piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heavenly light and love divine.

5 To India's various castes proclaim
The gospel's soft but powerful voice.
And at the blest Redeemer's name,
Let ocean's lonely isles rejoice.

6 From North to South, from East to West,
Messiah yet shall reign supreme;
His name by every tongue confessed;
His praise, the universal theme.

7 Then faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand.
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.

8 Thy love a rich reward shall find,
From him who sits enthroned on high;
For they who turn the erring mind,
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

497. *"Go ye into all the world, and preach the
gospel to every creature."* Mark xvi. 15.
7's.

1 GO, ye messengers of God:
Like the beams of morning, fly.
Take the wonder-working rod;
Wave the Banner-Cross on high.

2 Where the aspirant minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

3 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep ;
Where the skies for ever smile,
And the oppressed for ever weep !

4 O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven.
Chase away the fiend despair :
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

5 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

6 Circumnavigate the ball ;
Visit every soil and sea.
Preach the Cross of Christ to all,
Christ whose love is full and free !

498. *"I will bring thy seed from the east, and
gather thee from the west."* Isa. xliii. 5.
L. M.

1 NOW let our faith with joy survey
The glories of the latter day.
Its dawn already seems begun,
Sure earnest of the rising sun.

2 The friends of truth assembled stand,
(A chosen consecrated band,)
The standard of the cross display,
And cry aloud, "Behold the way."

3 "Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell :
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own."

4 "Behold the way," ye heralds, cry;
Spare not, but lift your voices high:
Convey the sound from shore to shore,
And bid the captive sigh no more.

5 Swift on the wings of heavenly zeal,
They fly, nor seem their toils to feel;
But, faithful to their Master's will,
Their sacred embassy fulfil.

6 The North gives up; the South no more
Keeps back her consecrated store.
From East to West the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

7 Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray
With joy we view, and hail the day.
Thou sun! arise, supremely bright,
And fill the world with purest light.

499. "*All nations shall serve Him.*" Ps. lxxii. 11.
L.M.

1 FALL down, ye nations, and adore
Jehovah on the mercy-seat;
Like prostrate seas on every shore,
That cast their billows at your feet,

2 Let hallelujahs to the skies,
With ocean's everlasting sound,
The voice of many waters, rise,
Day without night, as time goes round.

3 Come from the East with gifts, ye kings,
With gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
Where'er the morning spreads her wings,
Let man to God his vows prefer.

4 Come from the West, the bond, the free:
 His easy service make your choice.
 Ye isles of the Pacific sea,
 Like halcyon nests, in God rejoice.

5 Come from the South; through desert sands
 A highway for the Lord prepare.
 Let Ethiopia stretch her hands,
 And Lybia pour her soul in prayer.

6 Come from the North; let Europe raise
 In all her languages one song:
 Give God the glory, power, and praise
 That to his holy name belong.

7 For he hath bowed the heavens above,
 And at his feet the mountains flowed:
 He came, but not in wrath,—in love,
 To make with men his pure abode.

8 With smiles, O earth! thy Maker meet.
 Nations! before your Saviour fall.
 Redemption is in him complete:
 The gospel now is preached to all.

500. "*Make straight in the desert a highway for
 our God.*" Isa. xl. 3. 8's.

1 CHURCHES of Christ, by God's right hand
 Thick-planted in this favoured land,
 If to your hearts his word be dear,
 Oh, think of those who pine to hear,
 Far from their native shores exiled,
 A pastor's voice amid the wild.

- 2 Oh, let a voice of comfort bless
The lone and rugged wilderness.
Send faithful shepherds forth, to feed
The scattered wanderers in their need.
Straight paths for feeble knees prepare;
And drooping hands sustain by prayer.
- 3 The heathen who in darkness lay,
Wake to the dawn of heavenly day:
But shall a worse than pagan night
O'ertake the race that dwelt in light,
And Britain's God, to Britons thrown
On distant shores, become unknown?
- 4 Great Shepherd of the ransomed seed!
For thy dispersed ones we plead.
How shall these multitudes be fed?
'Tis thine to multiply the bread.
Richly hast thou our wants supplied:
By us, for them, for all, provide.
-

1. On the edge of comfort, where
The land and forest wilderness
And distant shadows begin to fade
The evening shadows in the west
Stretch forth for those known friends
And glowing hands united by prayer
The portion who in darkness lay
Take to the days of joy only
That shall a worse than pain night
O'er the face that dwelt in light
And Hymn's time, to Hymn's time
On distant shores, beyond the sea
The world's world, the end of all
Great Shepherd of the ransomed soul
For thy blessed name we stand, and say
How shall these multitudes be fed
The thing to multiply the bread, and give
Blessings that our wants supply
By us, for them, for all, provide
Lion's head, and Jesus' name
That name, that name, that name
Redemption and all its blessings
The atonement of our blood

500. "How bright is the light of the
our God." Rev. A. A.

1. CHURCHES of Christ, be bold, and sing
That praise to God, the Father King
It is your duty, and your joy
On, sing of those who give us life
For such their native land is here
A name's name, and the name

H Y M N S

FOR

DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

H Y M N S

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DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

11

HYMNS FOR MORNING AND EVENING.

501. *"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning."*
Psalm v. 3. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and, with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time mispent, redeem;
Each present day, thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear.
Think how All-seeing God thy ways,
Thy every secret thought, surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.
- 5 All praise to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake!

- 6 Lord! I my vows to thee renew.
Disperse my sins as morning dew.
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

502. *"I will both lay me down..and sleep."*
Psalm iv. 8. L. M.

- 1 GLORY* to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light.
Keep me, Oh keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thy own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.
- 4 Oh may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

* Originally written, "All praise to thee, my God, this night."

- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Oh, when shall I in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns, with the supernal choir,
Incessant sing, and never tire!
- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

503. “*At midnight I will give thanks unto thee.*” Psalm cxix. 62. L. M.

- 1 MY God, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take:
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.
- 2 O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand:
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 3 All praise to thee, in light arrayed,
Who light thy dwelling-place hast made:
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.
- 4 Blest Jesus! Thou, on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent:
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

- 5 Shine on me, Lord! new life impart;
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart.
One ray of thy all-quickenning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.
- 6 Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over thine own sacrifice:
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.
- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

504. *"I laid me down and slept; I awaked: for
the Lord sustained me."* Psalm iii. 5.
C. M.

- 1 LORD of my life! Oh may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserved by thine almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.
- 3 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturbed repose.
- 4 When sleep, death's semblance o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

5 Oh let the same almighty care
 My waking hours attend;
 From every danger, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.

6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days;
 And let thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

505. "When I awake, I am still with thee."
 Psalm cxxxix. 18. L. M.

1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
 I safely passed the silent night:
 Again I see the breaking shade,
 I drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour;
 Once more with awe rejoice to be:
 My conscious soul resumes her power,
 And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

3 Oh guide me through the various maze,
 My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
 And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
 Where dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
 A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
 Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
 That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
 Thy light shall give eternal day;
 Thy love, the rapture of the skies!

506. "*Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.*" 1 Cor. x. 31. L.M.

- 1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task thy wisdom has assigned,
Oh let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all thy works thy presence find,
And prove thine acceptable will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.
- 4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day:
- 5 For thee delightfully employ,
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my even course with joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

507. "*He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.*" Psa. cxxi. 4. 7's.

- 1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my wearied head!
Welcome slumber to mine eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities!

2 That kind Eye which cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep:
By my heavenly Father blessed,
Thus I give my powers to rest.

3 What if death my sleep invade,
Should I be of death afraid?
Whilst encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

4 With thy heavenly presence blessed,
Death is life, and labour rest.
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with thee.

508. *"The angel of the Lord encampeth round
about them that fear him."* Psalm xxxiv. 7
8's.

1 INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping and waking, resign.
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

2 Thy ministering spirits descend,
To watch while thy saints are asleep:
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep:
Bright seraphs, despatched from the throne,
Repair to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

- 3 Thy worship no interval knows ;
Their fervour is still on the wing ;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
I too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join ;
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

509. "*The sheep of his hand.*" Psalm xcv. 7.
C. M.

- 1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a feeble band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.
- 2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart ;
All evil far remove ;
And shed abroad in every heart,
Thine everlasting love.
- 3 Our souls, obedient to thy sway,
In christian bonds unite :
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.
- 4 Thus, cleansed from sin, and wholly thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of Righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.
- 5 Oh still restore our wandering feet,
And still direct our way ;
Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall greet
The dawn of endless day.

510. "*Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.*" Psalm xci. 10. 8's & 7's.

1 SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal.
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us:
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee.
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in Heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

511. "*Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense.*" Psalm cxli. 2. C. M.

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let incense-flames arise.
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Awake, our love; awake, our joy;
Awake, our heart and tongue.
Sleep not when mercies loudly call;
Break forth into a song.

- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day:
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favour, and new joys
Do a new song require.
'Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.
- 5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

512. "*The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup.*" Psalm xvi. 5.
C.M.

- 1 FOOD, raiment, dwelling, health, and friends,
Thou, Lord, has made our lot:
With thee our bliss begins and ends,
As we are thine or not.
- 2 For these we bend the humble knee,
Our thankful spirits bow:
Yet from thy gifts we turn to thee:—
Be thou our portion, thou!

513. "*Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness.*" Matt. v. 6.
C. M.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of being, Source of good!
At whose almighty breath,
The creature proves our bane or food,
Dispensing life or death.

2 Thee we address with humble fear:
 Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown.
 Father of all ! thy children hear,
 And send a blessing down.

3 Oh, may our souls for ever pine
 Thy grace to taste and see;
 Athirst for righteousness divine,
 And hungering after thee.

514. "*Present your bodies a living sacrifice.*"
 Rom. xii. 1. C. M.

1 BEING of beings, God of love!
 To thee our hearts we raise;
 Thine all-sustaining power we prove,
 And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we want to be:
 Our sacrifice receive.
 Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
 To thee ourselves we give.

3 Come, Holy Ghost! the Saviour's love
 Shed in our hearts abroad:
 So shall we ever live, and move,
 And be with Christ in God.

515. "*The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds.*"
 Phil. iv. 7. 8's & 7's.

1 PEACE be to this habitation!
 Peace to all that dwell therein;
 Peace, the earnest of salvation,
 Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin:
 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;
 Peace to worldly minds unknown;
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
 Peace that comes from God alone.

- 2 Prince of Peace ! be present near us :
 Fix in all our hearts thy home :
 With thy gracious presence cheer us ;
 Let thy sacred kingdom come.
 Raise to heaven our expectation :
 Give our favoured souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

516. *" Give us day by day our daily bread."*
 Luke xi. 3. 7's.

- 1 DAY by day the manna fell :
 Oh to learn this lesson well !
 Still by constant mercy fed,
 Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
- 2 " Day by day," the promise reads ;
 Daily strength for daily needs.
 Cast foreboding fears away :
 Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord, my times are in thy hand.
 All my sanguine hopes have planned
 To thy wisdom I resign,
 And would make thy purpose mine.
- 4 Thou my daily task shalt give :
 Day by day to thee I live :
 So shall added years fulfil,
 Not my own, my Father's will.
- 5 Fond ambition, whisper not ;
 Happy is my humble lot.
 Anxious, busy cares, away ;
 I'm provided for to-day.

- 6 Oh to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer ;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude !

517. "*Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our
debtors.*" Matt. vi. 12. 7's.

- 1 FATHER ! to thy sinful child,
Though thy law is reconciled,
By thy pardoning grace I live :
Daily still I cry, Forgive.
- 2 Though my ransom-price He paid,
Upon whom my guilt was laid,
Humbly at thy mercy-seat,
Full remission I entreat.
- 3 Lord, forgive me, day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay ;
Duties I have left undone ;
Evils I have failed to shun ;
- 4 Trespasses in word or thought ;
Deeds from evil motive wrought ;
Cold ingratitude, distrust ;
Thoughts unhallowed or unjust.
- 5 Pardon, Lord ! and are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes ?
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.
- 6 May I feel, beneath my wrongs,
Vengeance to the Lord belongs ;
Nor a worse requital dare,
Than the meek revenge of prayer.

6 Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return ;
Then assured my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

518. "*And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.*" Luke xi. 4. 7's.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father ! to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray,
Let thy counsels guide my way.
- 2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail :
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.
- 3 Save me from his treacherous wiles .
Arm me against pleasure's smiles.
Give me, for my spirit's health,
Neither poverty nor wealth.
- 4 Help thy servant to maintain
A profession free from stain ;
That my sole reproach may be,
Following Christ and fearing thee.
- 5 Lord ! uphold me day by day :
Shed a light upon my way :
Guide me through perplexing snares :
Care for me in all my cares.
- 6 All I ask for is—enough.
Only, when the way is rough,
Let thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

7 Should thy wisdom, Lord! decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father! glorify thy name.

8 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to thee, my God.

519. "*Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long.*" Prov. xxiii. 17. C. M.

1 THRICE happy souls who, born from heaven
While yet they sojourn here,
Thus all their days with God begin,
And spend them in his fear!

2 'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

4 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings
And in thy strength confide.

5 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.

*

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6 In solid, pure delights like these,
 Let all my days be passed;
 Nor shall I then impatient wish,
 Nor shall I fear the last.

520. *"He blesseth the habitation of the just."*
 Prov. iii. 33. L M.

(On removing to a new habitation.)

- 1 THOU sovereign Lord of earth and skies,
 Supremely good, supremely wise!
 Fix thou the place of our abode;
 But may we still live near to God.
- 2 Where'er our dwelling shall be found,
 We will thy throne of grace surround;
 An altar to thy name will raise,
 With sacrifice of prayer and praise.
- 3 With faith and with devotion, Lord!
 Teach us each day to hear thy word.
 Grant us thy light to learn thy will,
 And strength our duties to fulfil.
- 4 Our circle with thy presence bless:
 Keep out each root of bitterness.
 And may, to each, the last remove
 Be, to the mansions of thy love.

521. *"And that day was the preparation."*
 Luke xxiii. 54. 7's.

(For Saturday Evening.)

- 1 SAFELY through another week,
 God hath brought us on our way:
 Let us now a blessing seek
 On the approaching Sabbath-day;

Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies, multiplied each hour,
Gracious Lord! our praise demand;
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Nourished by thy bounteous hand.
Now from worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with thee.

3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near.
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear;
And may all our Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above.

522. "*And the sabbath drew on.*" Luke xxiii. 54.
S. M. double.

1 THE hours of evening close:
Its lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the sabbath-dawn.
So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care;
Nor thought for "many things" assail
The still retreat of prayer.

2 Our guardian Shepherd near,
His watchful eye will keep;
And, safe from violence or fear,
Will fold His flock to sleep.
So may a holier light
Than earth's our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by His might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

523. "Which holdeth our soul in life."
 Psalm lxvi. 9. L. M.

(On commencing a New Year.)

- 1 O GOD, my helper, ever near!
 Crown with thy smile the present year.
 Preserve me by thy favour still,
 And fit me for thy sacred will.
- 2 My safety, each succeeding hour,
 Depends on thy supporting power.
 Accept my thanks for mercies past,
 And be my guard while life shall last.
- 3 Let me not murmur nor complain
 At what thy wisdom shall ordain.
 Sickness or health may blessings prove,
 As ordered by thy sovereign love.
- 4 My moments move with winged haste,
 Nor know I which shall be the last:
 Danger and death are ever nigh,
 And I this year, perhaps, may die.
- 5 Prepare me for the trying day:
 Then call my willing soul away.
 I'll quit the world at thy command,
 And trust my spirit to thy hand.

524. "My times are in thy hand." Psalm.
 xxxi. 15. 7's.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the Skies!
 Ever gracious, ever wise!
 All my times are in thy hand,—
 All events at thy command.

2 His decree, who formed the earth,
Fixed my first and second birth :
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by his wise decree.

3 Times of sickness, times of health ;
Times of penury and wealth ;
Times of trial and of grief ;
Times of triumph and relief.

4 O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just !
In thy hands my life I trust.
Have I somewhat dearer still ?—
I resign it to thy will.

5 May I always own thy hand ;
Still to the surrender stand.
Thee, at all times, will I bless ;
Thee, in whom I all possess.

PRAISE FOR CREATION.

525. "*From everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.*" Psalm xc. 2. C. M. double.

- 1 THOU wast, O God! and thou wast blest,
Before the world begun;
Of thine eternity possessed
Before time's glass did run.
Thou needest none thy praise to sing,
As if thy joy could fade:
Couldst thou have needed any thing,
Thou couldst have nothing made.
- 2 Great and good God! it pleased thee
Thy Godhead to declare;
And what thy goodness did decree,
Thy greatness did prepare.
Thou spak'st, and heaven and earth appeared,
And answered to thy call;
As if their Maker's voice they heard,
Which is the creature's all.
- 3 To whom, Lord! should I sing, but thee?
The Maker of my tongue!
Lo! other lords would seize on me,
But I to thee belong.
As waters haste unto their sea,
And earth unto its earth,
So let my soul return to thee,
From whom it had its birth.

- 4 But ah ! I'm fallen on the night,
 And cannot come to thee.
 Yet speak the word, let there be light :
 It shall enlighten me :
 And let thy word, most mighty Lord !
 Thy fallen creature raise :
 Oh, make me o'er again, and I
 Shall sing my Maker's praise.

526. "*Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?*"
 Psalm cxxxix. 7. 8's & 6's

- 1 BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Further than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high :
 Yet dear the awful thought to me,
 That thou, my God, art nigh:—
- 2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
 Feels after thee in vain,
 Thee in these works of power to find,
 Or to thy seat attain.
 Thy messenger, the stormy wind ;
 Thy path, the trackless main:—
- 3 These speak of thee with loud acclaim ;
 They thunder forth thy praise ;
 The glorious honour of thy name,
 The wonders of thy ways :
 But thou art not in tempest-flame,
 Nor in day's glorious blaze.
- 4 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air :
 The waves obey thy dread control ;
 Yet still thou art not there.
 Where shall I find him, O my soul,
 Who yet is every where ?

- 5 Oh, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does his Spirit rest.
Oh come, thou Presence Infinite!
And make thy creature blest.

527. "*Thy hands have made me, and fashioned me.*" Psalm cxix. 73. L. M.

- 1 THY hands have made and fashioned me :
I hold my being, Lord, from thee.
Oh, teach thy creature to fulfil
The law and purpose of thy will.
- 2 Thy goodness clothes and fills the earth :
Each moment gives new mercies birth.
Thy richest gift, thy grace, bestow,
And let my soul thy mercy know.
- 3 Lord ! thou art good, and doest good ;
Giver of life, and health, and food.
Teach me thy statutes, and impart
A wise and understanding heart.
- 4 In mercy with thy servant deal :
Thy statutes and thy grace reveal.
I am thy servant : by that name,
To know thy blessed will I claim.
- 5 So shall my lips shew forth thy praise,
When thou hast taught me all thy ways.
Others shall learn thy name to bless,
For thy commands are righteousness.

INVOCATION OF CHRIST.

528. "*Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.*"

Mark x. 47. P. M.

1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite!

Jesus, hear and save!

2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled!

Jesus, hear and save!

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings!

Jesus, hear and save!

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men!
Hear us now, and hear us then!

Jesus, hear and save!

529. "*There am I in the midst of them.*"

Matt. xviii. 20. P. M.

1 WHERESOEVER two or three
Meet, a Christian company,
Grant us, Lord, to meet with thee.

Gracious Saviour, hear!

- 2 When with friends beloved we stray,
Talking down the closing day,
Saviour! meet us in the way.

Gracious Saviour, hear!

- 3 When, amid the gloom of night,
Storms arise, and perils fright,
Let thy voice our hearts delight.

Gracious Saviour, hear!

- 4 In the festive hour, refine
Earthly love to joy divine:
Turn the water into wine.

Gracious Saviour, hear!

- 5 In the time of lonely grief,
Let thy presence bring relief;
Then shall longest nights grow brief.

Gracious Saviour, hear!

- 6 When the world and life recede,
Saviour! in our hour of need,
Then be visible indeed.

Gracious Saviour, hear!

530. "*But was in all points tempted like as we are.*" Heb. iv. 15. 7's.

- 1 BY thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress,
In the lonely wilderness;
By thy victory, in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus! look with pitying eye:
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By the sympathy that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
 By thy bitter tears that flowed
 Over Salem's lost abode;
 By the troubled sigh that told,
 Treason lurked within thy fold;
 Jesus! look with pitying eye:
 Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thine hour of dark despair;
 By thine agony of prayer;
 By the purple robe of scorn;
 By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
 Cross and passion, pangs and cries;
 By thy perfect sacrifice:
 Jesus! look with pitying eye:
 Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thy deep expiring groan;
 By the sealed sepulchral stone;
 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
 By thy power from death to save;
 Mighty God! ascended Lord,
 To thy throne in heaven restored!
 Prince and Saviour! hear the cry
 Of our solemn litany.

531. "*A man of sorrows, and acquainted with
 grief.*" Isa. liii. 3. P. M.

1 MAN of sorrows, and acquainted
 With our griefs, what shall we say?
 Never language yet hath painted
 All the woes that on thee lay.
 Had I seen thee clothed in weakness,
 Bearing our reproach with meekness,
 To attend thee day and night,
 Would have been my heart's delight.

2 Oh that to this heavenly Stranger
I had here my homage paid,
From his first sigh in the manger,
Till He cried: "'TIS FINISHED!"
That first sigh had consecrated
Me his own, and I had waited
On Him from his infancy,
In a constant liturgy.

3 Tell me, little flock beloved,
Ye on whom shone Jesus' face,
What within your souls then moved,
When ye felt his kind embrace!
O disciple, once most blessed,
As a bosom friend caressed,
Say, could e'er into thy mind
Other objects entrance find?

4 Oft to prayer, by night, retreated,
See Him from all search withdrawn:
Tearful eyes, and sighs repeated,
Witnessed still the morning dawn.
There, where he made intercession,
I had poured forth my confession,
And where for my sins He wept,
Praying, I the watch had kept.

5 Should I thus to Thee have cleaved,
'Midst thy poverty and woes,
On Thee, as my Lord, believed?—
Or perhaps have joined thy foes?
Ah! thy mercy I had spurned;
But thyself my heart hast turned;
Now Thou knowest, beneath, above,
Naught compared with Thee I love.

532. "*And that Rock was Christ.*" 1 Cor. x. 4.
7's.

- 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee.
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy Law's demands.
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
This for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 In my hand no price I bring:
Simply to thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Leprous, to the Fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,—
When my eyes shall close in death,—
When I soar to worlds unknown,—
See Thee on thy judgment-throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

533. "*Who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon
the hope set before us.*" Heb. vi. 18. 7's.

- 1 JESUS! Refuge of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past:
Safe into the haven guide:
Oh, receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want:
More than all in thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name:
I am all unrighteousness.
False, and full of sin I am:
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found;
Grace to cover all my sin.
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee.
Spring thou up within my heart:
Rise to all eternity.

534. *"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."*
1 Sam. vii. 12. 8's 7's.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to sing thy grace.
Streams of mercy, never-ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some celestial measure,
 Sung by ransomed hosts above;
 Oh the vast, the boundless treasure
 Of my Lord's unchanging love!

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by thy help I'm come:
 And I hope, through thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 And to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 Oh to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee:
 Prone to wander; Lord I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love,
 Take my heart, O take and seal it—
 Seal it from thy courts above.

535.

"Without me ye can do nothing."

John xv. 5.

7's.

- 1 SON of God! thy blessing grant;
 Still supply my every want.
 Tree of life! thine influence shed;
 From thy fulness I am fed.
- 2 Unsustained by thee I fall:
 Send the strength for which I call;
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I every moment need.
- 3 All my hopes on thee depend:
 Love me, save me, to the end.
 Still preserve me by thy grace:
 Take the everlasting praise!

536. "*I go to prepare a place for you.*" John
xiv. 2. 8's.

- 1 AND art thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold Thee on thy throne,
And there for ever dwell with Thee?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in thy glorious name.
- 2 Should I, to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its scorn or frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own,
What shame would fill me in that day,
When Thou thy glory shalt display!
- 3 And what is man, or what his smile?
The terror of his anger what?
Like grass he flourishes awhile,
But soon his place shall know him not.
Through fear of such a one, shall I
The Lord of heaven and earth deny!
- 4 No! let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me, if they will;
If to confess the Lord be shame,
I purpose to be viler still.
For Thee, my God, I all resign,
Content if I can call Thee mine.
- 5 What transport then shall fill my heart,
When Thou my worthless name wilt own!
When I shall see Thee as Thou art,
And know as I myself am known!
From sin and fear and sorrow free,
My soul shall find its rest in Thee.

537. "*To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.*"
Phil. i. 21. 7's.

1 GRANT me, Heavenly Lord! to feel
In Thy cause a servant's zeal:
More than all to self most near,
May I hold thine honour dear;
Willing to forego my pride,
So my Lord be glorified.

2 In the conquests of thy might,
May I loyally delight;
In Thy ever-spreading reign,
Triumph as my greatest gain.
Make me conscious by this sign,
Saviour, Sovereign, I am Thine.

538. "*Jesus! thou Son of David, have mercy
on me!*" Mark x. 47. 8's & 7's.

1 JESUS, full of all compassion!
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry.
Let me know thy great salvation:
See! I languish, faint, and die.
Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, oh send me quick relief.

2 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?
Hear then, blessed Saviour! hear me!
My soul cleaveth to the dust;
Send the Comforter to cheer me;
Lo! in thee I put my trust.

3 On the word thy blood hath sealed,
 Hangs my everlasting all.
 Let thine arm be now revealed:
 Stay, oh stay me, lest I fall.
 With thy righteousness and Spirit,
 I am more than angels blest:
 Heir with thee, all things inherit,—
 Peace, and joy, and endless rest.

539. *"He hath covered me with the robe of
 righteousness."* Isa. lxi. 10. L. M.

1 JESUS! thy robe of righteousness
 My beauty is, my glorious dress.
 'Midst flaming worlds, in this arrayed,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 Even then shall this be all my plea,
 "Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day;
 For who aught to my charge shall lay?
 Fully, by thee, absolved I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

4 This spotless robe the same appears,
 When ruined nature sinks in years;
 No age can change its lovely hue;
 Its glory is for ever new.

5 Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice.
 Now bid thy banished ones rejoice:
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 Jesus the Lord our righteousness.

540. "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me . . . of
him also shall the Son of man be ashamed."
Mark viii. 38. L. M.

1 JESUS! and can it ever be?
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor:
My soul shall scorn it more and more.

Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
May evening blush to own a star.
Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
May midnight blush to think of noon.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no crimes to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.

5 Till *then*—nor is the boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain:
And oh, may this my portion be,
That Saviour's not ashamed of me!

541. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the
soul." Heb. vi. 19. 148th.

1 JESUS! at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

- 2 Thou art my pilot wise;
 My compass is thy word.
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord.
 I trust thy faithfulness and power,
 To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
 Through all my passage lie,
 Yet Christ will safely keep,
 And guide me with his eye:
 My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
 And I each boisterous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
 The port of endless rest.
 My soul, thy sails expand,
 And fly to Jesus' breast!
 Oh may I reach the heavenly shore
 Where winds and waves distress no more!
- 5 When'er becalmed I lie,
 And storms forbear to toss,
 Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
 Lest I should suffer loss:
 For more the treacherous calm I dread,
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, heavenly wind, and blow
 A prosperous gale of grace,
 To waft from all below
 To heaven, my destined place!
 Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

542. "*Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee.*" Mark x. 28. 8's & 7's.

1 JESUS! I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee.
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known:
Yet, how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me:
They have left my Saviour too.
Human hearts and looks deceive me:—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might!
Foes may hate, and friends disown me:
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favour, loss is gain.
Man may trouble and distress me:
'Twill but drive me to thy breast.
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

4 Soul, then, know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care.
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine:
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

- 5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal days before thee:
God's own hand shall guide me there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission:
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days:
Hope shall change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

543. *"And thou shalt call his name Jesus."*
Matt. i. 21. C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast:
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And, to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build;
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend!
My Prophet, Priest, and King!
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

544. "*In him was life; and the life was the light
of men.*" John i. 4. 7's.

1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire!
Love divine! thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart.

2 Every mourning sinner cheer:
Scatter all our guilty gloom.
Saviour, Son of God, appear!
To thy living temples come.

3 Come, in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in.
Fill us with thy glorious power.
Rooting out the love of sin.

545. "*Nevertheless I am continually with thee.*
Psalm lxxiii. 23—26 L. M.

1 WHEN, in the hour of lonely wo,
I give my sorrows leave to flow,
And anxious fear and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust;

- 2 When not even friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made;—
Oh, this shall check each rising sigh,
My Saviour is for ever nigh!
- 3 His counsels and upholding care
My safety and my comfort are:
And he shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.
- 4 Jesus! in whom but thee above,
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee?
- 5 My flesh is hastening to decay:
Soon shall the world have passed away:
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and life shall fail?
- 6 But oh, be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die.
My strength, my portion, is divine;
And Jesus is for ever mine!

546. " *Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel,
and afterward receive me to glory.* Psalm
lxxiii. 24. P. M.

PART I.

- 1 THOU who didst for Peter's faith
Kindly condescend to pray!
Thou whose loving kindness hath
Kept me to the present day!
Kind Conductor!
Still direct my devious way.

2 When a tempting world in view
Gains upon my yielding heart,
When its pleasures I pursue,
Then one look of pity dart:
Teach me pleasures
Which the world can ne'er impart.

3 When, with horrid thoughts profane,
Satan would my soul invade,
When he calls religion vain,
Mighty Victor! be my aid.
Send thy Spirit:
Bid me conflict undismayed.

4 When my unbelieving fear
Makes me think myself too vile,
When the legal curse I hear,
Cheer me with a gospel smile,
Or, if hiding,
Hide thee only for awhile.

PART II.

5 When I sit beneath thy word,
At thy table, cold and dead;
When I cannot see my Lord,
All my little day-light fled;
Sun of glory!
Beam again around my head.

6 When thy statutes I forsake,
When my graces dimly shine,
When the covenant I break,
Jesus! then remember thine.
Check my wanderings
By a look of love divine.

7 Then, if heavenly dews distil,
If my hopes are bright and clear,
While I sit on Zion's hill,
Temper joy with holy fear:
Keep me watchful,—
Safe alone when thou art near.

8 When afflictions cloud my sky,
When the tide of sorrow flows,
When thy rod is lifted high,
Let me on thy love repose.
Stay thy rough wind,
When thy chilling eastern blows.

PART III.

9 When the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Kind Forerunner! soothe my fears;
Light me through the darksome way.
Break the shadows;
Usher in eternal day.

10 Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire.
Open thou the crystal gate:
To thy praise attune my lyre:
Dwell for ever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.

11 From the sparkling turrets there,
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim-way,
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

12 And when mighty trumpets blown,
Shall the judgment-dawn proclaim,
From the central burning throne,
'Mid creation's final flame,
With the ransomed,
Judge and Saviour! own my name.

547. "*Lord, remember me.*" Luke xxiii. 42.
C. M.

- 1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows!
I lift my soul to thee:
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord! remember me.
- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart:
In love, remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Lord! let my strength be as my day:
For good remember me.
- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.
- 5 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.
- 6 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree;
Saviour! with my last parting breath
I'll cry, Remember me!

548. "*For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.*" Heb. iv. 15. 8's.

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still he who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer wo,
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those that shared his daily bread.
- 4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend;
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For "Jesus wept" o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord! unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

549. "*And he shall set the sheep on his right hand.*" Matt. xxv. 33. 8's & 6's

- 1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To fetch thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 Blest Saviour! grant it by thy grace:
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day.
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 3 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound
And see thy smiling face:
Then with what rapture shall I sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

550. "*And to be with Christ, which is far better.*" Phil. i. 23. 7's.

- 1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone.
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne;

2 My Saviour! whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power!

3 Dissolve thou the bond that detains
My soul from her portion in thee:
And strike off the adamant chains,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
Arrayed in thy beauty I'll shine;
Nor pierce any more by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline.

INVOCATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

551. "*He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost,
and with fire.*" Matt. iii. 11. C. M.

1 OH, breathe upon this languid frame,
Spirit of heavenly might!
Baptize me with the vital flame
Of purity and light.

2 Descend like heaven's self-kindled fire
On my heart's sacrifice;
Till self in flames of love expire,
In clouds of incense rise.

3 Spring up within this flinty heart,
Well-spring of life divine!
Health to my feeble pulse impart!
Light out of darkness shine.

4 O Light and Power! O Life and Love!
Of every good the Source!
Send me sweet succour from above,
To speed me on my course.

5 Instruct me, rule me, guide my feet,
 My every thought control :
 My Teacher, Patron, Paraclete !
 Possess and guard my soul.

6 Spirit of Christ, sent forth from him,
 Yet uncreate, Divine !
 Thine are the songs of Seraphim :
 All human praise be thine.

DOXOLOGY.

552. *"My mouth shall speak the praise of the
 Lord."* Psalm cxlv. 21. 8's & 7's.

PRAISE the God of all creation :
 Praise the Father's boundless love.
 Praise the Lamb, our Expiation.
 Priest and King enthroned above.
 Praise the Fountain of Salvation,
 Him by whom our spirits live.
 Undivided adoration
 To the One Jehovah give.

MARRIAGE.

553. *"And both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage."* John ii. 2. C.M.

- 1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord! we ask thy presence here:
Be thou our glorious guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands:
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best:
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 5 On every soul assembled here,
Oh, make thy face to shine.
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
Than richest food or wine.

554. "*Even as the Lord the church.*" Eph. v. 29.
8's.

- 1 O GOD! who didst an equal mate
For Adam of himself create,
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone,
That both might feel and love as one:
Make these thy servants one in heart.
Whom thou hast joined, let no man part.
- 2 Lord of the Church! whose bleeding side
Gave life to thy redeemed bride;
Whose grace, through every member spread,
Joins the whole body to its Head:
Oh, let thy love the model be
Of this their nuptial unity.
- 3 O thou who once, a guest Divine,
Didst turn the water into wine!
Thy presence, not unsought, afford;
Fill thou their cup, and bless their board;
And while each heart thy word obeys,
May all their joy be turned to praise.
- 4 Spirit of grace and holiness!
Who dost these vital frames possess,
As living temples: which to stain,
Were God's own dwelling to profane;
May these thy servants, honouring thee,
Be kept in love and purity.
- 5 Now to the undivided Name
The church adores, her rites proclaim.
Sealed with the gift of Pentecost;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
All praise be given; in every state,
Be soul and body consecrate.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

PENITENTIAL.

555.

"O save me for thy mercies' sake."

Psalm vi. 4. C. M.

- 1 MERCY alone can meet my case ;
For mercy, Lord, I cry.
Jesus, Redeemer ! show thy face
In mercy, or I die.
- 2 Save me, for none beside can save.
At thy command I tread,
With failing step, life's stormy wave ;
—The wave goes o'er my head.
- 3 I perish, and my doom were just ;
But wilt thou leave me ?—No :
I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust ;
I will not let thee go.
- 4 Still sure to me thy promise stands,
And ever must abide :
Behold it written on thy hands,
And graven in thy side.
- 5 To this, this only will I cleave ;
Thy word is all my plea ;
That word is truth, and I believe :—
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

556. "*Exalted . . . to be a Prince and a Saviour,
for to give repentance . . . and forgiveness
of sins.*" Acts v. 31. C. M.

- 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus ! at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies ;
And upwards to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence :
Stay, stay the vengeful storm.
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm !
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt ;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed ;
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord !
And all my sins forgive :
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

557. "*Rise : he calleth thee.*" Mark x. 49. C. M.

- 1 HOW long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on me !
Deaf to his warning voice, I ran
Through paths of vanity.

2 He called me, when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill.

I passed from folly on to crime
And yet He called me still.

3 He called me, in the time of dread,
When death was full in view;
I trembled on my feverish bed,
And rose to sin anew.

4 Yet, could I hear Him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks He should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

5 O thou that every thought dost know,
And answerest every prayer!
Try me with sickness, want, or wo,
But snatch me from despair.

6 My struggling will by grace control:
Renew my broken vow.—
What blessed light breaks on my soul?
My God! I hear thee now.

558. *"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God."*
 Eph. iv. 30. L. M.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit! stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;—

- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;—
- 4 Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 This only wo I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release;
Upraise me with thy gracious hand;
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

559. “*Enoch walked with God.*” Gen. v. 24.
C. M.

- 1 OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame :
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

560. *"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation."*
Psalm li. 12. C. M.

1 OH, speak that gracious word again,
And cheer my broken heart.
No voice but thine can soothe my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.

2 And canst thou still vouchsafe to own
A wretch so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry ?

3 Oh then, let saints and angels join,
And help me to proclaim
The grace that healed a breach like mine,
And put my foes to shame.

4 How oft did Satan's cruel boast
My troubled soul affright !
He told me, I was surely lost,
And God had left me quite.

5 Guilt made me fear lest all were true
 The lying tempter said :
 But now the Lord appears in view,
 My enemy is fled.

6 My Saviour, by his powerful word,
 Has turned my night to day,
 And his salvation's joy restored,
 Which I had sinned away.

7 Dear Lord ! I wonder and adore.
 Thy grace is all divine.
 Oh keep me that I sin no more
 Against such love as thine !

561. "*Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts.*" Psalm li. 6. C. M.

1 LONG have I seemed to serve thee, Lord !
 With unavailing pain ;
 Fasted and prayed, and read thy word,
 And heard it preached, in vain !

2 Oft did I with the assembly join,
 And near thine altar drew :
 A form of godliness was mine,
 The power I never knew.

3 I rested in the outward law,
 Nor knew its deep design ;
 The length and breadth I never saw,
 And height, of love divine.

4 To please thee thus, at length I see,
 Vainly I hoped and strove ;
 For, what are outward things to thee,
 Unless they spring from love ?

5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts ;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boast :
Of means an idol made ;
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade !

7 Where am I now, or what my hope ?
What can my weakness do ?
Jesus ! to thee my soul looks up ;
'Tis thou must make it new.

562. "*With my whole heart have I sought thee :
O, let me not wander from thy com-
mandments.*" Psalm cxix. 10. C. M.

1 DEAR Lord ! accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.

2 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In quest of what they love !
But ah ! when duty calls them home,
How heavily they move !

3 Oh, cleanse me in a Saviour's blood ;
Transform me by thy power ;
And make me thy beloved abode,
And let me rove no more.

563. *"See if there be any wicked way in me."*
Psalm cxxxix. 24. S. M.

- 1 AH ! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint ?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint ?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come :
Ah ! why do I delay ?
He calls the weary sinner home ;
And yet from him I stay !
- 3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,—
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart ?
- 4 Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within ;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.
- 5 Jesus, the hinderance show,
Which I have feared to see :
Yet, let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.
- 6 Searcher of hearts ! in mine
Thy trying power display ;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

- 7 In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove :
Remove it, and I shali declare,
That God is only love.

564. " *Uphold me with thy free Spirit.*"
Psalm li. 12. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God! before thy throne I bow,
And raise my hands in fervent prayer,
For thou canst every good bestow,
And thou canst banish every care.
- 2 Timorous and sad, I durst not plead,
Did not thy word this hope impart,
That Christ himself will intercede,
And crown the wishes of my heart.
- 3 Encouraged thus, I humbly crave
Pardon for sins and errors past;
And trust in sovereign grace to save,
And to uphold me to the last.
- 4 When pain and sorrow bring me low,
And naught on earth delight can give,
Thy sweetest comforts then bestow:
Bid hope and faith in vigour live.
- 5 Till I shall wing my joyous flight
To regions all unknown before,
And dwell in thine unclouded light,
And praise and love thee evermore.

SELF EXAMINATION.

565. "To revive the heart of the contrite ones."
Isa. lvii. 15. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow.
Then tell me, gracious God! is mine
A contrite heart or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel:
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few;
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.
- 6 Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

566. "Lovest thou me." John xxi. 16. 7's.

- 1 TIS a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name!

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild:
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do:
Ye that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord! decide the doubtful case.
Thou who art thy people's sun!
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray.
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

FAITH.

567.

"Thou knowest that I love thee."

John xxi. 15.

7 3

- 1 HARK, my soul ; it is the Lord :
'Tis thy Saviour ; hear his word.
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 " I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right ,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath ;
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my reign shalt be.
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?"
- 6 Lord ! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint.
Yet I love thee, and adore :
Oh for grace to love thee more !

568. "A fountain opened.....for sin and for uncleanness." Zech. xiii. 1. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may sinners vile as he
Wash all their sins away.
- 3 O Lamb of God! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

569. "For we which have believed do enter into rest." Heb. iv. 3. C. M.

- 1 LORD! I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:—

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above ;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 Oh that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in !
Now, Saviour! now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart ;
This unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

570. *"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way."*
John xiv. 6. L. M.

1 JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone ;
He whom I fix my hopes upon.
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul ; I am the way."

4 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb !
Wilt take me guilty as I am.
My sinful self to thee I give :
Nothing but love shall I receive.

- 5 Now will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, " Behold the way to God !"

571. "*He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit.*" 1 Cor. vi. 17. S. M.

- 1 MY Saviour ! I am thine,
By everlasting bands :
My name, my heart, I would resign :
My soul is in thy hands.
- 2 To thee I still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal :
Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.
- 3 His Spirit shall unite
My soul to him, my Head ;
Shall form me to his image bright,
And teach his path to tread.
- 4 Death may my soul divide
From this abode of clay ;
But love shall keep me near his side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
What should remain to fear ?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

572. "*Yield yourselves unto God.*" Rom. vi. 13.
S. M.

1 LORD ! in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thy own ;
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

573. "*My soul thirsteth for God.*" Psal. xlii. 2.
L. M.

1 I THIRST, but not, as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share :
Thy wounds, Emmanuel ! all forbid,
That I should seek my pleasures there.

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,
First weaned my soul from earthly things ;
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools, and pomp of kings.

3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me,
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

4 Dear Fountain of delight unknown !
No longer sink below the brim ;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream !

5 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit, than I.

574. " *And all Judah rejoiced at the oath ; for they had sworn with all their heart.*"
2 Chron. xv. 15. L. M.

1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows,
To him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine.
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest.
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angel's bread to feast ?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear :
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

575. " *Be not thou...ashamed of the testimony of our Lord.*" 2 Tim. i. 8. L.M.

1 I NEED not blush to own that He
On whom my hope of heaven is built,
Was crucified on yonder tree ;
Since 'tis His blood that cancels guilt.

2 Nor need I blush to call Him Lord,
Whom heaven adores with all its hosts.
Yes, Jesus is by heaven adored :
In Him the brightest seraph boasts.

3 What though the world no glory sees
In Him my soul admires and loves ;
I wonder not :—how should He please
The man who of himself approves ?

4 I too could boast of merit once ;
And Jesus had no charms for me :
But all such claims I now renounce ;
No merit but in Him I see.

5 He is my refuge and my boast,
The Lord, my righteousness and strength,
Through whom, though now by tempests tost,
I hope to enter heaven at length :

6 There to behold that glory near,
Which at a distance now I see ;
And, undisturbed by pain or fear,
Repose throughout eternity.

576.

" I know whom I have believed."

2 Tim. i. 12.

C.M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me.
Salvation to his saints he gives,
And life and liberty.

2 He will perform the work begun ;
He will his own defend ;
Will give me strength my course to run,
And love me to the end.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
Who can resist his will?
The counsel of his grace in me,
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Lord! I believe, and rest secure
In confidence divine.
Thy promise stands for ever sure,
And all thou art is mine.

577. *"Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-
place."* Jer. ix. 2. C. M.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Anchor and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

578. "*For she loved much.*" Luke vii. 47 C.M.

1 When Mary to the Heavenly Guest
Her duteous offering made,
And, faith's allegiance to attest,
Her weeping homage paid ;

2 The heavy drops, distinctly traced
On His untended feet,
Soon every stain of toil effaced,
And gave him welcome meet.

3 She with her veil of flowing hair
The broidered woof supplied,
And ministered with gentlest care
The rites his host denied.

4 Then, on that more than regal head,
Unseen its glory-crown,
The broken alabaster shed
Its costly incense down.

5 More precious than her Indian nard,
The homage it expressed,—
The humblest, holiest regard,
Her contrite tears confessed.

6 So would I bow, ascended King !
And thy forgiveness move,
No worthy tribute can I bring :
Thou wilt the giver prove.

7 So at thy feet my faith shall live,
By love adoring led ;
My heart its broken marble give,
But Thou the perfume shed.

579. *"If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole."* Matt. ix. 21. P. M.

- 1 NOT thy garment's hem alone,
My trembling faith would hold,
Though Divine compassion shone
Beneath its sacred fold.
Thou didst own her mute appeal,
Who besought thy power to heal.
- 2 Earthly robes which thou didst wear
Thy glories to enshroud,
Could remedial virtue bear,
To one amid the crowd.
More than mortal health I crave,
Now thou art enthroned to save.
- 3 That bright raiment I would seek,
Dyed in the' atoning flood,
Which can peace and pardon speak,—
Thy vesture dipped in blood.
Here my hope its refuge holds:
Hide me in its sheltering folds.
- 4 Mediating Priest above!
My languid spirit faints
For that suit of joy and love,
The righteousness of saints.
Great Redeemer! clothe me in
Robes which thou hast died to win.

CONFLICT.

580. "*Lord, save us: we perish.*" Matt viii. 25.
L. M.

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high;
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call:
My fears are great; my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord! the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill;
Control the waves; say, "Peace, be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee:
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek:
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

581. "*O that I knew where I might find him!*"
Job xxiii. 3. C. M.

- 1 OH that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain ;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take,
To wrestle with my God :
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones.
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear :
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

582. *" Will he plead against me with his great power ? No ; but he would put strength in me."* Job xxiii. 6. C. M.

1 OH that I knew where I might find
My righteous Judge's seat,
To pour out all my troubled mind
In prayer before his feet !

2 Nor with the thunder of thy power
Wouldst Thou against me plead :
No, thy good Spirit, in that hour,
For me would intercede.

3 For me, thy Son Himself would pray,
Thy well-beloved Son.
Father ! Thou couldst not turn away
From Thine Anointed One.

4 Thine own unutterable grace,
 Thy love,—thy love to *me*,—
 Constrain me thus to seek thy face,
 And cast my cares on Thee.

5 Hear then the voice of my desire;
 My griefs, my fears behold.
 Search me, and try me as with fire,
 And bring me forth like gold.

6 Lo, Thou hast troubled my repose;
 Thy chastisements I feel;
 Thine hand hath touch'd my heart;—it glows,
 It melts,—impress thy seal.

7 Stamp thine own image on my soul;
 Lift from the dust mine head.
 Lord! Thou hast wounded,—make me whole;
 Hast slain,—now raise the dead.

583. “*More than they that watch for the morn-
 ing.*” Psalm cxxx. 6. S. M.

1 MY former hopes are fled;
 My terror now begins.
 I feel, alas! that I am dead
 In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
 I hear the thunder roar:
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
 I dread impending doom.
 But sure, a friendly whisper says,
 “Flee from the wrath to come.”

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar ;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way.
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

584. *"If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful."*
2 Tim. ii. 13. 148th.

1 O MY distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears !
But greater, Lord, thou art,
Than all my doubts and fears.
Did Jesus once upon me shine ?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

2 Unchangeable his will ;
Whatever be my frame,
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same.
My soul through many changes goes,
His love no variation knows.

3 Thou, Lord ! wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work thou hast begun
In me a sinful worm :
'Midst all my fear, and sin, and wo,
Thy Spirit will not let me go.

4 The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move :
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that God is love.
My soul into thy arms I cast :
I know I shall be saved at last.

585. "*Why art thou cast down, O my soul?*"
 Psalm xlii. 5. L. M.

- 1 BE still, my heart! these anxious cares
 To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares :
 They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
 And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 When first, before his mercy-seat,
 Thou didst to him thy all commit;
 He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
 To trust his wisdom, love, and power.
- 3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
 And he refuse to hear thy call?
 And has he not his promise pass'd,
 That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 4 He who has helped me hitherto,
 Will help me all my journey through.
 Then count thy present trials small,
 For heaven will make amends for all.

586. "*With whom is no variableness, neither
 shadow of turning.*" Jam. i. 17. L. M.

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears,
 Then, my Redeemer, then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
 And blush that I should ever be
 Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbour one hard thought of thee.
- 3 Oh, let me then at length be taught,
 What I am still so slow to learn;
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine:
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

587. *"God left him, to try him, that he might
know all that was in his heart."* 2 Chron.
xxxii. 31. L. M.

1 I ASKED the Lord, that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favoured hour,
At once he'd answer my request,
And, by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yea, more; with his own hand he seemed
 Intent to aggravate my wo:
 Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
 Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 Lord, why is this? I trembling cried:
 Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
 "'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
 "I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 "These inward trials I employ,
 "From self and pride to set thee free;
 "And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 "That thou may'st seek thine all in me."

588. *"I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail
 not."* Luke xxii. 32. L.M.

1 THOU who for Peter's faith didst pray!
 Against whose blessed self were hurled
 The tempter's darts! be thou my stay:
 Help me to overcome the world.

2 Thy grace can make the boastful meek,
 The wavering firm, the sensual pure;
 Put heavenly might upon the weak,
 And make them happy who endure.

3 Oh, still that needful grace afford!
 On thee my trembling soul I cast.
 Perfect thy work, within me, Lord!
 And own my worthless name at last.

COMPLAINT.

589. *"Let not the water-flood overflow me."*
Psalm lxxix. 15. L.M.

- 1 GOD of my life! to thee I call:
Afflicted at thy feet I fall.
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea!
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with thee.
They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not.
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

590. "I was brought low, and he helped me."
Psalm cxvi. 6. 7's.

- 1 O THOU God who hearest prayer,
Every hour and every where!
Listen to my feeble breath,
Now I touch the gates of death.
For his sake whose blood I plead,
Hear me in the hour of need.
- 2 Hear and save me, gracious Lord!
For my trust is in thy word.
Wash me from the stain of sin,
That thy peace may rule within.
May I know myself thy child,
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.
- 3 Dearest Lord! may I so much
As thy garment's hem but touch;
Or but raise my languid eye
To the cross where thou didst die;
It shall make my spirit whole;
It shall heal and save my soul.
- 4 Thou art merciful to save!
Thou hast snatched me from the grave!
I would kiss the chastening rod,
O my Father and my God!
Only hide not now thy face,
God of all-sufficient grace!
- 5 Leave me not, my strength, my trust:
Oh, remember I am dust.
Leave me not again to stray;
Leave me not the tempter's prey.
Fix my heart on things above:
Make me happy in thy love.

591. "O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger."
Psalm vi. 1. 7's.

- 1 GENTLY, gently lay thy rod
On my sinful head, O God!
Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.
- 2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak:
Heal me, for thy grace I seek.
This my only plea I make;
Heal me for thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Who within the silent grave
Shall proclaim thy power to save?
Lord! my sinking soul reprieve:
Speak, and I shall rise and live.
- 4 Lo! he comes! he heeds my plea!
Lo! he comes! the shadows flee!
Glory round me dawns once more.
Rise, my spirit, and adore!

592. "For thou art my rock and my fortress."
Psalm xxxi. 3. 7's.

- 1 LORD! I look for all to thee:
Thou hast been a rock to me.
Still thy wonted aid afford;
Still be near, my shield, my sword!
I to thee my soul commit:
Ah, thy blood has ransomed it.
- 2 Faint and sinking on my road,
Still I cling to thee, my God!
Bending 'neath a weight of woes,
Harassed by a thousand foes,
Hope still chides my rising fears;
Joys still mingle with my tears.

3 On thy word I take my stand.
 All my times are in thy hand.
 Make thy face upon me shine;
 Take me 'neath thy wings divine.
 Lord! thy grace is all my trust:
 Save, Oh save thy trembling dust.

4 Oh, what mercies still attend
 Those who make the Lord their friend!
 Sweetly, safely shall they 'bide
 'Neath his eye, and at his side.
 Lord! may this my station be!
 Seek it, all ye saints, with me.

593. "*O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried
 day and night before thee.*" Psalm
 lxxxviii. 7's & 6's.

1 LORD God of my salvation!
 To thee, to thee I cry:
 Oh, let my supplication
 Arrest thine ear on high.
 Distresses round me thicken;
 My life draws nigh the grave:
 Descend, O Lord, to quicken;
 Descend my soul to save.

2 Thy wrath lies hard upon me;
 Thy billows o'er me roll.
 My friends all seem to shun me,
 And foes beset my soul.
 Where'er on earth I turn me,
 No comforter is near.
 Wilt thou too, Father, spurn me?
 Wilt thou refuse to hear?

- 3 No ! banished and heart-broken,
 My soul still clings to thee.
 The promise thou hast spoken,
 Shall still my refuge be.
 So present ills and terrors
 May future joy increase,
 And scourge me from my errors
 To duty, hope, and peace.

594. *"Save me, O God; for the waters are come in
 unto my soul."* Psalm lxi. 1. 8's & 7's.

- 1 FULL of trembling expectation,
 Feeling much, and fearing more,
 Mighty God of my salvation!
 I thy timely aid implore.
 Suffering Son of Man ! be near me,
 All my sufferings to sustain;
 By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
 By thy more than mortal pain.
- 2 Call to mind that unknown anguish
 In thy days of flesh below,
 When thy troubled soul did languish
 Under a whole world of wo;
 When thou didst our curse inherit,
 Groan beneath our guilty load,
 Burdened with a wounded spirit,
 Bruised by all the wrath of God.
- 3 By thy most severe temptation,
 In that dark, satanic hour;
 By thy last myterious passion,
 Screen me from the adverse power:
 By thy fainting in the garden,
 By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
 Write upon my heart the pardon;
 Take my sins and fears away.

- 4 By the travail of thy spirit,
 By thine outcry on the tree,
 By thine agonizing merit,
 In my pangs remember me!
 By thy death I thee conjure,
 My weak, dying soul befriend;
 Make me patient to endure,
 Make me faithful to the end.

RESIGNATION.

595. "*The will of the Lord be done.*" Acts xxi. 14.
 C. M.

- 1 O LORD! my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No, rather let me freely yield
 What most I prize to thee;
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
 Thou art engaged to grant:
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
 Shall I resist them both?
 A poor, blind creature of a day,
 And crushed before the moth.

- 6 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

596. "*Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth
the Spirit of his Son into your hearts,
crying, Abba, Father.*" Gal. iv. 6. C. M.

- 1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, " My Father, God !"
Lord ! at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise.
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 " My Father !"—Oh permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart
In my Redeemer's name.

597. "*I said, Thou art my God.*" Psalm xxxi. 14.
C. M.

- 1 MY God, my Father ! blissful name !
Oh may I call thee mine ?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine ?
- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly.
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye ?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign ;
For thou art good, and just, and wise.
Oh, bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh, give me strength to bear ;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

5 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?

6 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight ;
Yet, let my soul adoring, own,
That all thy ways are right.

7 My God, my Father ! be thy name
My solace and my stay.
Oh, wilt thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away ?

598. "*Yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant.*" 2 Sam. xxiii. 5. C. M.

1 MY God ! the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure ;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What though my house be not with thee
As nature could desire ;
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.

- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
 My Father art become,
 Jesus my guardian and my friend,
 And heaven my final home ;
- 4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
 For all that will is love ;
 And when I know not what thou dost,
 I wait the light above.
- 5 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
 Shall heavenly rays impart,
 Which, when my eyelids close in death,
 Shall warm my chilling heart.

599. *"What have I to do any more with idols?"*
 Hos. xiv. 8. 148th.

- 1 COME, my fond, fluttering heart !
 Come, struggle to be free.
 Thou and the world must part,
 However hard it be.
 My trembling spirit owns it just,
 But cleaves yet closer to the dust.
- 2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear ;
 Ye dearest idols, fall.
 My love ye must not share :
 Jesus shall have it all.
 'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
 But ah ! thou must consent, my heart !
- 3 Ye fair enchanting throng,
 Ye golden dreams, farewell !
 Earth has prevailed too long,
 And now I break the spell :
 Ye cherished joys of early years :—
 Jesus ! forgive these parting tears.

4 But must I part with all?
 My heart still fondly pleads:
 Yes, Dagon's self must fall.
 It beats, it throbs, it bleeds:
 Is there no balm in Gilead found,
 To soothe and heal the smarting wound?

5 Oh yes, there is a balm,
 A kind Physician there,
 My fevered mind to calm,
 To bid me not despair.
 Aid me, dear Saviour! set me free,
 And I will all resign to Thee.

6 Oh may I feel thy worth:
 And let no idol dare,
 No vanity of earth,
 With thee, my Lord, compare:
 Now bid all worldly joys depart,
 And reign supremely in my heart.

600. "*Not my will, but thine, be done.*" Luke
 xxii. 42. C. M.

1 ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,—
 When I am wholly thine;
 Thy will, my God! thy will be done,
 And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, Almighty, and All-good!
 In thee I firmly trust.
 Thy ways, unknown or understood,
 Are merciful and just.

3 Is life with many comforts crowned,
 Upheld in peace and health,
 With dear affections twined around?
 —Lord! in my time of wealth.—

4 May I remember, that to thee
 Whate'er I have I owe,
 And back, in gratitude from me,
 May all thy bounties flow.

5 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
 When used as talents lent;
 Those talents only well employed,
 When in thy service spent.

6 And though thy wisdom takes away,
 Shall I arraign thy will?
 No, let me bless thy name, and say,
 'The Lord is gracious still.

7 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
 Of nothing long possessed;
 And all must fail when I go home.
 For this is not my rest.

8 Write but my name upon the roll
 Of thy redeemed above;
 Then, heart and mind, and strength and sou
 I'll love thee for *thy* love.

601. "*By whom the world is crucified unto me.*"
 Gal. vi. 14. C. M.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue;
 What are its charms to me?
 Once I admired its trifles too;
 But grace has set me free.

- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford :
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures! no more divide my choice :
I bid you all depart.
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord! I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee:—
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
- 6 Yes, though of sinners e'en the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For, if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.

602. "*Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations.*" James i. 2. 7's.

- 1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil;
 These spring up and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil.
 Trials make the promise sweet;
 Trials give new life to prayer;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
 No correction by the way,
 Might I not with reason fear,
 I should prove a cast-away?
 Worldlings may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not, would not, if he might.

RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

603. "*The living, the living, he shall praise thee,
 as I do this day.*" Isa. xxxviii. 19. L.M.

1 AND live I yet by power divine?
 And have I still my course to run?
 Again brought back, in its decline,
 The shadow of my parting sun?

2 Jesus to my deliverance flew,
 Where sunk in mortal pangs I lay:
 Pale death his ancient conqueror knew,
 And trembled, and ungrasped his prey.

3 God of my life! what just return
 Can sinful dust and ashes give?
 I only live my sin to mourn;
 To love my God I only live.

- 4 Be all my added life employed
 Thy image in my soul to see :
 Fill with thyself the mighty void :
 Enlarge my heart to compass thee.
- 5 Come then, my hope, my life, my Lord !
 And fix in me thy lasting home.
 Be mindful of thy gracious word :
 Thou, with thy promised Father, come !

604. "*Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto
 God my exceeding joy.*" Psa. xliii. 3, 4. 112th.

- 1 OH send thy light, thy truth, my God !
 Thy grace bestow ; thy word fulfil ;
 And let them lead me in thy road,
 And bring me to thy holy hill ;
 Where happy saints, a chosen band,
 Exulting in thy presence stand.
- 2 Then to thine altar will I go,
 And pay my destined offerings there ;
 And freely from my heart shall flow
 The fervent, interceding prayer ;
 A prayer effectual, that shall rise
 Accepted through the Sacrifice.
- 3 And I will take salvation's cup,
 And call upon thy blessed name ;
 My thankful heart to thee lift up,
 Saviour from death, and guilt, and shame !
 Restored in mercy to thy house,
 To render all my grateful vows.
- 4 There in thy truth will I rejoice,
 And hymn thy goodness in my lays ;
 And mind, and heart, and soul, and voice,
 Shall join to magnify thy praise,
 And triumph in the blest employ,
 My God, and my exceeding Joy !

605. *"Which holdeth our soul in life."*
 Psalm lxvi. 9. L. M

- 1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power
 Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
 Or turned aside the fatal hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking head!
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
 Thy ruling providence I see.
 Assist me still my course to run,
 And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 [Oft hath the sea confessed thy power,
 And given me back at thy command:
 It could not, Lord, my life devour,
 Safe in the hollow of thy hand.]
- 4 [Oft, from the margin of the grave,
 Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head.
 Sudden, I found thee near to save:
 The fever owned thy touch, and fled.]
- 5 Whither, O! whither should I fly,
 But to my loving Saviour's breast,
 Secure within thine arms to lie,
 And safe beneath thy wings to rest?
- 6 I have no skill the snare to shun,
 But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art.
 I ever into ruin run;
 But thou art greater than my heart.
- 7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way I have not known.
 Bring me where I my heaven may find,—
 The heaven of loving thee alone.

ASPIRATION AFTER HOLINESS.

606. "Before I was afflicted I went astray."
Psalm cxix. 67. L. M.

- 1 OH how I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
It guides me in the peaceful way:
I think upon it all the day.
- 2 What are the mines of shining wealth:
The strength of youth, the bloom of health!
What are all joys, compared with those
Thine everlasting word bestows!
- 3 Long unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I strayed:
Thou mad'st me feel thy chastening rod,
And straight I turned unto my God.
- 4 What though it pierced my fainting heart,
I bless thy hand that caused the smart:
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal wo.
- 5 Oh! hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precept I had still despised;
And still the snare in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betrayed.
- 6 I love thee, therefore, O my God!
And breathe towards thy dear abode;
Where, in thy presence fully blessed,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

607. “Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.” Heb. xii. 14. L. M.

- 1 HOLY Lord God! I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment slight:
Yet, pierced by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.
- 2 But, though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.
- 3 Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell;
One sin unslain within my breast,
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.
- 4 The prisoner sent to breathe fresh air,
And blessed with liberty again,
Would mourn, were he condemned to wear
One link of all his former chain.
- 5 But oh! no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the Christian's head:
One view of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

608. “Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him.” Rev. i. 7. 8. 8. 6.

- 1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To Thee, against myself, to Thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;

A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

609. "The sons of God." 1 John iii. 1.
8's & 6's.

1 LET others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state;
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.

2 Pronounce me, gracious God! thy son;
Own me an heir divine;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine:
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.

- 3 Content, obscure, I pass my days
 To fame and rank unknown;
 And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
 And thine adopted own.
 No name, no honours here I crave,
 Well pleased with those beyond the grave.
- 4 When Christ, in robes divinely bright,
 Shall once again appear,
 Thou, too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
 And his full image bear:
 Enough!—I wait the appointed day.
 Blest Saviour! haste, and come away.

DEATH AND HEAVEN.

610. *"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better."* Phil. i. 23.
 P. M.

- 1 HAPPY who in Jesus live;
 But happier still are they
 Who to God their spirits give,
 And 'scape from earth away:
 Lord! thou read'st the panting heart;
 Lord! thou hear'st the praying sigh.
 Oh, 'tis better to depart;
 'Tis better far to die!
- 2 Yet, if so thy will ordain,
 For our companions' good,
 Let us in the flesh remain,
 And meekly bear the load:
 When we have our grief filled up,
 When we all our work have done,
 Late partakers of our hope,
 And sharers of thy throne.

3 To thy wise and gracious will
 We quietly submit,
 Waiting for redemption still,
 But waiting at thy feet.
 When thou wilt the blessing give,
 Call us up thy face to see:
 Only let thy servants live,
 And let us die, to thee.

611. “ *I have fought a good fight, I have finished
 my course, I have kept the faith.*” 2 Tim.
 iv. 7. L. M.

- 1 THE hour of my departure's come—
 I hear the voice that calls me home:
 At last, O Lord! let trouble cease;
 And let thy servant die in peace.
- 2 The race appointed I have run,
 The fight is o'er, the prize is won;
 And now my witness is on high,
 And now my record's in the sky.
- 3 Not in mine innocence I trust:
 I bow before Thee in the dust:
 And through my Saviour's blood alone
 I look for mercy at thy throne.
- 4 I leave the world without a tear,
 Save for the friends I held so dear:
 To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
 And to the friendless prove a friend.
- 5 I come, I come, at thy command,
 I yield my spirit to thy hand;
 Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
 And shield me in the last alarms.
- 6 The hour of my departure's come—
 I hear the voice that calls me home:
 Now, O my God, let troubles cease;
 Now let thy servant die in peace.

612. "O Grave! where is thy victory?"
1 Cor. xv. 55. P. M.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
—What is this absorbs me quite,—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,—
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes: it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

613. "O Death! where is thy sting?" 1 Cor. xv. 55.
P. M.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Thou must quit this mortal frame:
Yet, on Christ, thy life, relying,
Death is gain: then fear not dying.
Soon shall cease this mortal strife,
And death be swallowed up of life.
- 2 Hark! a voice from heaven has said,
"Blessed are the pious dead."
Why should earth so fondly twine
Round this fainting heart of mine?

Holy Spirit! Quickening Breath!
Be thou my spirit's life in death.

- 3 The world recedes: be gone, my fears.
Beyond the narrow stream appears
The city of Heaven's King.
Soon shall this chorus fill the sky,
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

614. "*Willing rather to be absent from the body,
and to be present with the Lord.*" 2 Cor.
v. 8. 7's.

- 1 DEATHLESS principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought!
Go, to shine before his throne;
Deck his mediatorial crown.
Go, his triumphs to adorn:
Made for God, to God return.
- 2 Lo! he beckons from on high:
Fearless to his presence fly.
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God!
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering, round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.
- 3 Is thy earthly house distress,
Willing to retain its guest?
'Tis not thou, but it, must die.
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
Burst thy shackles; drop thy clay;
Sweetly breathe thyself away.
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

- 4 Shudder not to pass the stream;
 Venture all thy care on him;
 Him whose dying love and power
 Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.
 Safe is the expanded wave;
 Gentle as a summer's eve.
 Not one object of his care
 Ever suffered shipwreck there.
- 5 See the haven full in view!
 Love divine shall bear thee through.
 Trust to that propitious gale;
 Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.
 Saints in glory perfect made,
 Wait thy passage through the shade:
 Ardent for thy coming o'er,
 See! they throng the blissful shore.
- 6 Mount, their transports to improve;
 Join the longing choir above;
 Swiftly to their wish be given;
 Kindle higher joy in heaven.—
 Such the prospects that arise
 To the dying Christian's eyes;
 Such the glorious vista, Faith
 Opens through the shades of death.

615. "*To die is gain.*" Phil. i. 21. 8's & 7's

- 1 HAPPY soul! thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below:
 Go, by angel-guards attended;
 To the throne of Jesus go!
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo! the Saviour stands above;
 Claims the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast;
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain:
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

616. "*That ye sorrow not, as others which have
no hope.*" 1 Thess. iv. 13. P. M.

1 THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not
deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
tomb.

The Saviour has passed through its portal be-
fore thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through
the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer be-
hold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by the
side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to en-
fold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has
died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion
forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered
long:
But the sun-shine of Paradise beamed on the
waking,
And the sound which thou heardst, was the
seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but 'twere wrong
 to deplore thee,
 For God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
 and guide.
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will
 restore thee;
 And death has no sting, since the Saviour
 has died.

617. "*Some to everlasting life, and some to shame.*"
 Dan. xii. 2. 7's & 6's.

WHILE conscious sinners tremble
 To hear the trumpet sound,
 That bids the dead assemble,
 The judgment-seat around;
 Oh then, among that number,
 May we the call obey,
 Who burst the bands of slumber,
 To view a glorious day!

618. "*The holy city, New Jerusalem.*"
 Rev. xxi. 2. C. M.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home!
 Name ever dear to me!
 When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold,
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know.
 Blessed seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
 I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain and wo,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee.
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

619. "*And they sung as it were a new song before
the throne.*" Rev. xiv. 3. C. M.

1 WHAT blissful harmonies above
In vocal thunders swell?
The perfecting of joy and love
What raptured legions tell?

2 The glorious apostolic band,—
Do they in triumph sing?
Do prophets from the Holy Land
Their inspiration bring?

3 Or from the noble army breaks
The deep, adoring strain,
Who won their way from fiery stakes,
And were for conscience slain?

4 Is it the patriarchal race
That breathe the sacred song?
Or to the heirs of gospel-grace
Do the full choirs belong?

5 For each, for all, the Word is found
 Almighty to atone.
 All, all in shining hosts surround
 The rainbow-cinctured throne.

6 Peoples, and languages, and tongues
 The choral anthem raise:
 To every voice and speech belongs
 The work of heavenly praise.

620. *"The Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne . . . shall lead them unto living fountains of waters."* Rev. vii. 17.
 8's—7's.

1 OH, the hour when this material
 Shall have vanished as a cloud,
 When, amid the wide ethereal,
 All the' invisible shall crowd;
 And the naked soul, surrounded
 With realities unknown,
 Triumph in the view unbounded,
 Feel herself with God alone.

2 In that sudden, strange transition,
 By what new and finer sense
 Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
 And receive its influence?
 Angels, guard the new immortal
 Through the wonder-teeming space,
 To the everlasting portal,
 To the spirit's resting-place.

3 Will she then, with fond emotion,
 Aught of human love retain?
 Or, absorbed in pure devotion,
 Will no earthly trace remain?

Can the grave those ties dissever,
With the very heart-strings twined?
Must she part, and part for ever,
With the friend she leaves behind?

4 No: the past she still remembers.

Faith and hope, surviving too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers,
Which must rise and live anew.
For the widowed, lonely spirit,
Waiting to be clothed afresh,
Longs perfection to inherit,
And to triumph in the flesh.

5 Angels, let the ransomed stranger

In your tender care be blest,
Hoping, trusting, safe from danger,
Till the trumpet end her rest;
Till the trump which shakes creation,
Through the circling heavens shall roll;
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.

6 Can I trust a fellow-being?

Can I trust an angel's care?

O thou merciful All-seeing!

Beam around my spirit there.

Jesus, blessed Mediator!

Thou the airy path hast trod:

Thou the Judge, the Consummator!

Shepherd of the fold of God!

7 Blessed fold! no foe can enter,

And no friend departeth thence.

Jesus is their sun, their centre;

And their shield, Omnipotence.

Blessed! for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

8 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder!
Louder chorals shake the skies
Hades' gates are burst asunder:
See! the new-clothed myriads rise!
Thought! repress thy weak endeavour:
Here must reason prostrate fall,
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And the Eternal All in All!

END OF THE HYMNS.

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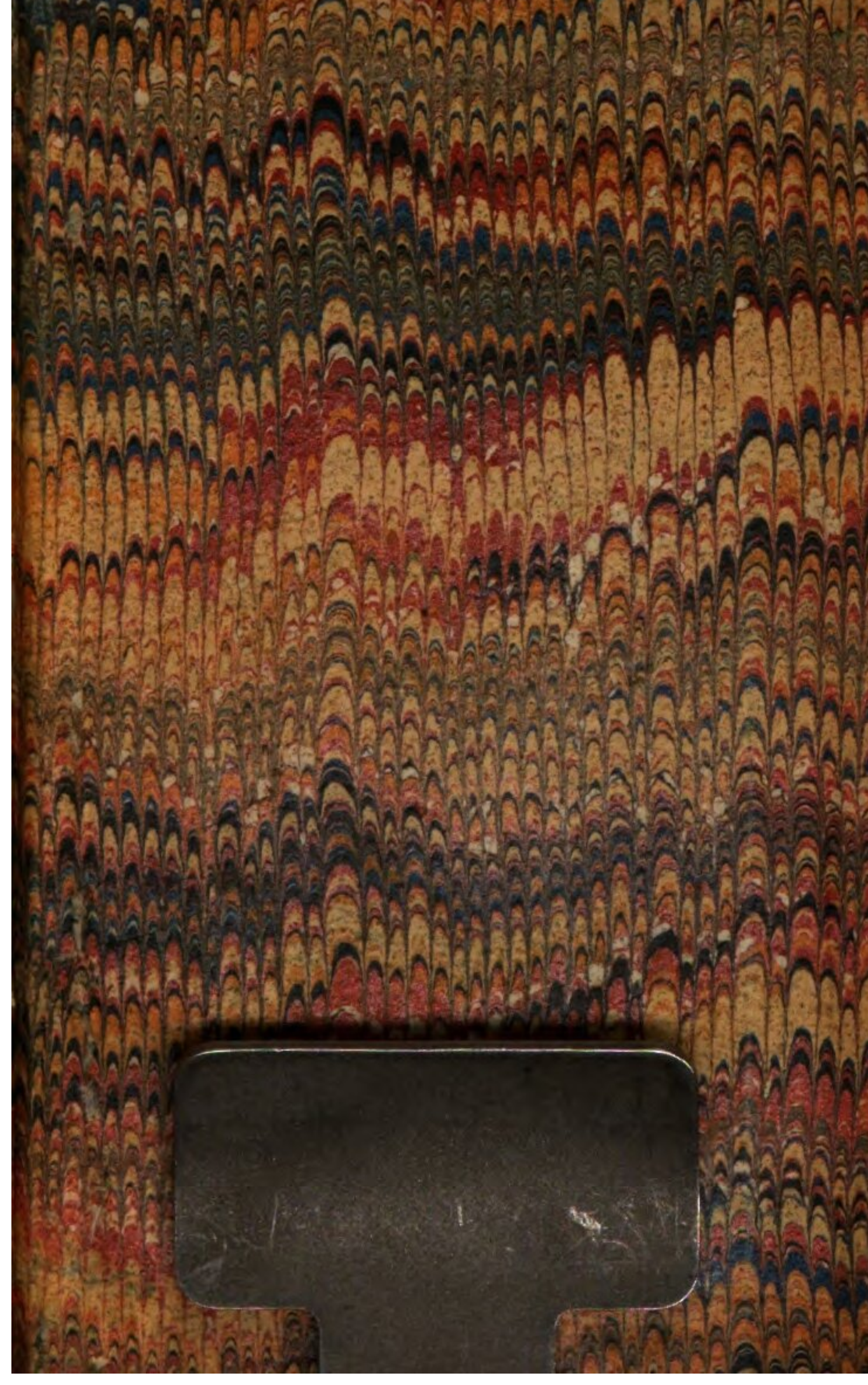


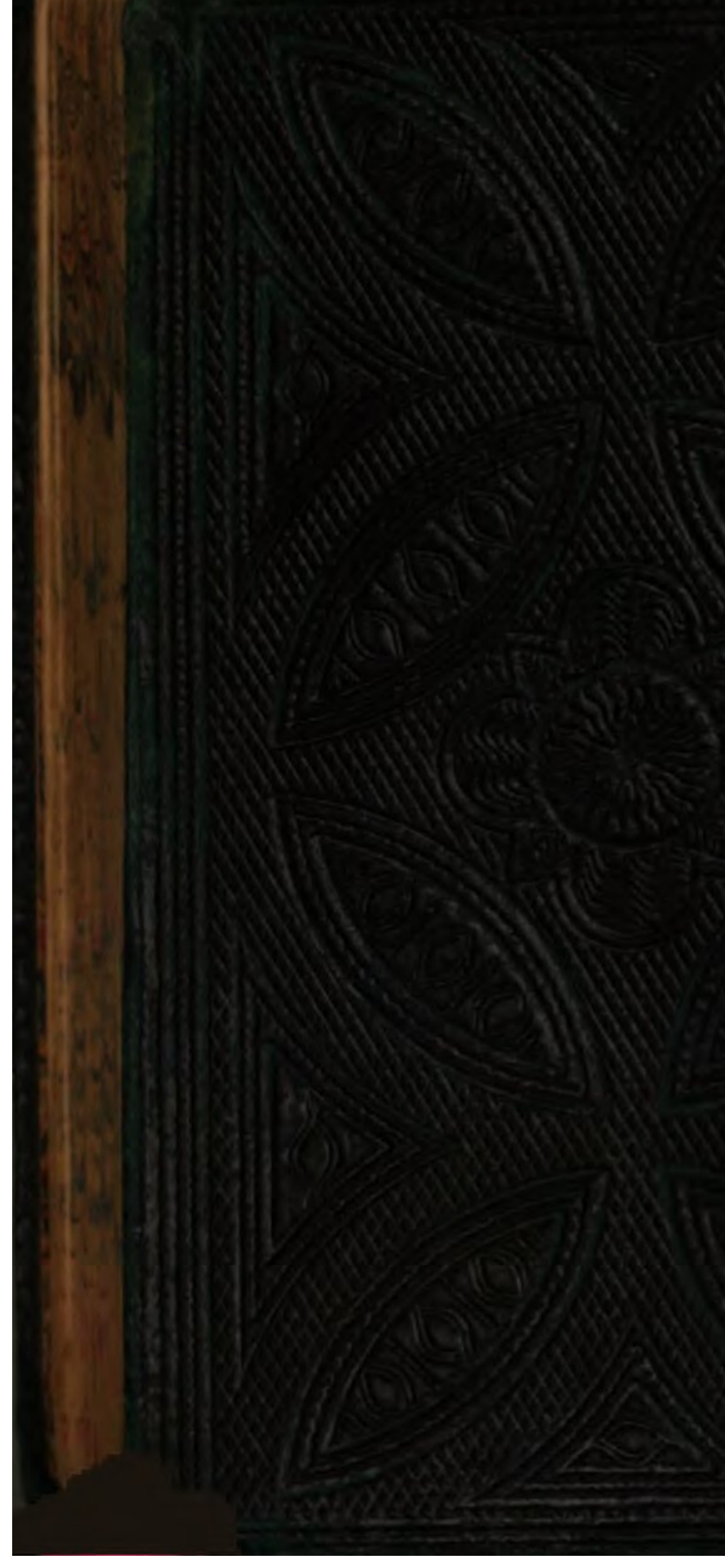
Tyler & Reed, Printers, Bolt-court, London.



Ellen Terry
Her Book







Watts, Isaac, 1674-1748

The congregational hymn book a supplement to Watts's psalms and hymns

London [1844]

Liturg. 1410 g-2

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